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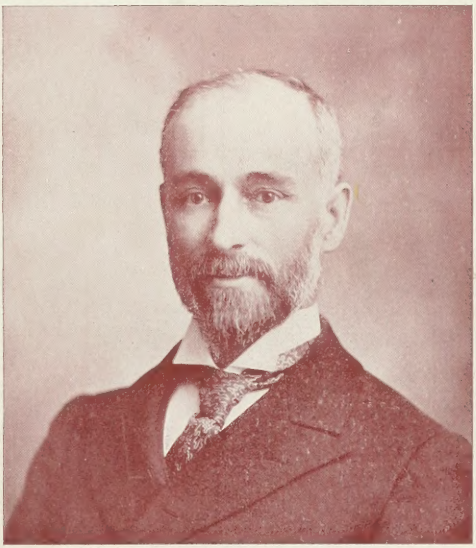

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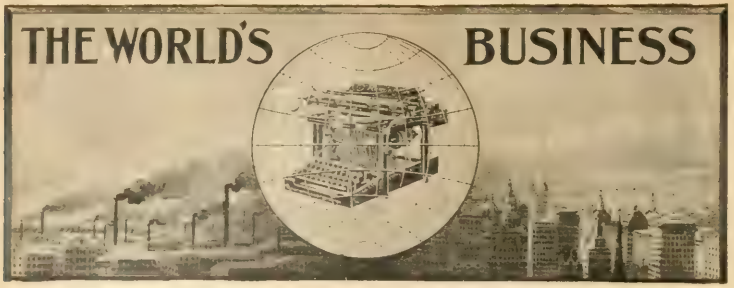

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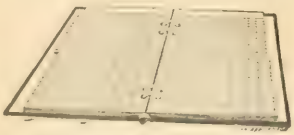

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VOL. III TORONTO, JULY, 1903 No. 1.

CURRENT COMMENTS

A Business Men's Congress

DURING the latter part of next month an unique conference of the Empire's business men is to be held in Montreal. Every three years a congress of the Chambers of Commerce within the British Empire is held at some important centre, attended by delegates from the colonies and from the larger cities of the United Kingdom. The triennial turn comes again this year, and Canada's commercial capital has been chosen as the place of meeting. The congress has never before met outside of the British Isles, and this year's innovation may therefore be taken as a compliment, with great results possible.

To this meeting in Montreal will come delegates from every part of the Empire—from England and Scotland, from South Africa, from Australia, and from our own Canadian cities. Their business together will be the discussion of commercial, industrial, and economic questions bearing upon the welfare of the British Empire, and the assembling of such a body, under such auspices, cannot but be of benefit to the various countries represented. It is a radical departure from the "little Englander" methods, whose results will be the widening of acquaintance, the strengthening of Imperialism, and the expansion of business relations.

So far as Canada is concerned the chief benefit will, perhaps, be in the attention which will be called to her recent development and her industrial possibilities. The delegates to the congress, all of them men of business ability and gathered from opposite quarters of the globe, will be given their first introduction to Canada in the form of a tour from coast to coast at a time of year when the country is at its richest. It is safe to say that to the great majority of these men their visit will be an eye-opener, and while the deliberations of the congress will be of great importance, Canada will profit by the advertisement of her resources and her industries. Active preparations are being made for this unique convention, and Canadian Boards of Trade are arranging local programmes for the over-sea delegates. It will be an Imperial conference of practical business men, who will carry back to their homes practical impressions, and it is therefore fitting that Canada should prepare to play the host becomingly.

Canada's Right to Preferential Trade

THE most significant sign of the times in the relations of Canada to the rest of the Empire is that foreshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain in his recent speech at Birmingham. Canada's right to preferential tariff, in return for the preference given voluntarily by Canada to England, and the wisdom of the mother country's fostering the good-will and business relations of the colonies, were the themes of the Colonial Secretary's speech,

which has been received with general approval. Mr. Chamberlain takes the pains to explain that he is still a thorough free-trader and does not wish a protectionist policy, for which the people of England are not yet ready. But he claims that that interpretation of free trade is too narrow which will not permit of cultivating colonial devotion and friendliness by a business preference over foreign nations. Canada has taken the initiative by giving a preference to British goods of 33⅓ per cent., and is ready to still further increase that preference if England will show some inclination to reciprocate; but will probably cancel the preference if such appreciation is not given. She has, moreover, imposed a surtax on German goods in the patriotic interests of Canada-British trade.

Mr. Chamberlain recognizes in Canada the greatest and most prosperous colony of the Empire, but a country, like all the British colonies, independent and self-governing. She has recognized her obligations to the Mother Country in many ways, of which the trade preference is one of the most important, and it is England's wisest policy to meet these advances in a like spirit. Mr. Chamberlain believes in an empire "which, although it should be its first duty to cultivate friendship with all the nations of the world, should yet, even if alone, be self-sustaining and self-sufficient, able to maintain itself against the competition of all its rivals." To this end the commercial goodwill of such colonies as Canada is absolutely essential, and while committed to a free trade policy, England should be free to negotiate, and, if necessary, to retaliate, whenever her own interests or her relations with the colonies required it.

With these views most Canadians will be in hearty accord. The present situation demands some such remedy as that proposed by Mr. Chamberlain, who, while he admits that the time is not yet quite ripe for action, has started public opinion in the right direction. Ties of blood, and race, and sentiment are strong, but commerce is at the root of modern statescraft, and Canada's Imperialism can only be lastingly strengthened by better trade relations.

The Transportation Commission

THE decision of the Dominion Government to appoint a transportation commission was referred to in the May NATIONAL MONTHLY. The members of the commission have since been chosen, and will at once begin their investigations. At the head, as chairman and convener, is Sir William Van Horne, and associated with him are Mr. John Bertram, of Toronto, and Mr. E. C. Fry, of Quebec. The questions which this commission will have to consider are concerned mainly with the transportation of western produce from the place of production to the markets of the world. The great problem is how to reach the Atlantic seaboard in the shortest time, and connected with this are a multitude of such considerations as the most practicable routes, the navigation of the St. Lawrence, harbor facilities, storage requirements, etc. Into all these matters the commission will carefully inquire, and Canadian business men will look for a practical and definite report.

There can be no doubt about Sir William Van Horne's fitness to lead this important commission. He has been a railroad man since he was fourteen years of age, and the success of the Canadian Pacific Railway has been largely due to his energy and ability. His mastery of details in early life prepared him for the position which he now holds as Railroad King of Canada, and his wide acquaintance with the transportation business of the Dominion gives him a peculiar equipment for the work which the Government has asked him to undertake. The prompt appointment of such a commission, with so capable a personnel, is the most practical step yet taken in this now pressing problem.

Improving the Tax System

IMPORTANT changes are proposed in the Ontario assessment system. For years the taxation of property-owners and wage-earners, and the collection of taxes in the more complicated cases, have presented difficulties that have caused public officials to strongly desire some measure of tax reform, whereby a more adequate means of municipal assessment might be provided. The

recommendations of the Assessment Committee embodied in the proposed Act are a step towards this desired reform.

Real property is to be assessed at its actual value, "the value of the buildings being the amount by which the value of the land is thereby increased." The most important reform is in the abolition of the personalty tax, for which a substitute is afforded in the form of a business tax on merchants, manufacturers, etc., and a house tax on every occupant of a dwelling. The business tax will be seven and one-half per cent. of the rental, which will be estimated at seven per cent. of the value of the premises; the house tax is fixed at five per cent. of the rental.

The income tax will be retained, but somewhat modified. Salaries under $1,000 are exempt, but incomes derived from investments, stocks, etc., will be taxed at from five to seven mills on the dollar. By this provision a corporation will be taxed as a corporation at the municipal rate, and its shareholders will also be taxed upon their incomes from its stock. Machinery used in manufacturing will be exempt.

The new system is not without complications, but these will be largely removed when the law has been put into application. The tendency of the system will be ultimately to simplify and unify the entire basis of, and methods of taxation, and its great advantage is that assessment will be more equally divided. All values will be taxed, and while there are reasonable exemptions, revenue will be derived from sources which heretofore it has been practically impossible to reach.

The Guardians of the West

THE peaceful opening-up of the Canadian West and the establishment there of a law-abiding social life have been largely owing to the faithful work of the Northwest Mounted Police, than whom there is nowhere in the world a more effective band of soldier-policemen. A lone woman can go in safety through any part of the western wild. The settlement of the plains south of the boundary was attended with massacres and atrocities beyond description; but there has been nothing of the kind in Canada, and the credit is due to the Northwest Mounted Police.

Seventy-nine detachments cover a territory some 1,000 miles wide and 500 miles from north to south, over which they have absolute police control, guarding against thieves, smugglers, criminals, forest fires, and all emergencies that threaten the peace of the settler. They are under strict military discipline, and, chosen from various sources, represent the physical perfection of the plainsman. The thousand men who thus keep the peace of the Western Territories form an organization quite unique in any part of the world. They are subject to great hardships, and undergo daily experiences of which the world never hears, but which are as truly heroic as the deeds of soldiers.

The patrols of the Mounted Police are being yearly extended northward, and it is expected that this year they will reach beyond the Arctic circle. A patrol has already been established eight hundred miles north of Edmonton, and by the end of the year there will be another at Fort McPherson, a thousand miles further north, at the mouth of the Mackenzie River. The Yukon district has been covered for some time, and when the Mackenzie patrols are established, communication will be maintained between Dawson City and the extreme North. The efficient policing of the new Western country in this way is a precautionary preparation for future colonization, and settlers will not be long in following the Mounted Police.

Ontario's New Railway

VERY satisfactory progress is being made in the construction of the Temiskaming Railway, which is being carried on by a commission appointed by the Ontario Government. As this is a government undertaking, the public are closely interested in it, and its ultimate success will have much to do with the future of government and municipal ownership. So far the construction policy of the new line has proved a good one.

The laying of rails began last month, thirty-five miles of the route being fully graded. The first section of the road has

moreover, been the hardest to build in respect to grades, leaving a very low curvature for the balance of the route. A superior road-bed has been built, and the experience of nearly all other railways, in being afterward obliged to straighten their lines and reduce grades, is being guarded against by careful surveying at the time of construction. The commission is acting upon the policy that the important consideration is not so much the first cost of the railway as the minimum at which it can be operated in the future. The total cost will, it is estimated, amount to $30,000 per mile, for which New Ontario will be given a road without a superior in Canada.

How the Temiskaming Railway will be operated after its construction has been completed, has not yet been decided. There are the alternatives of sale or lease to a private company, or maintenance and management by the Government. The public is largely in favor of Government control, provided that other roads be given running rights over the line. New Ontario is a country of such great possibilities that it is desirable that its resources should be opened up and its transportation facilities controlled in the fullest interests of the public.

The Need of Publicity

A STRIKING illustration of the fact that modern business is dependent upon publicity is afforded in the case of the American bicycle trust. A few years ago, when the bicycle boom was at its height, forty-two manufacturing plants, controlling seventy per cent. of the total business, were amalgamated, with a capital of $40,000,000. The prospects of the new concern were bright; but the trust suddenly collapsed, without paying a single dividend, and the various properties went back into private hands.

There were several reasons for this collapse, one of them doubtless being that bicycle-riding became less of a craze among all classes of people, and the demand for wheels dropped off. But the chief reason was, as Colonel Pope, the head of the trust, now admits, that too much dependence was placed upon the reputation of the past. Confident in the strength of their union, the amalgamated manufacturers sought to reduce expenses, and stopped advertising. Their logic was that, a trust having no rivals, it was not necessary to keep their goods before the reading public. Facts proved it otherwise, however. When people no longer saw the advertisements, they stopped buying wheels, having nothing to specially urge them of their need of them. The trust saw its mistake when it was too late, but Colonel Pope, who has re-entered the bicycle business, now announces his intention of resuming advertising on a gigantic scale. The result, he believes, will be a bicycle revival.

Our object in referring to this incident is not so much to give any particular advertising argument as to show one of the first essentials of the conduct of modern business. The commerce of the world is to-day based upon publicity, and without it failure is certain. It is true of the smallest retail merchant, and it is true of nations. In whatever various ways he sees fit the would-be successful business man must keep his business before the public, and Canada as a whole must likewise advertise herself to the world. The fact that we have great resources will not alone bring us national prosperity.

A Canadian Scholar

IT is a matter of pride to all Canadians when one of their countrymen is honored in the outside world. Not infrequently we learn to appreciate our native men of genius only after others have praised them, and it has long been an unfortunate but just complaint that Canadian people are neither responsive nor appreciative. This may partly explain why so many of our most talented sons have gone to other countries, where they have brought credit to themselves and their native land.

One of Canada's most deserving scholars is Dr. Robert Bell, director of the Geological Survey, whose abilities have recently been recognized by Cambridge University in the conferring of the honorary degree of Doctor of Science. Such an honor from such a source may be taken as meaning something, and Dr. Bell's career shows that he has earned it. Born in Toronto Township

in 1841, he has been connected with the Geological Survey since he was fifteen years of age, devoting his vacations to survey work during his college terms, and even while Professor in Chemistry at Queen's University. He has explored through Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, the Northwest Territories, and the Mackenzie River country, travelling on foot, on horseback, and by canoe, over vast tracts of wilderness. After forty-three years of field work of this kind he was two years ago made acting director of the survey.

In connection with his survey work, Dr. Bell has published some thirty pamphlets and reports, of great scientific value, descriptive of the topography, geology, and botany of Canada. He is a naturalist as well as an explorer, and no one has done so much to gather the facts concerning this great country and to make them known to the world. His publications on scientific subjects include more than 190 titles. His valued services to Canada have been long recognized, and his latest honor is one which comes rightly to one of the most representative of all our Canadian scholars.

Technical Schools and the Trades

THE aim and purpose of technical education have unfortunately been often misunderstood both by students and by the employers of labor. Trade schools have been looked upon by the one as a short cut to success and efficiency, and by the other as a false encouragement to young men who imagine themselves to be competent without the practical experience of the workshop. The managers of one or two well-known manufactories have stated that they have never found any benefit from employing school-trained foremen, and the adverse attitude of the Toronto Trades and Labor Council toward manual training in the public schools is significant, as showing the position taken by the labor men themselves.

The technical school, rightly understood, however, is not open to these objections. Technical education does not supplant the training of the workshop, but supplements it. It does not make mechanics, but it makes better mechanics out of men who are mechanics already; or, if it begins with a boy, it teaches him the theory and then sends him to a shop for his apprenticeship. The best technical schools in Canada are following closely along these lines. They teach Theory, giving the student a basal and intelligent knowledge of principles, but emphasise the fact that when he leaves the school he is not a master of his craft, but must still gain his practical experience as an apprentice, unless he has had such experience before entering the school. It has been the confessed purpose of some schools in other countries to take the place of workshop apprenticeship, but in Canada another policy has been adopted, and there can be little doubt that it is a wiser one. Canada needs thorough mechanics, and when technical education is rightly understood it will be seen that it is an invaluable means to such an end.

Canada at the St. Louis Exposition

EACH of the great world's fairs, which are being held now nearly every year, is expected to outdo in some respects its predecessors. The exposition to open next year at St. Louis will, in point of cost, greatly exceed any previous show, representing a capital of over $40,000,000. In size, variety, and splendor, it will be one of the modern wonders. But its greatest interest to Canadians, at present, is not in the extensive preparations that are being made for it, but in the fact that Canada will be substantially benefited by an important exhibit and a Canadian bureau.

Some eight or ten million people will probably visit the exposition, and their attention will be called to Canada by means of a carefully-planned enterprise, whose object is to develop the summer resort industry. The tourist business has immense possibilities, and so far as it has been exploited in Canada has proved highly profitable. Canada's advantages in this way are unexcelled, nature having provided the chief essentials for a successful industry that might become as truly national as the growing of wheat. Not only is there the immediate profit resulting from tourist travel, but permanent business interest very frequently follows a traveller's visit. One of the largest pulp and

paper mills in Canada owes its origin to a fishing trip made some years ago by a party of capitalists in search of recreation. Business investment, and sometimes permanent residence, follow a summer's experience of Canada's climate and scenery and an acquaintance with her resources.

Recognizing these facts, the vast concourse of people at the St. Louis exposition will be invited to Canada by an attractive exhibit of Canadian summer resorts and a bureau of information and suggestion. There could scarcely be a better opportunity of reaching a constituency of people who travel, and who might very likely visit Canada as a result of the exhibit. It is national advertising of a practical kind, with quick results probable. The summer resort industry is worth developing on its own merits, but is doubly important in view of the business investments which it may lead up to, and in this way the St. Louis Exposition will very likely prove a good thing for Canada.

Baths for the Public

PUBLIC bathing-places are one of the necessities of this season of the year. Nearly every large city is recognizing their necessity nowadays and making appropriations for their establishment and maintenance, and there is no expenditure of civic funds that is more generally approved and appreciated. Montreal has recently voted an increased allowance, with which two new bathing-places will be provided this year; Halifax has five or six floating bath-houses; Toronto has excellent facilities at very little expense; and some of the towns along the St. Lawrence are agitating that steps be taken in the same direction. On the Atlantic sea-board every town and village has the ocean before it, and in the summer resorts the bathing-house business has developed into profitable proportions.

A Tribute to Sir John A. Macdonald

F. D MONK, M.P., leader of the Conservative party in Quebec, was accorded a warm reception at the Queen's Park Ceremonies on Saturday, June 6th. He had left the active arena of politics to come to Toronto to render homage to the departed statesman. Sir John, he said, was recognized as the greatest of all colonial statesmen of the British Empire. If you want to judge of a man's work you must see what impulse the life of a great man gave to the destiny of his country, and see what a large place he had in the hearts of his countrymen, to judge of the great benefit he had been.

Mr. Monk said there was just as strong a feeling in Quebec Province for the late Sir John as there was in Ontario. He had met Sir John, and the life of the great man had left a magnetic charm which still lived in the hearts of all true Canadians.

If his eventful career were followed, it would be found throughout to contain a policy kind and thoughtful for the welfare of all classes. He had founded a great commonwealth which would live forever under the protection of the British emblem. It was he who had promoted the Canadian emblem of the maple leaf. He had united Upper and Lower Canada into one large province; then, not content, had gone on developing and working out the great schemes which he afterwards so successfully carried out, those of the great confederation of the whole of Canada. He was the author and founder of most of the free institutions which we at present enjoy in this great land of ours.

CANADA MUST BE INDEPENDENT.

Sir John, he said, had always maintained that Canada should be an independent nation, and not depending upon any foreign country for a living. Then it was as a vision, as a theory only, and his opponents had told him so, but the great man had lived to see the veil lifted, and with pride and joy had seen his whole work revealed as a certainty.

He had bound the provinces of Canada closely together, and had instituted practices and made laws which had afterwards promoted the patriotic cry: "Canada for Canadians."

In closing, Mr. Monk said, the greatest monument the people of Canada could raise to the memory of the departed patriot was that already constructed in the hearts of the people—a monument of affection and pride.

CANADA TO CARNEGIE

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE man who imagines that the measure of his wealth is the measure of his wisdom commits at the outset a grievous error, which inevitably leads to greater ones. Of this you, sir, afford a conspicuous instance. Essentially a self-made man, for which let all credit be given you, it may be added that you entertain quite too exalted an opinion of your maker. Having founded one of the greatest industrial enterprises in the world's history, and so become a money-king, you have upon the strength of that achievement assumed the role of prophet and teacher. You have put forth a work entitled "Triumphant Democracy," wherein you undertake to show that no other form of government, no other methods of business, no other canons of knowledge can stand comparison with those of the United States, and yet—curiously enough—having "made your pile," you have betaken yourself to effete old England, there to spend your days and your dollars in anything but Jeffersonian simplicity.

On more than one occasion you have seen fit to pay your respects to Canada in a way that has not been conducive towards the growth of that good feeling which otherwise your donations for libraries would have tended to promote. You have opened your mouth, and then put your foot in it, so to speak, and, although, upon reflection, you have deemed it expedient to materially modify your first utterances, and have even endeavored to make them out as being mere *obiter dicta,* and not carefully-considered conclusions, nevertheless the sting has remained, and you are in consequence very far from being so well-beloved in the Dominion as your brother Scot, Lord Strathcona, for instance, whose engaging modesty you might do well to emulate.

It is very evident from what you have let fall in this off-hand manner, and which is therefore all the more likely to fairly represent your mind, that the extent of your actual knowledge of Canada is by no means so great as you would like the public to believe. In fact, the very positiveness of your prophecies, when taken in conjunction with the curious ignoring of actual conditions, arouses the suspicion that, to your mind, the wish has been father to the thought, and it is not so much what may happen as what you are desirous should happen, that you take pleasure in foretelling.

What do you know about Canada anyway? Have you ever studied her history, either personally or by proxy, as it is understood you have prepared your books? Have you traversed her vast domain from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Have you made the acquaintance of her people, who, despite your lightsome statement, are not "mostly Scotch," but are a rare blend of

> "The English honor, nerve and pluck; the Scotsman's love of right;
> The grace and courtesy of France; the Irish fancy bright."

These be pertinent questions, which, in the modern language of the street, it is "up to you" to answer satisfactorily ere your comments and criticisms can be accepted as having authority.

Before proceeding to present to you some considerations that, if you are at all open to reason, should not fail of modifying your views, it is interesting to speculate as to the exciting cause of your manifest animus against Canada. Wherein, we ask, have we offended? We have sought no quarrel at your hands. On the contrary, we have perhaps been over-ready to accept your bounty, and in other ways contribute to the growth of your *amour propre.*

Can it be that, notwithstanding your brave talk to the effect that nothing here should ever trouble the United States, that our steel industry is a figment, and Cape Breton a mirage; that, standing alone, we can never become a great industrial nation; and that we have no future, save as a part of the United States; notwithstanding all this, you,

in the depth of your heart, believe no such thing, but are really concerned lest the march of years and the progress of events should evolve precisely opposite results?

You profess yourself a hard-shell, hide-bound Democrat. You can see no good whatever in such a system of government as that under which we live so contentedly. You have no use for Kings, Lords, and Commons. You would always spell people with a big P, and peers with a small one, saving, of course, when the latter accept your hospitality at Skibo Castle, where you display such splendid state.

Now, is it our chief fault that we are a part of the British Empire, and not of the American Republic, and do you really covet us for your own, in order that by our absorption it may indeed be proven that Britain's colonial empire is after all only a "political catchword"?

In default of your frank avowal of what is really in your mind, we can only indulge in surmises, and as these are not particularly profitable, we would crave your attention in some aspects of Canada which you apparently overlooked in your haste to pronounce judgment.

The Dominion of Canada is not yet two score years of age. Previous to Confederation the different provinces now composing it had practically nothing in common save their connection with the Crown. They were to all intents and purposes independent entities, and consequently no large undertaking of a public character was possible. Naturally enough their growth was inconsiderable, and it is not difficult to understand that the idea of annexation to the United States should find a place in the thoughts of some of the leading men.

But Confederation changed all this. The minds of the people were then touched to larger issues. The conception of a national life that should ere very long bring Canada forward to a place amongst the colonial powers of the world, banished all further notion of annexation, and Canadians, ceasing to regard the United States with eyes of awe and envy, began to speak familiarly of "our Sister Republic."

From that day the development of this Dominion has surely been such as to make it absolutely clear to all, save those who are determined not to see, that, instead of our inevitable destiny being absorption into the United States, the possibility of an independent existence is not as ridiculously remote as the future you so confidently predict for us; or, at all events, that, in the event of Imperial Federation proving something more substantial than an iridescent dream, the position of Canada amongst the constituent colonies shall be of unquestioned prominence.

It would not be difficult to find many justifications for our having a good conceit of ourselves, but we shall be content with a brief reference to but a few. There is, for instance, our Canadian Pacific Railway. Despite the huge population, and the vast financial resources of the great American Republic, it yet remains for her to be able to boast of a line of railway banding the continent from ocean to ocean under one ownership, and holding its own in equipment and management with any of the lines which must needs supplement one another ere they can transport you from New York to San Francisco.

Then, again, there are our canals, with which those below the boundary line can be compared only to their own humiliation. With us an ocean-going steamer may voyage inland to the far western shores of Lake Superior, but with you the possibilities of interior navigation are confined to an ordinary barge, which needs only a pair of tow-horses for motive power.

Comparisons are odious, of course, but at times they serve our purpose better than any other line of argument, and we have one more to make at this point. Next to the negro, the Indian has unquestionably presented the most serious racial problem the Republic has had to solve, and the world knows how she has done it. Like the buffalo upon whom he fed, the redman has been improved off the face of the land that was his by God-given title at a fearful expenditure of blood and treasure. The horrors of that long, ruthless struggle need not be recapitulated, but the pages of their record can never make pleasant or elevating reading.

How has it been with Canada? Here, too, the Indian was the man in possession, and the progress of settlement compelled him to "move on," yet there has never been an Indian war, nor even an uprising. Never has the pioneer settler had reason to fear for his scalp or his stock. The redman has had even-handed justice of the same quality as his pale-face brother. He has been dealt with honorably and liberally, and so taught to believe in the good faith of the authorities that when led by that foolish fire-brand, Louis Riel, the half-breeds of the Northwest twice rose in rebellion, in spite of his frantic efforts, not one Indian tribe could be persuaded to join him in his mad enterprise.

To-day the Indian is as peaceful and contented a member of the community as any other. He has become in many localities a self-supporting tiller of the soil. He is no more a source of danger than the beaver, and it is safe to say that for every dollar expended upon him by the Canadian Government for his control and maintenance there have been ten thousand dollars, not counting human lives, expended by the Government of the United States upon their red-skin wards.

Now, sir, surely a country that can thus happily and successfully solve a problem which has driven to distraction both the statesmen and people of the great Republic is entitled to more respect than you seem disposed to display towards her?

This is by general consent the age of the dollar. We often hear the shrewd, if perhaps somewhat sordid, expression that "money talks," and before we have quite done with you, sir, we would like to direct your attention to a few figures that will evidently convey to you some novel information in the form that is most likely to appeal to your intelligence.

As we have already noted, the Dominion of Canada dates back no further than 1867, and in order to show her progress, we will institute comparisons extending over the period between 1870 and 1900, thus covering three complete decades.

In 1870 the total revenue in round numbers was $15,500,000, and the expenditure $14,345,000. In 1880 they had risen to $23,300,000 and $24,800,000 respectively. In 1890 they were $39,879,000 and $35,994,000; and in 1900 $57,030,000 and $42,975,000.

Now these totals, of course, fall absurdly short of the billion-dollar budgets in which our American cousins take such pride, but we submit they show a gratifying growth in resources and opportunities.

Turning from public finance to private, as shown in the transactions of the banks, we find that in 1870 the paid-up capital of the chartered banks was $32,000,000, their assets $102,000,000, and their liabilities $66,000,000. In 1880 these three items were $60,500,000, $181,000,000, and $108,000,000; while by 1900 they had grown to $64,735,000, $440,000,000, and $340,300,000.

Side by side with this development of commercial banking, there has been a striking and significant growth in the Post-Office Savings' Banks, which so directly represent the results of the thrift and provident ways of our people. In 1870 there were 226 such banks, having 12,178 depositors, with $1,500,000 to their credit. In 1880 the banks were 297, the depositors 27,445, and the deposits $3,900,000. In 1890 they were 634, depositors 111,230, and $21,738,000; and in 1900 they had swelled to 847 banks, 151,000 depositors, and $37,500,000 balances. All of which goes to show that Canadians understand how to lay by for the rainy day.

One of the most important factors in the development of a country is its railroad system. This is especially true of Canada, which may justly be called a land of magnificent distances. The fostering of this development has consequently always commanded the earnest attention of our legislators. who have sought to promote it to the utmost extent consistent with the general good. In 1870 there were only 2,497 miles in operation in the Dominion, with earnings of $13,485,000. In 1880 there were 6,891 miles, earning $23,000,000. In 1890 the figures were 13,256 and $46,000,000; and 1900, 17,657, and $70,000,000.

Let us turn now to the statistics of trade and commerce, and see what they tell us. In 1870 the imports totalled $75,000,000, and

the exports $74,000,000, whereof $57,000,000 were the produce of Canada. In 1880 the figures were $86,500,000, $88,000,000, and $72,000,000 respectively. In 1890 they stood at $121,850,000, $96,750,000, and $85,000,000; and in 1900 at $189,000,000, $191,800,000, and $168,900,000. Not at all a bad showing, surely!

Now just one more comparison, and we shall have done with figures. Perhaps the best test of a nation's intellectual growth is the development of her postal system. Where letters multiply, and newspapers and periodicals become as thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, there you may confidently look for an intelligent, enquiring, enterprising people. Let us see how it has been with Canada.

In 1870 she had 3,820 post-offices, through which passed 24,500,000 letters and 20,150,000 papers and periodicals. In 1880, 5,773 offices distributed 45,800,000 letters and 45,120,000 papers, etc. In 1890 the figures were 7,913, 94,100,000, and 70,980,000 respectively, and in 1900 they reached 9,627, 178,292,000, and 113,418,000.

It misses of being necessary to confess that any or all of these statistics may be made to look very small when put in comparison with the corresponding totals for the United States. We have no thought of presenting them with that object, but simply for the purpose of founding upon them the claim that a country which, despite an undeniably disappointing rate of increase in population, has accomplished such material, social, and intellectual progress, is perfectly competent to work out her own future in entire political independence of her gigantic neighbor.

A few words further, and we have done, not because we have exhausted our ammunition, but because we must not unduly prolong this fusillade. You have been pleased to show especial contempt towards our steel and iron enterprises. "The steel industry is a figment, and Cape Breton a mirage. It was ridiculous to compare anything that the Canadians could do with what was done by the United States with its 80,000,000 people, and which was making more steel than the rest of the world."

Ne sutor ultra crepidam, the shoemaker should not venture to criticize anything save shoes, was a shrewd adage of the ancients, which in this instance at least you have followed, for it must be frankly admitted that as an authority upon steel you are in the words of the late lamented Artemus Ward, "ekalled by few, and exselled by none." But where did you get your notion that the future of Canada depended upon the development of her steel and iron industry? Verily you are barking up the wrong tree. Permit us to point out that the most important natural resource of the country is neither iron ore, nor coal, nor even the still almost illimitable forests, but "Manitoba hard." The remarkable movement of settlers across the international boundary *from south to north*, which is causing as much concern to the Republic as it is giving satisfaction to the Dominion, is not inspired by a desire for iron mines, but for wheat-growing lands.

The highest grade of wheat known to the world is that called "Manitoba hard," and with regard to it, Canada will ere long be mistress of the situation. The production of hard wheat is limited to Siberian Russia, to the two states of Dakota and Minnesota, and to our own Northwest. Now Siberia will not for a long time be a considerable producer; the hard wheat region of the United States is a mere bagatelle, and, therefore, the domination of the hard wheat industry of the world, and consequently of the food supply of the human race, will be in the hands of the Canadian farmer. Incomparably better than the iron and coal mines of the Pittsburg district, than the diamond diggings of South Africa, than the gold reefs of Australia, are those glorious plains which will soon swell in billows of golden grain from the Great Lakes to the Rockies, and which, perhaps, constitute in themselves the true reason of your statement that Canada's only chance of a future is to throw in her lot with the American Republic, for it is not what you really foresee, but what you ardently covet that inspired your prophecy.

THE OLD BOYS' MOVEMENT AND THE HOME-COMERS' FESTIVAL

WITHIN the past few years there has manifested itself in Canada a somewhat novel and noteworthy movement resulting in the formation of a number of so-called "Old Boys'" societies, which promise to exercise a decided influence upon the life of the community. They are in no sense political, philanthropic, or educational organizations, but thus far have been of a purely fraternal and social character, although, as we shall presently point out, they may, and indeed ought, to take on a more serious purpose, which would render them of substantial benefit.

So far as we can learn, the Durham County Old Boys are entitled to be considered the pioneers in the new development, but they were quickly followed by others, and the list is constantly increasing, so that ere long it may include every one of the older counties in the province, and thence spread, let us hope, to the sister provinces.

The inspiration of the movement probably came, like many other good ideas, from the United States, where associations, clubs, and societies, having for their purpose the recalling of the past in one way or another, abound to a remarkable degree, and where banquets, picnics, barbecues, excursions, and similar joyous methods of meeting are in vogue throughout the year.

Some of these have grown into great organizations, with permanent headquarters and paid officials, and their influence has extended even into the political arena, although this was not at all germane to their original object.

There is a certain element, both of humor and of pathos, about the whole thing, which strongly appeals to one. Neither the United States nor the Dominion can lay claim to any sort of antiquity, as compared with the empires and kingdoms of Europe, for instance. We are still in our callow youth, so to speak. Yet we have already begun to cherish with ardor the pretence of age, if the phrase may be permitted. An endearing form of address that is applied entirely irrespective of the facts is "old man," and every excuse is seized for employing the epithet "old" in connection with persons, places, and things.

To this sentiment the Old Boys' associations minister in a pleasant way. They bring together again those who, although they have much in common in their youth, have drifted apart in the course of years, and are glad to revive former friendships, or they unite on a common ground of interest those who have hitherto been entire strangers.

To attend one of their meetings, and to hear from the lips of whitehaired judges, bank presidents, doctors, and merchants of high estate, the reminiscences of their boyhood days, the merry pranks they played, the queer characters they knew, and the great changes that have taken place in localities and people with the flight of years, is an experience of uncommon interest, and one is brought to realize the force of Wordsworth's lines in regard to how the past has "deposited upon the silent shore of memory images and precious thoughts that shall not die, and cannot be destroyed."

As we have said, the impulse of the movement would not appear so far to carry it beyond the social reunion phase. The winter banquet and the summer picnic have been the chief features of its expression, and we would venture to suggest that, as it grows and gathers strength, there is a field of usefulness before it which it would do well to occupy.

This young Canada of ours has made history at so rapid a rate, and has not only opened up so wonderful a future, but has already achieved so astonishing a present that there is no small danger of the memorials of the past being lost sight of in the whirl of things.

We have very little indeed that may be

properly termed antiquities. Our historic ruins are few and far between. Nevertheless there do exist among us certain objects and materials which should have consequence in our eyes, and be deemed worthy of preservation, and in the absence of any active antiquarian or historical societies it is just here that the opportunity for the Old Boys' associations presents itself.

Dr. Bain, the genial and erudite librarian of the Toronto Public Library, can tell harrowing tales of the ruthless destruction of letters and documents which had high historical value, in regard to which the possessors were either ignorant or indifferent. In one instance that came under his immediate notice, a quantity of papers bearing upon the early history of the Province of Ontario were consigned to the bonfire on the occasion of a particularly severe attack of the house-cleaning mania suffered by the lady of the house into whose custody they had come, and in another case the most earnest representation of their historic value did not avail to rescue from destruction in a similar way another collection of documents that were somewhat considered by their feminine guardian to be of purely private interest.

Then again, the newspapers, the brief abstracts and the chronicles of the times in which they are published, are apt to be held in small esteem after they have been perused. They are tossed aside to the rubbish heap, or are utilized for sundry humble purposes. Yet every village, town, and city should see to it not only that complete files are kept of all local publications, but that such fragments as may remain of those of the past be carefully preserved for the benefit of the future historian, to whom they would be of the utmost value.

Some years ago an effort in this direction was made by a private individual in Nova Scotia, and it was amazing what a mass of printed material he was able to gather and preserve that would otherwise have been entirely lost.

Another line of usefulness open to these associations is the marking with descriptive tablets buildings or other objects that have in some way figured in the history of the localities. The Antiquarian Society, of Montreal, and the Canadian Club, of Toronto, have already shown the way in this matter, and their example might be followed to great advantage.

Finally, these associations could accomplish much permanent good by offering substantial rewards for historical investigation after the manner of the late Thomas B. Aikins, of Halifax, who for a number of years provided, in connection with King's College, a handsome prize for the best historical essay upon a designated county of the province, the result being a series of essays by some of the ablest writers of that prolific province, wherein the local history of the counties is preserved for all time in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

Why should not a beginning be made with the County of York, for instance? Let the Old Boys put their heads together, and their hands in their pockets, with the result of raising a substantial sum to be offered as a reward to the writer who shall prepare the best history of the county within the compass of say sixty thousand words, thus guarding against undue prolixity and minuteness of detail. We would strongly commend the idea to the Old Boys, and shall hope to see it carried out at no distant date.

In the meantime it is to be trusted that the whole movement is no mere passing phase of life, but embodies the qualities of permanence, for even though it should not develop in any or all of the directions suggested, it will nevertheless accomplish some good, particuarly if it is kept absolutely free from all tinge or taint of politics, which have been the bane of so many other promising organizations. It cannot fail to promote solidarity of feeling, and that is something of which the Dominion cannot have too much, in view of her geographical characteristics.

Although not arising directly out of the Old Boys' movement, yet having a great deal in common with it, is the *Home Comers' Festival*, for which such elaborate preparations are being made. For the genesis of this idea we have again to turn to the sister Republic, and it would seem that to Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, belongs the glory of having first made the sug-

gestion which has rapidly developed into a wide-spread institution. Among all the older states of the Union the Home Comers' Festival has been adopted and enthusiastically celebrated, and now we are making a trial of it in Canada, whither all good ideas are bound to come before they are very old.

It is a matter for the deepest regret that the man who, perhaps more than any other, had the project upon his heart should not have lived to see its fulfilment. In the untimely passing away of Mr. Walter H. Massey, the City of Toronto lost a citizen whose value may not be expressed in formal words. Possessed of great wealth, he had in an unusual manner that pure public spirit which made him ever concerned with regard to the higher interests of the community, and he gave himself and his wealth with splendid unselfishness to the promotion of these interests. The idea of a Home Comers' Festival appealed to him strongly, and, looking at things in the large way that was his wont, he contemplated nothing less than a national reunion, a home-coming of Canadians without reference to the immediate locality to which their early days belonged.

Upon consideration, however, it was felt that there were difficulties in the way of realizing such a conception that could hardly be overcome, and so, although Mr. Massey could no longer lend the inspiration of his presence, and the aid of his counsel, the Toronto Board of Trade determined to carry out the scheme to completion, and hence the Festival, which will signalize and make memorable the first week of the month of July, 1903.

The purpose of this celebration may be easily stated. The sons of Toronto have not been home-keeping youths. They have gone abroad in quest of fame and fortune, and have won no small share of both. The majority of these out-goers have settled in the United States, within comparatively easy reach of this city. They will be taking a summer holiday of some kind. Why should they not come here, and renew and revive the old associations?

Toronto folks are generally credited with being in no special need of repeating the old Scotchman's prayer, "Oh Lord, gie us a gude conceit of oorsels!" Yet it must be admitted, without cavil, that they have ample excuse for entertaining a good conceit of their city, which may certainly be pronounced as possessing summer attractions that are unsurpassed upon this continent.

Superbly situated upon the shore of a magnificent lake, affording unlimited facilities for every kind of water pleasure and sport, embowered in foliage, and gay with flowers and verdure, blessed with a delightful climate, adorned with the most comfortable of homes, rich in beautiful and spacious parks, surrounded by enchanting scenery, lying in easy proximity to practically boundless fishing and hunting territory, and having for its residents, it goes without saying, a people whose intellectual, social, or moral status can stand comparison with that of any other city on the globe, Toronto has done well to offer a hearty welcome to her home-coming sons.

Nor need it be assumed that the spirit in which this is being done is purely a sentimental one, for there is a practical side to it which must not be left out of account. Our country is just now enjoying wonderful prosperity and

"Looking into the future, far as human eye can see,"

there seems substantial prospect of the good times continuing for many years yet. As a natural consequence of this pleasing state of things, there has been a significant and gratifying improvement in material conditions.

Toronto has grown during the past few years at a rate, and in a manner not paralleled by any previous period in her history. This fact the "Old Guard," who have stayed by their native city, and made her what she has become, are desirous to impress upon those who have gone afield. They want them to realize how fine are the capital's present circumstances, and how bright the promise of the future, and they are not without hope that, as the result of this visit, a goodly number of her guests may be influenced to repatriate themselves, and settle down again in their Mother Land with the conviction that after all there is no place like home.

The work of preparation has been conducted under the direction of the following

gentlemen, who have been sparing neither of labor nor cost in the good work, and whose very names constitute a guarantee of the undertaking being carried out in effective and fitting style: Mayor of Toronto, Thomas Urquhart; President of Board of Trade, John P. Ellis; Chairman of Old Home Committee, Noel Marshall; Secretary of Committee, Stewart Houston; Chairman of Publicity Committee, William Stone; Chairman of Aquatic Sports, Capt. R. K. Barker; Chairman of Land Sports, A. F. Rutter; Finance Committee, A. E. Ames (chairman), J. F. Ellis, J. W. Flavelle, Edward Gurney, Robert Jaffray, Chester D. Massey, Noel Marshall, Frederic Nicholls, H. M. Pellatt, D. R. Wilkie, E. R. Wood (treasurer).

The programme is planned to cover four days, thus including the great national holidays of the Dominion and of the United States, and includes such events as a Military Review, Dominion Regatta, Home Comers' meeting in Massey Hall, Home Comers' banquet, and sports of various kinds on land and water, besides affording ample opportunity for the private reunions and rejoicings which will be a hardly less important feature of the proceedings.

One further feature of the celebration remains for notice. The committee did a very wise and patriotic thing by offering liberal prizes, ranging from $100 to $25 for the best poems embodying the spirit and sentiment of the occasion, and in response thereto nearly two hundred were submitted by Canadians at home or scattered all over the continent. They were carefully examined by a competent committee of college professors, with the result that Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa, was awarded the first prize, Miss Helen Merrill, of Picton, the second, and Miss Marjorie Pickthall, of Toronto, the third.

Although poems of occasion are very apt to fall short of fairly representing the genius of their authors it may be said with regard to these that they manifest a high order of merit and we are glad to give them a place upon our pages, in order that they may become known to a wider circle of readers than if their publication be confined to the local papers.

THE HOME-COMERS.

From the smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
To the land that gave us shelter,
To the land that gave us birth;
We, the wanderers, the dreamers,
That for lore or fortune roam,
In the gladness of the morning,
In the light, come streaming home.

Men whose fathers, mocked and broken
For the honor of a name,
Would not wear the conqueror's token,
Could not salt their bread with shame,
Plunged them in the virgin forest,
With their axes in their hands,
Built a Province as a bulwark
For the loyal of the lands.

Men whose fathers, sick of dead lands,
Europe and her weary ways,
Saw the fading emerald headlands,
Saw the heather quenched in haze,
Saw the coast of France or Flanders,
Like a glimmer sink and cease,
Won the ample land of maples,
The domain of wealth and peace.

Won it by the axe and harrow,
Held it by the axe and sword,
Bred a race with brawn and marrow—
From no alien over-lord.
Gained the right to guide and govern;
Then, with labor strong and free,
Forged the land a shield of Empire,
Silver sea to silver sea.

Fighting makes the heart grow fonder,
Labor makes the heart grow fain,
Still wherever we may wander
We are of the lion strain;
We may trample foreign markets,
We may delve in outland loam,
Yet when memory cries and calls us,
All our hearts come leaping home.

Now from smoke where cities welter,
From the quiet glens of earth,
Come we to our land of shelter,
To the land that gave us birth.
Lo, we bring thee our achievement,
Won by strength and patient pain—
Thine the strength, and thine the patience—
Bring it to thy breast again.

And we bid Ontario quicken,
Under snow and under sun,
Where the spruces root and thicken,
Where the waters flash and run;
Bid the towns of glad Ontario
Gather to a diadem,
Deep encrusted round Toronto,
As with gems the peerless setting folds and holds the gem.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

Second Prize—The Home-Comers.

Across the dawn the Whitethroat calls—
Thrice happy the impassioned song
That from the leafy thicket falls
To greet the homeward-coming throng:
"Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."
Oft he repeats each perfect note,
A-tremble from his shining throat,
Adown the land where maples rise,
And elms to arch the sapphire skies:
"Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."

The homeland sea is broad and blue,
The homeland shores are fair to view—
Along the sunlit summer ways
Visions of half-forgotten days,
Like dim mirages, in the soul
Their holy images unroll.
For him, homecoming, as of old,
Afar the twinkling roof-tree gleams;
And brightly haloed he beholds
The splendid city of his dreams—

Toronto, of the golden north,
Whence, harking back, have ventured forth
A thousand fearless hearts to fight
Life's battles by the alien light
Of other lands; and after years
Of silent longing, smiles and tears,
Strange winds, and stars, and creeds, come home
To view once more their native land,
And in the shadow of its domes,
Clasp one another by the hand.

The Whitethroat calls across the dusk,
From woodland sweet with pine and musk,
What time the purple twilights rest
Upon the city's glimmering breast:
"Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."
The night wind hushes, and more near
The sound of revelry I hear;
And by the starlight's opal beams
My woodbird whispers in its dreams:
"Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada."

—*Helen M. Merrill.*

Third Prize—The Home-Comers.

Bounded by saltless sea and pine-crowned hill,
Tall-spired and tree-embowered, the city lies;
And the loud songs of labor upward rise
From street and factory, from forge and mill.
Beside her wharves the steamers lift and strain,
While the dark smoke drifts down and fades, and far
On her fair upland heights the orchards are,
With garden-plots, and fields of ripening grain.

How many hearts have held this picture dear?
How many hearts still hold it, and shall hold?
How many hearts, as the long years unfold,
Find all their dreams, their tenderest memories, here?
How many, cradled here, that rove and roam
In distant lands, where statelier scenes may please,
Yet hold this picture holier far than these—
Each street a heritage, each house a home?

How many, wandering long in devious ways,
Have stood 'neath alien skies at set of sun,
When the hot labor of the day was done,
And pierced with longing eyes the northward haze?
Thinking they saw the well-remembered place—
The old brown house beneath familiar stars,
Green maple trees without the orchard bars,
And, by the open doors, their mother's face?

Toronto's well loved sons rove far and free,
Seeing strange flow'rs call round the circling years;
But all their hopes, their loyalty is here,
Fair lakeside city, centred safe in thee!
And with a deep-grown love no time may stem,
Where'er they dwell, in land of palm or pine,
Still in their strong and faithful hearts you shine
An unforgotten haven unto them.

But now in vain the ocean hems them in,
Vainly the country of their choice would bind,
For, young of heart, they turn and leave behind
The distant refuge that they strove to win,
And swift they speed across the leagues of foam,
Leaving with scant farewell the unloved land,
Once more to taste old joys, and clasp the hand
Of brotherhood that claims a common home.

Their's is the thrill and their's the happiness
That sees on every side some well-loved place;
To them each building owns a welcoming grace,
Each wayside tree spreads arms to greet and bless;
To them each stone is dear, and memory lends
Soft gleams and tenderest shadows everywhere;
Each night to them is kind, each day is fair,
Each hand a comrade's, and each face a friend's.

Then welcome them as well befits their worth—
These kindred wanderers come from far and near;
Let the days pass in lengthening rounds of cheer,
While tranquil skies shine softly on the earth.
Let the deep circling woods, the fruitful plain,
Show all their treasures to the passing hours,
And the rich land put forth her fairest flow'rs,
When the Queen City greets her sons again.

—*Marjorie Pickthall.*

TORONTO.

WHISKEY PREVENTS TROUBLE

BY DEMAR

TO assert that an intoxicant, in the role of peacemaker, paradoxical though this may seem, was the preventer of an unprovoked assault that might have resulted disastrously, is but to state the truth. But to the facts:

My friend, Mr. Joseph R——, and I, with our coats, guns, spaniel and all the other necessaries for a two weeks' duck-shooting trip, were en route from the city of K——, up the river R——, some forty miles, there to portage into the back lakes. We had planned to start on a steam barge, but as she was not ready to go, and we were, we rowed slowly on, intending to board her when she overhauled us, which she did at the first locks, some five miles up the river. Here we put our boats and all aboard, thinking we were the only passengers, for nobody was to be seen after she left the lock, except the captain in the wheel-house, a mere youth, and the old engineer, back in the engine-room, aft. We chatted with both, who very evidently were of the same opinion as ourselves, that we four were all the boat contained, and they told us to make ourselves comfortable, and that we would be at the portage about two in the morning. It was a beautiful, still, moonlight night, and the old barge slowly puffed her way, shedding a shower of sparks, through the narrow channels of the dismal marsh and great Drowned Land, with its ghost-like forms, the relics of a former forest, and on through the graveyard stillness of the night, broken only by her muffled puff and the occasional "squawk" of a crane. Enjoying the beauty of the weird scene, we smoked the pipe of peace, congratulating ourselves on the happy beginning of our journey, and looking forward to grand sport.

My friend Joe, though small in stature, was every inch a man, and could be depended upon to stand by a friend through thick and thin. To say that he was a sportsman was to say much, but not enough of him, for he was one of the best shots, one of the most thoroughly posted men on the habits of game birds, and how to hunt them, one of the most interesting conversationalists and considerate gentlemen, that it had ever been my good luck to know—when he wasn't drunk. But, unfortunately, the poor fellow was a confirmed dipsomaniac. Now and then, like most of them, he would straighten up for a time, and it was only during such times that I would solicit his company for a shoot. Liquor he would, and must have at all times, but on such occasions as this he allowed me to be judge of when he should have another drink, so both for his good and safety, and my own, I never let him take enough to become top-heavy. Years before I had had some narrow escapes from being shot by him, and he from shooting himself, for, when drunk, he would attempt to wheel round, and blaze away, as if sober. No shot was too difficult for Joe. I've seen him flush and drop, consecutively, four partridge straight, in thick bush, without having seen one of them, he could follow their flight so accurately by sound. It won't surprise the reader now when I say that Joe had an "elegant sufficiency" of assorted stimulants along. Amongst them a dozen of Seagram's best, and for fear that they might "give out," a demijohn of alcohol to dilute into proof. It's only fair, though, to say that Joe went about doing good(!), not living for self alone, but wanting everyone to "take a nip." Many's the time he tried to play the game on myself, so I'd invite him in return, but it didn't work. Drunk or sober, he was quick-witted, and it is due, perhaps, to this that both of us are not among the angels.

Well, time passed most pleasantly. We were now entering "Twelve-mile Lake," near the far end of which we were to disembark to portage. But, great Scott, look here! One, two, three, four, of the toughest looking villians imaginable, climbing up out of the hold! They swagger up, goose-file, to where we are sitting

on the roof of the little engine-room, upon which our guns and effects are piled. "Where in hell are you fellows going?" was one big bully's polite enquiry. Remembering, probably, the old adage that a "drop of oil goes further than a pint of vinegar," Joe very meekly informed him, but was told in return he might go to hell if he liked. "Have you anything to drink?" "No," said I quite gruffly. Then I could see them "size me up," and nudge one another, and presently the quartette, each with a gait that denoted half a "jag" on, adjourned the meeting, reassembling in the hold. Joe turned to me with "By Jove! I know who those fellows are. That's the gang, I'll bet, that the police of K—— are after for beating old Mr. —— half to death, and they've walked down through the bush and boarded the barge at the lock, unseen." This was pleasant news. "Stay here," said I, "while I see the captain." It was the "first he knew they were aboard," but "couldn't put them off till he got to the end of the lake." The engineer was "surprised." Presently they came on deck again and stood up back of the wheel-house. Joe decided to interview them, while I was to remain and guard our belongings, but he hadn't more than joined them before one of them came back to interview me, beginning with: "What have you got here?" at the same time picking up Joe's gun. I haven't much patience with gentlemen of this stamp, and commanded him, most emphatically, to put that gun down. He did, but I thought I could detect a kind of you-be-damned manner of compliance; then he joined the rest. Joe says he came back swearing like a trooper, and narrating, with many interjectory oaths, what had taken place between that "big bloke with the big boots" and himself, and swearing he'd "get even with him." They plied Joe with all kinds of questions about me. "Who was I?" "Where did I come from?" etc., etc. To all of which Joe made discreet replies and could see that they didn't know me. But with one accord they decided to "do me up." Joe pleaded, trying in every way to mollify them, till at last, changing his plan, he advised them to "steer clear of him or get the worst of it." They left Joe, descending once more into the bottom of the boat, and Joe said, "seemed to be looking for something." I had half a mind to put a couple of cartridges in my gun, but was afraid I might do what afterwards I might be sorry for. So I dropped down into the engine-room and was supplied with a good, heavy stick. Meantime Joe had disappeared, but before long he returned, telling me that he found some of them armed with cudgels, and the only barrier between them and me now was that he had confessed to having a bottle of whiskey, and had asked them to have a drink, which invitation they had eagerly accepted. "Where's that alcohol? Give me a glass!" Down into the depths Joe went, demijohn in one hand and tumbler in the other. Pure alcohol, three times the strength of ordinary whiskey!

The time for Joe's return hung heavily upon me, and I admit I was trembling with fear, fear for ourselves, and fear for the toughs, for I had determined to lay low the first of them that should approach me hostilely.

At last I could bear the suspense no longer, thinking that something must have happened to Joe. Approaching the ladder that led below, I listened for quite a while, but heard not a sound. Then descending, stick in hand, I found Joe stretched out at the foot of it, glass in one hand and demijohn in the other. "Hic!" "Say, 'sthat you, old boy?" "Hic!" "Look at them!" "Hic!" I had no particular desire to see the gentlemen just then, and carried Joe and the demijohn up the ladder, and laid him out on the deck, near the engine-room. "Had to, myself, old man!" "Hic!" "But 's all right now!" I went below and found them insensible. After unbuttoning their neck-gear and putting them in positions so they wouldn't strangle, I left them, and just then the captain gave a toot of his whistle to announce that we were opposite our portage, but Joe had to be lowered into his boat and towed to shore, and there I had to stay till he sobered up.

WITCHCRAFT AND LOVE

By C. H. YOUNG

UPON the northern shore of the Bay of Quinte, not many miles from the City of Kingston, there lived in 1866, a farmer of English extraction by the name of Lancelot Maine. He was a quiet man under ordinary conditions, but a terrific adversary when provoked. He had a wife and a daughter (their only child) who had just emerged from her seventeenth year. It could be plainly seen that they were in flourishing financial circumstances, and that they lived quite happily.

During the summer of 1866, parties of men called Fenians, travelled over many parts of Canada. The presence of these insolent-looking men was a source of much irritation to Lancelot Maine, as, indeed, it was to many others. It wasn't very pleasant to meet these strange people upon the highway at night, nor to watch them prowling over the fields by day; and our friend found it difficult to forbear from gathering together the neighbors and falling upon them right and left.

There was one man, however, who tried his patience more than all the others of the Fenian Society who frequented the neighborhood. This was a big, uncouth looking fellow, who patrolled the roads daily, going up in the morning and back in the evening. His only companion was a Newfoundland dog which always kept close beside his master.

One evening the daughter was milking in the barnyard. The shadows of night were falling upon the earth. The sky was heavily overcast and the sighing wind foretold a stormy night. Her father had not yet come from the hayfield. She was milking away hurriedly, when a scraping on the fence caused her to look around. She saw three stalwart Fenians, each with a formidable bludgeon in his hand, advancing towards her. With a scream, she dropped her pail and ran for the house. At this moment Maine appeared from behind the barn, and, seeing how matters stood, his wrath rose in a flood.

"What d— business have you in my yard?" he demanded.

The men looked at each other and then at the enraged farmer.

"We have no business here, we know," one of them said at length. "We did the girl no harm. She merely got frightened at us. We came to ask her for a drink of milk."

"What impudence!" cried Maine. "Not a drop will you get. Take yourselves off, and if you dare to come here again, look out."

The intruders looked at each other again, smiled indifferently, and without another word went out of the yard and across the road into the forest.

As the family were sitting at a late supper that evening discussing the various events afloat concerning the Fenians, a loud knock came at the open door. They all looked instantaneously and beheld in the doorway the man who walked the road daily, and the dog close at his heels.

"Well my man," said the farmer, rising and going towards him, "what can I do for you?"

"Did you see anything of three men around here just at dusk?" he asked in a coarse voice.

"I did, and an ungainly looking trio they were. Where they went, I don't know."

"You lie," cried the man with fury. "You know that they are over there in the woods dead, and you murdered them."

"See here, you son of Perdition!" exclaimed Maine, springing forward and giving the man a blow that nearly floored him; "I know nothing of these men and won't parley with you. Get away with you."

The dog seeing his master thus assaulted leaped in front of him and stood snarling menacingly at the courageous farmer.

"I'll put an end to your noise," said

Maine glancing at the brute and then starting back for his pistol. But before he had secured it the man was already out of the yard.

"You'll suffer for this," he called back; and was heard muttering curses as he hurried away.

"I think you had better go over to neighbor Marks," said Maine, to his now thoroughly frightened wife and daughter, after consideration. "There's no telling what that fellow might not do. I'll get a few of the neighbors and come back to watch the house."

They locked the doors and went quickly across the fields to Isaac Marks.

By this time the storm had set in and when Maine and the neighbors he had secured to watch with him, got to the house they were drenched. They dared not kindle a fire, and sat down, cold and wet to watch for the coming of the enemy.

Their vigil was uneventful until midnight, when violent weeping was heard from the direction of the front gate. After listening to it for some time one of the men volunteered to ascertain who it was so distressed. He went out cautiously, and returned in a few minutes with information that there was an old woman, dressed very shabbily, leaning on the gate weeping bitterly. They concluded that this was a ruse to draw them out into the darkness and decided to let her continue to weep. All the remainder of the night her weeping was kept up; but when light came no woman could be seen.

The men made a search but found no traces of her. A little way into the woods, however, they found evidences of a struggle—spots of blood, bits of clothing, broken clubs and the grass trodden down. This was supposed to be the place where the three strange men had been murdered, if indeed they had been. The searchers exchanged superstitious looks and went silently away.

For five consecutive nights Maine and his friends watched the house, but nothing whatever occurred. No Fenians were seen by day either; the entire neighborhood seemed to be forsaken by them. The farmers began to feel that they would have no more annoyances.

The summer faded into autumn; and one evening as Maine was sitting beside his door smoking his pipe, an old crippled woman hobbled up the path and confronted him with a triumphant and diabolical smile.

"You be the man," she said in a squeaky voice. "You be the very man. Nice and happy you be with the brand of murder on your soul. You thought no one would find you out; but I did."

Hearing the voice, Mrs. Maine and her daughter ran to the door. The old crone looked up at them, and laughed until she was nearly exhausted.

"So you come to look at me; did you?" she gasped at length. "Don't you think me pretty? I'm almost as pretty as the girl be. But her beauty shan't last. Lancelot Maine hear me. When I wept at your gate last summer you helped me not. If you had I'd never curse you for murdering them three poor men. Now eat the fruit of your unfeeling heart. Your daughter is sweet and graceful, in three days she'll be a maniac. This is your curse in the eye of heaven."

She flourished the staff she carried wildly in the air, and shuffled off down the path. They were unmoved, except in a mirthful way, by the incident, for they thought her a lunatic.

At the specified time for the fulfilment of the woman's words, however, the daughter began to show symptoms of approaching mania. What feelings filled the breasts of the fond parents as they watched the malady creep upon her! Before night fell she was raving mad. When darkness had fully set in she uttered several screeches, rushed from the house, and in a few seconds had disappeared into the woods. The parents and neighbors searched all night for the girl, but did not find her. They concluded that she had been spirited away by witchcraft.

But I am glad to write that Ella Maine

met with no misfortune. She was the victim of witchcraft; but the old woman's vile decree had nothing to do with it. It was a witchcraft more potent than hers, the witchcraft of Cupid. It was Cupid's spell which led her into the forest that autumnal night.

Marshal Stroud was Ella's lover. He was a worthy young man in every way; but for some reason Maine had taken an unremovable dislike to him, had ordered him from his door and forbade all communications with his daughter. But she met Stroud after for all that. She always went for the cows, and they had a trysting place in the woods, where they passed a short time together once or twice a week.

On the night after the announcement of the curse they met, and she unfolded a remarkable plan for their elopement. Her plan was that she should feign madness and take to the woods, where he should be waiting for her with a gig. The plan was carried out; and, eluding the searching party, they drove to the town and were married.

Everyone in that neighborhood knows of the scheme of the lovers now; but Maine refuses to believe it. Even if it were so, and, if his daughter is really living, he says he will shoot Stroud if he ever meets him. And as the old man has yet vigor enough to direct a bullet, his son-in-law and daughter think it prudent to stay away.

Maine believes to this day that his daughter was the victim of witchcraft, which is a remarkably correct belief, could he but understand.

CANADA FOR ME

Fair are the isles of the ocean,
  Where the Shamrock, Thistle and Rose,
Tiny emblems of devotion,
  In tenderest fancy repose.
But fairer to me and dearer
  Than the fairest isle of the sea,
Is the dear land of the Maple,
  Oh, Canada for me.

Bright are its sparkling fountains,
  As the sunny days of my youth,
Lofty and grand are its mountains
  As the storied temple of truth.
Broad are its forests and prairies,
  Boundless and kindly and free,
Joyous the ways of its waters,
  Oh, Canada for me.

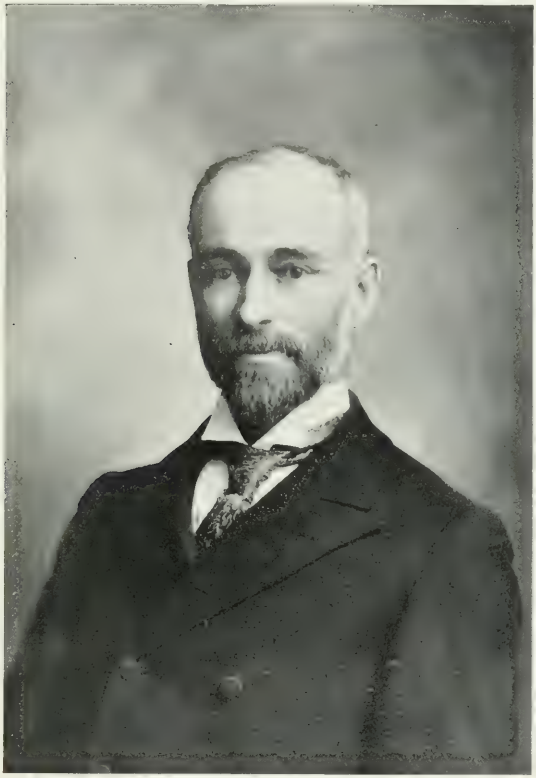
Wide as the span of the ocean,
  Are its mountains, forests and plains,
Free as the billows in motion,
  Her people in unity reigns.
Pride of the Empire of freedom,
  Cradled 'mid oceans three,
Perish the land of the tyrant,
  Oh, Canada for me.

Here with its emblems before me
  Still green from the forests I love,
Proudly I sing I'll adore thee,
  Wherever in life I may rove.
Land of my birth ever dearest,
  Here's to thy sons and to thee;
Others may sing of their own lands,
  Oh, Canada for me.

—*C. Raitt*

JULY, 1903

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA



MAYOR URQUHART

TORONTO

THE QUEEN CITY OF CANADA

YONGE AND KING STREETS

SHERBOURNE STREET

TORONTO STREET

JARVIS STREET—NORTH FROM CARLTON STREET

ROSEDALE DRIVE

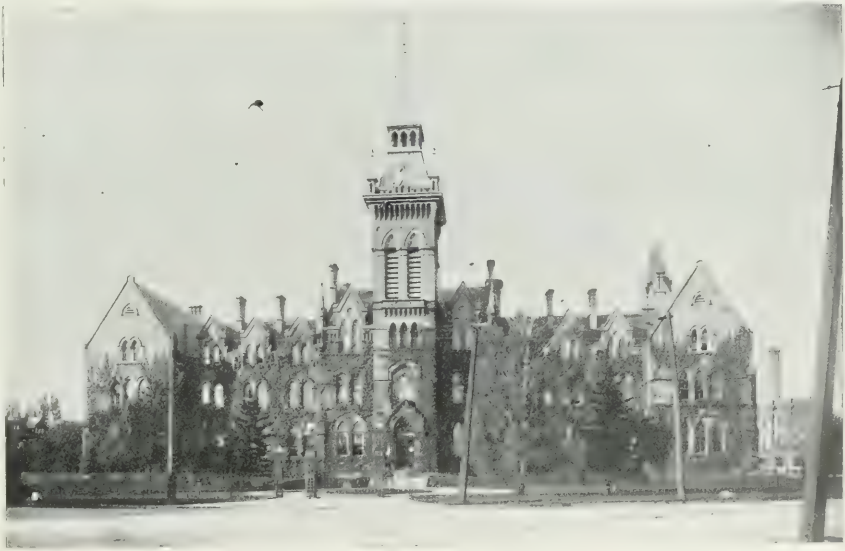
ALLEN'S ALLEY

RESERVOIR PARK

RIVERSIDE PARK

CITY HALL

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE



KNOX COLLEGE

ROADWAY IN HIGH PARK

SCENE ON EVER HUMEL

DRIVE IN HIGH PARK

RIVER HUMBER

MASSEY HALL

SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE

ARMORIES

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

'VARSITY, TORONTO

TRINITY COLLEGE

VIEW FROM PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS

VESSEL TILLET WHEAT

WOODBINE RACE TRACK

BOAT CLUBS

UNION STATION

THE ESPLANADE, ISLAND PARK, TORONTO

A CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE ON THE IVORY COAST.

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THE old diver screwed up his left eye and pressed his finger-tips together in a fashion which foretold a narrative of the most conscientious and indubitable veracity.—"You see," he said, "it was Captain Isaac's own glittering bright idea, the hiring of black Freetown Kru-boys for that *Dundern Castle* job. We were with the London Salvage and Wrecking Co. then, and they were shy of it from the beginning.

"True it was, the *Dundern* lay only three days south of Freetown, and Krus made good 'A.B.'s,'—they agreed to that, all right. But salving was a mighty sight different from 'fore-the-mast work, and while shipping such-like three-shilling-a-week black labor always gave you a chance to cut down on expenses, there was always a bigger chance of its queering the job altogether.

"But nothing could argue against old Isaac.—'I know Krus,' he says, 'and I know what's in 'em. I don't say as they've ever done salvage-derrickin' and tenderin' for divers; but I do say that they're more intellergent than fox tarriers, and once they get holt of an idear, they grip to it like bull-pups. Give me only Hutchins for first officer, and Jack and Andy to dive, and with fifteen men I can sail and stoke the *Eliza* down to Sierra. There I know a Portugee that'll pick me out the thirty finest Kru-boys on the Two Coasts and come along himself to interpret. I'll guarantee to get out every foundered cask o' palm-oil in the *Dundern* inside o' three weeks with them—and four casks'll more than cover their whole keep and wages. You just give 'em one try, and if there's any loss, I'll make good myself.' And it ended with their letting him have it his own way.

"We had straight steaming down to Freetown, and there the Captain found his Portugee,—Dominguez, his name was,—and through him got his thirty choice Kru-boys. I couldn't just see, myself, on what ground the selectin' was done, but old Isaac was satisfied. And three days later, we'd finished the run along the coast, and hove to off the *Dundern*.

"Well, those grinnin' black images carried lines through the surf onto her like so many rubber monkeys; and *then*, I tell you, he couldn't cackle over them enough. —'Now you see the vally of Krus,' he says, as we begun cleatin' together a lighterin' raft,—'and before these here operations is through with, you'll see more.'

"By next day noon we had the raft anchored, and half a cable's length of block-and-tackle connection with the *Dundern's* waist. So we sent the diving-pumps and gear aboard, and seeing that the water fillin' her was as dead still as cold tea, the rest of the job seemed likely to be easy and oneventful.

"It wasn't, though. No sooner had Andy and me been got into the suits and started down, than the whole squad of Krus to be apprenticed to the pumpin' showed signs of quittin', and of quittin' rapid, too. One was for takin' a header over the side, and the rest was only a little less leery of our manoovers. It looked to me as if they thought our tenders were layin' out to can up and drown all and sundry two by two,—Andy and me bein' willin' sacrifices to encourage the others, so to speak. And we palavered with them reassuring-like for a good half hour. Then seein' plain anough that talkin' was no good, we decided that the only way to make them see how luny and ongrounded their suspicions was, would be to give

them an objeck lesson. So we got back into the armor, and went down again.

"Well, that objeck lesson didn't do exactly what we figured it would. For, as the tenders told us after'ard, the whole time we were under water in the hold, those lads just laid flat on their faces and clawed the deck! And when we came up and started for them, they just naturally monkeyed up the riggin' and went crazy!

"As for Dominguez, the interpreter, he kept pullin' a sick and oily smile, and sayin': 'Z'are-a poor, seempla fellah, senor, mucha seempla. D'they theenk you h'ought-a to be dthrown'.' And,—(what was considerablv more to the point,)—'D'they theenk you're-a soam devla doctoars. Saind them back h'on the sheep; and w'en they're-a more qui-ed, I tell-a dthem there's no fear-a.'—So we freighted them back to the *Eliza,* which move came pretty near bein' the end of *that* salvin' job!

"For, as near as we could ever learn, those Krus from the *Dundern* fairly tumbled over themselves to pass the scare on to their fellows. They told them it was a witch-ship they'd been seduced onto, and the devil-doctorin' we'd begun on the *Dundern* was, never a shudderin' doubt, only to get our hands in for far worse devillin' on the *Eliza;* and, in short, if they hoped to save their immortal souls, by all their heathen gods and fetishes, it behoved them to act most mighty swift and vigorous,—which they certainly did!

"Lucky enough for Andv and me, old Isaac had seen to it at Freetown that they brought no arms on board. For I reckon their idea was to get us, the boss devil-doctors, out of the way before tacklin' our servants and followers. And when we strolled into their fo'c'stle quarters that night, without our protectin' 'witch-armor,'—thereby givin' them just the chance they wanted,—my word, but they were sudden! Nothing but the tangle we got into saved us!

For when they threw themselves howlin' on us, we each got hold of two or three of them, and we all went down in one kickin' heap together. The period of chokin' and yoopin', screechin' and gougin' that followed was like nineteen Bedlams havin' one grand, fraternal delirium. And it was only ended by the onlimited use of crows and marlins in the hands of all our mates on board.—When they *did* get us out at last, we came more like two 'straw-clogs' from a threshin'-machine than anything else I can think of.

"While Andy and me was wall-paperin' ourselves with court-plaster, the rest gathered 'round us and held a general pow-wow and council of war. Andv was unreasonable indignant, and talked fierce in favor of stringin' up a Kru every watch for an example to the others, till we'd rid ourselves of the whole bunch. But the Captain said that that was 'revengeful and onhumane, and besides,—though jist then it didn't look as if they was exactly the kind of help he wanted,—it was goin' to be hard toughin' to put that salvin' through without them.'

"Dominguez, bein' hit up for his opinion, again opined that they were 'poor, seempla fellah,' innocent of any wrong intentions, and if we all slept together in the cabins, with two sentries outside, and another at the engine-room door, no harm could come to us!

"At that, old Isaac had to put a limit on the language of Hutchins, the mate; for it was *his* business to look after the *Eliza* while the bulk of us was hoistin' on the *Dundern.* But when he suggested runnin' them Krus back to Freetown, the Captain wouldn't hear of it. It would take a week, he said, and by that time he calculated to have the oil half out.—'Dominguez,' he goes on, 'you'd ought to be able to help us someways. And indeed, it's your bounden duty to, for wasn't it you that brought all these blood-huntin' varmints aboard? Now here,' he says, 'here I am fixed without ankle-irons, and the homicidin' heathen would chaw through hemp like tobacco twist! Nor there wouldn't be no security in coopin' 'em up in the fo'c'stle; for there's so many of 'em, and they're so fierce and hostile, that they'd do us dirt

somehow or other. I could put a watchman in over 'em, but how do I know they wouldn't do *him* first jiffy he batted an eye?'

"Dominguez was plainly dubious, too, and he shook his head slow and worried, like a mule with a bull-thistle under his tongue. But when we'd all about thought ourselves bug, suddenly he throws out his hands and shoots his shoulders up under his ear, and shouts,—'Ha, senor, I know heem! Let a *sobmarino* — (meanin' one of us divers)—een the coat and hadt-a of the *sobmarino* mek guard-a ad the door. They nevra pass or toach-a heem!'

"And it didn't take old Isaac fifty years to see the entire likeliness of that.—For the next three weeks Andy and me spent triple time in armor, and four hours out of six we were spellin' each other on sentinel go in the fo'c'stle!

"The salvin' of the *Dundern* palm-oil I'll pass over rapid. Excep' that it was rackin' hard work for fifteen men, and was as profitable as it was hard, it was nothin' out of ordinary. As for our divin' part of it, that turned out a good deal easier than the average under-sea derruckin' job. It was a trifle risky, for of course only one of us could be in the *Dundern* at a time; and if he'd got his lines fouled and cut, he'd have had to whistle for long enough before the other'd been able to come and help him out. But no accidents happened. It was just slow, even-runnin,' straight-away hoistin', and we coined money for the Company, day in day out.

"Yet us two kind of lost interest in that end of our work, comparin' it with the job we had in the fo'c'stle of the *Eliza;* for that was somethin' altogether new and unique, and on it we could get in frills and fine work. Old Isaac reversed the mast-head jack hopin' the mutiny-call might be seen by some Freetown-bound craft that'd take his blacks off and home for him. But *mutiny* wasn't the right word; it wasn't even *just* to that daffy-house of Kru-boys. For under our managin' they walked Spanish, and mighty circumspect at that. Dominguez had guaranteed that if we slung our hammocks and slept outside the fo'c'stle door, and stood our helmets on our sea-chests to keep an eye on the rascals between times, two or three hours a day a-piece would be ample and sufficient. And in the main we found he was right.

"Weights, I needn't say, we discarded altogether. Yet when we went further, and counted on the armor alone bein' enough without the hose and air-pump, we figured wrong. Not doin' anything but just hold ourselves planted at the door like them old knights, you see in museums, might suit *us* all right; but we soon found thet them Krus was gettin' used to it, they was losin' their rightful awe and fear, and was in danger of becomin' entirely too familiar and free-and-easy. Ahead of us there was three weeks more of it at least, and we had to make up our minds that if we were goin' to keep them from growin' altogether contemptuous of us before the job was through with, we'd have to make use of all our machinery,—yes, and keep chillin' off their blood with new acts and turns of devillin' all the time as well.

—"Unless you'd seen it you couldn't 'a' believed what willin' spirits and helpers at the pump that understood their business got out of them two ordinary 'S. & C.' divin' suits. From the first week on, we give a regular 'continuous performance'; and I'm safe in sayin' that no vaudyville or variety theatre ever give a better. It didn't only keep the Krus out of mischief; it was free entertainment to all on board. The men used to come near fightin' for the privilege of pumpin' for us. And the things they said about the stunts we thought up,—well, it ain't in modesty to repeat them.

"Only old Isaac, who didn't think of nothin' but the double time it was takin' to derrick out the palm-oil, and Hutchins, who was a most ugly-natured man, anyway,—they were too grouchy mean to own up to their admiration. And they must have felt it, too, and that a whole lot stronger than the crew, along of their being better eddicated and more refineder,

—in a way of speakin'. It seemed like the more inventin' we got, the more they pretended not to notice it, and only snarled on continuous about our bein' short-handed.

—"'What was some of the acts we invented?'—Well, that's answered right away and in the nateral course of events, too. For Friday afternoon of the second week, when the oil was about half transferred, what should come nosin' along the coast, and north'ard too, but a little English gun-boat! And before we thought she'd a' had time to make out our distress colors, she was droppin' her dinghy.

"It was the lootenant-commander himself and his middy that come aboard us. And old Isaac welcomed them as fervent as pay-day. Nor he wasn't slow in gettin' to explanations, neither. In about five minutes he and Hutchins was bringin' them down to where I stood guard in the fo'c'stle, and if the lootenant hadn't understood the sitooation before, he certainly did then. And he bust out and laughed and laughed, till you could see how it was hurtin' him. Then when he'd put his eye-glass back for about the fifth time, he managed to pull himself up, and,—'Captain,' he says, 'you're a genius! A conference of the fleet wouldn't have thought of this!'

"'Oh,' says old Isaac, beamin' like all a Cunarder's brasses, and twice as brazen,—'it ain't nothin', nothin' at all. It jist come to me nateral-like. But it keeps a man busy thinkin' up variati'ns of the entertainment, so to speak.'—(I all but throwed a fit to hear him!)—'Jack,' he goes on, to me, 'get yer tin whistle and play somethin' for the commander.'

"Dog bite him, if I couldn't have butted him bowl-shaped first, but I had to do it! And all the satisfaction I could think of was to make up my mind to give him our *Yankee Doodle;* for the Captain was the p'isenest kind of Britisher, and nothin' but our deep-sea repitations ever got Andy and me onto the *Eliza.*—So I rolled the lip end of the whistle into a bit of rubber I kept for the purpose and shoved it up anunder the elastic of my left wrist-band. And when the men at the pump began to give me the bellows, I reached round with my right, and fingered the stops. And if I'd been first-behind-the-drum on the mornin' of the Fourth, I couldn't have played it more brash and defiant.

"I could feel the Captain's and Hutchins' boots was burnin' hotter and hotter on the deck all the time it was goin' on. But that lootenant, he didn't take any offence,—far contry, he took it like a cylinder full of laughin'-gas! Before the first verse was over he had to set down on Andy's dunnage-chest. And through the rest of it, he just wallowed 'round, tryin' to steady himself by the middy, and grippin' out weak and blind for the string of his eye-glass.

"And, for all I'd stirred old Isaac's mad up again' me, that tickled him back into chirpiness again.—'Mebee,' he says, 'before you take off these he'pless Freetowners, mebee you'd like to see some more of the performance we've been givin' them,—some of the *duet* part of it, as y' might say?'

"And the lootenant draws his hand across his eyes with a kind o' sob, and says:—'Gad knows, Captain, if it won't prove the death of me,—but go ahead!'

"So Andy was sent for. And seein' as old Isaac was feelin' so expanded and generous at the prospect of gettin' those Kru-boys off his hands, and seein', too, as nothin' much could be done on the *Dundern* without a diver, anyways, he sends out word that all the other men could come in and see the show at the same time.—'Tell 'em,' he says to Hutchins, 'tell 'em it's to be a grand, farewell, benefit concert,—and in honor of disting'ished visitors as well.'

"When Andy came aboard I told him how the old scoundrel was takin' the credit of all our inventions; and mighty raw he was to hear it, too. But then again, all we could do was to get Cooky John to come in and help us with his fiddle and lay out some new stunts, and swear to let them 'disting'ished visitors' judge for theirselves who the geniuses on board was! And we done it, too! We

give a 'benerfit concert' such as won't be beat in this century on all the Equator seas!

"We led off with a little, heel-and-toe clog, 'Cooky' turnin' loose *The Fairy Dancers* by way of accompaniment. And clog-dancin' with fifteen-pound leads on your feet is clog-dancin' that you can't mistake for anything else. Every time we brought both hoofs down at the end of a verse, I thought we were goin' through to the keelson. And it took the crew just where they lived! We had to give them ten minutes o' *The Dead March in Saul* to break them off yellin' for more of it. The Krus jabbered frantic; and the lootenant, he showed a lot of appreciation, too.

"Then Andy went on alone and performed what he called 'The Grand Swell-and-Collapse Act.' His suit was always too big for him, and without a belt it seemed if it had 'a' been made just on purpose for that turn. He started in as flabby of air as he could live, and he locked his arms behind him like a boy goin' to say a piece. But that was only so as, when the right time come, he could throw open his wristbands both at once, and in half a jiffy.

"Then he stood there silent, and took wind, and *swelled!* It wasn't hasty or excited, but just grand and imposin'! and it gave them Krus the back-bone freeze, now I tell you those! And when, all of a sudden and unexpected, he spread his thumbs and punctured hisself like a penny balloon, they all went down in one heavin' win'-row, screechin' bloody murder.—Yet they *liked* it! There was no doubt about that. For all their palpitatin' shudders, they come back for more every time.—And Lord, in simple justice to Andy and me, there was reason enough for that!

"Next, the two of us did a kind of cake-walk to the tune of *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines.* It was pretty ponderous and freight-trainy at first; but once the pump-men began to lighten us up with wind, we unlimbered, and got into it spry as Old Dan Tucker. And as we swung our feet shuffle-and-slap in the swing-arounds, I kind o' whistled the time, too, by thumbin' on my escape-valve. That chirped up the performance a whole lot, even if it couldn't make it *altogether* jaunty and bird-like. And I must say, for a pair of lead-loaded gas-engines on a high-steppin' promenade, we done well. Anyways, we near brought down the house. Even Hutchins and old Isaac had to join in and encore. As for the lootenant and the middy, they rolled around on their boxes like a pair o' buoys in a ground swell.

"But our last act took best of all. For we ended with *America,* which is the same tune, o' course, as *God Save the King,* and it was grand! We sang it as no two men ever sung it before. Not that we made any particular *noise* and *riot* out of it;—Lord love you, it was just its bein' so far opposite to that that made it so soul-thrillin'. For singin' that comes through an eighth-inch copper kettle sounds mysterious and far-away and solemn, like the voices of angels. Those Kru-boys listened just naterally fascinated. And between the verses, while 'Cooky' was loopin' decorations all around the music with his fiddle, we walked up and down, stately and religious-like, and beat time slow and reverend on each other's helmets. Oh, we didn't leave nothin' out that'd make it impressive, you can be sure of that!

"And the '*grand f'nally,*' even if it wasn't exactly as we'd planned it, was a great act, too. You see we got so worked up and enthused ourselves, that our hose-lines went completely out of our minds; and first think we knew we were all tied up together and sprawlin' over each other on the floor, like two rubber-jointed coal-stoves in a 'half Nelson'! —We always felt that them Krus wanted that last stunt encored especial', and in their own 'poor innocent' way, was tryin' to encore it theirselves. But they didn't show any eagerness to come forward and pat us on the back none!

"The 'disting'ished visitors' did, though. For all they were usin' their handkerchiefs and holdin' their floatin' ribs, they couldn't gasp out compliments

enough. We got from them what was worth goin' on with the show for a year for.

"And there was somethin' comin' to old Isaac, too.—'Now,' he says, 'I suppose you'll be a-wantin' to get these lads safe under your hatches before night'

"'Captain,' says the lootenant,—'I thought I could at first, but as I see the situation now, I can't take them from you, I can't really!'

"Well, at that old Isaac was about the hardest-jolted sea-farin' man between Table Bay and London.—'You can't take them from me?' he says.

"'No,' says the lootenant, 'it'd be too cruel. We haven't so much as a magic-lantern a-board, and *you,*' (and he bites back a kind of whimperin' groan,)—'and *you're* giving them Earl's Court and Drury Lane all in one! And what's more,' he says, 'in this happy family of yours,—and God bless it,' he says,—'you're solving the native problem,—how to deal with subject races, y' know. And if I interrupted such an experiment, the Empire would never forgive me, it wouldn't really!—Cecil,' he says, startin' with his middy up the companion,—'it's time we made our return to the *Lapwing.*'

"For two minutes followin' old Isaac could only keep openin' and closin' his mouth. But Hutchins had the use of his tongue, and the language he came after them with was more blisterin' hot than the *harmattan.* He'd studied a lot of Admiralty law, along of tryin' to get the Captain of the Fleet court-martialled for runnin' into his garbage-tow in the manoovers off Portsmouth;—and law he give that lootenant by the scorchin' cable's length!—'And it ain't on'y disregardin' of the Mutiny Act,' he shouts, windin' up, 'it's refusal to succor distressed shippin', and you can be hung at the yard-arm for it!'

"'In that case,' says the lootenant, 'in that case, Cecil, we can't make too much haste to get back under our guns.' And they tumbled down into their boat, both of them bustin' loose again. And the more and ragin'er Hutchins and old Isaac bawled after them, the more they rocked back and forward between the seats and yelled!

—"There ain't much more to tell. If there were ever two men in the world worse-tempered than the cap'n and the mate of the *Eliza* durin' the next fortnight, I've still to hear o' them. A pair of six-year-olds with the hives would have been smilin' cherubs beside them! And Andy and me had to stand for pretty nigh as much of their jaw and hands as them unfortunate Kru-boys did.

"As for *them,* after that last grand performance, they demeaned theirselves mighty awed and subdued until we were steerin' into Freetown harbor. Then, first thing we knowed, they were all in one yellin' stampede for the upper deck and shootin' overboard like a string of frogs from off a boom-log. Nor they didn't stop swimmin' for any last long lingerin' looks back neither!

"And, seein' as there hadn't been no reg'lar contributors to that benefit concert, and seein' as none of them Krus ever come back for no wages, when we got into London the Company office decided that they couldn't do better than donate half the amount due them to Andy and me. And for our *part,* we didn't hesitate none about takin' it, for, in a point o' law them Krus certainly was the audience; and it was no more than just and right for them to do the payin'. Moreover, we couldn't but feel that if it had been left to them theirselves, they'd have owned to the amount of real fine art we put into that whole 'continuous performance' and recompensed it accordin'."

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER II.

WINNIPEG.

Although its name, *ouie nepique*, signifies "muddy or turbid water," Winnipeg, as everyone knows, is a city of sunshine and exuberance. The Chicago of Canada, it sits where the forest ends and the prairie begins. Indeed, at first view, it seems a large bit of life thrown haphazard in the wilderness. It is the golden gate to an immense and wealthy country. A few years ago a hamlet of traders and designated Fort Garry, to-day it has a population of over 50,000 and each man so strong in brawn and brain he ought to count two. Its main street, which is 240 feet wide and two miles long, is indubitably one of the finest in the world. Winnipeg is a place of big ideas that are rapidly materializing.

We reached this city on Saturday and found it hard to awaken into any feeling of Sabbatical straitness. Sunday seemed a day for idleness, and "the kindly medicine of rest." One is not long here until one begins to observe among the males a special prairie face and physique. As yet, it is too young to be strongly marked, but it is surely coming.

The women complain that the climate dries their skin and causes it to wrinkle, but, indeed, I was led to believe otherwise, for the young girls born and reared in the West appeared to me to possess a certain warmth of coloring and clearness of complexion that reminds one of the Irish girls. The Winnipeg maiden does not belong to the attenuated girl race depicted by Burne-Jones, but her glowing, well-moulded body conveys an impression of graceful strength that "well might shake the saintship of an anchorite." I did not particularly notice her eyes, but the Padre did. He says they are very big and soulful, and really well worth studying.

Winnipeg is proud of her three great authors, and well she may be, for their writings have the flavor, individuality, and warmth that is drawn from the tang of soil and race. They are Miss Agnes Laut, Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, and the Rev. C. W. Gordon, better known as "Ralph Connor."

The people are natural and unconventional. A Winnipeg boy will laugh out loudly where his Ontario cousin would simply smile. Perhaps it is a heartiness bred from the electricity in the air. Certain it is, things are done "for all they are worth." Rent, food, and dry goods are expensive, but, on the other hand, wages are high. During our stay of three weeks, we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Mulock, who told us that when they first came to Winnipeg, coal was $17.00 a ton. Its usual price now is $10.50.

Ask a Winnipegger if the weather is cold in winter, and he will answer: "Cold? Yes, but you know, we don't feel it."

Regarding the mud of the city, there is nothing on the earth's surface to touch it. It is like one piece of big banana peeling, only much filthier. To be accurate, I believe it is a mixture of Portland cement and glue, but the people will tell you that it is indicative of good soil. At its height, or rather depth, the women wear short skirts and rubber boots.

And the people even find an excuse for the mosquitoes. These sanguineous pests are worse in the wet season, and so presage a good harvest. To a southern "tenderfoot," the air seems to be made up of oxygen and mosquitoes. They drop down from above, come up from below,

blow in upon the wind, no one knows how, but they are always there. Open a book and you will find them crushed between each leaf. They are the most awful mosquitoes it has ever been our misfortune to meet—or to be meat for. They are procrastinating miscreants that skulk about you undecidedly, reconnoitring your ankles, all the while whining an obligato recitative in C sharp, just to keep you in suspense before drilling holes in you. Nor can you sleep at nights with the windows open, for these sleep-dispelling ruffians crowd in, ever ubiquitous, insatiable, and hot-tongued with all the spirit of the furies. While at play, the children wear paper in their stockings to protect their legs. One lad told me it was futile to reason with a mosquito, for it was only the female insect that bit. Science, I believe, bears him out.

It is useless to scoff and say we exaggerate the evil propensities of these little midgets, but was it not "the little people" who killed "the very strong man Kwasind" on the River Taquamenaw, and "the little foxes" that ate Isaiah's grapes? No wonder the Indians regard mosquitoes as agents of an evil spirit. They have a tradition that there once lived on the banks of the Fraser River a bad woman, who caught young children, and carried them in a basket woven of water snakes. One day the children peeped out of the basket and saw her digging a pit, and making stones hot in the fire, and they knew she was going to cook them as Indians cook their meat, and so they plotted together what they would do. By and by the old hag came to the basket and lifted them out one by one, and told them to dance around her on the grass, and she began putting something on their eyes, so that they could not open them; but the elder ones watched their opportunity, and while she was putting the hot stones into the pit, they all rushed forward and toppled her over, and piled fire into the pit on top of her till she was burned to ashes. But her evil spirit lived after her, for out of her ashes, blown about by the wind, sprang the dreadful pest of mosquitoes.

Under the chaperonage of Sergeant Page, I visited the barracks of the 90th Canadian Rifles. The Sergeant has been in service twenty-seven years, and has fought in nearly every country in the world. At present there are few men in the barracks, for while the military pay is 40 cents a day, the regular wages in the city is from $1.75 to $2.00. Their quarters are comfortably fitted up, and the men have plenty of recreation in the way of books, billiards, cricket, and hockey. They are not, however, anxious to work too hard, for although there is no tuition fee, the men will not take the benefit of lessons in fencing or boxing. They do not keep their accoutrements in the spick-and-span condition of the English soldier, neither do they salute their superior officers nor visitors.

The horses in the stable were clean-limbed and well-groomed animals, and looked as if they had plenty of grit, bottom, and staying-powers. It is a noteworthy fact that the bronchos taken to South Africa did not stand the voyage as well as the Ontario horses. Out of 375 of the former shipped from Halifax, only seven were landed in Africa.

The annual Exhibition at Winnipeg is a big event in the Manitoban calendar. It is held in July. From the photographs I turned over in the rooms of the Agricultural Society, I should judge the mechanical and agricultural arts are not so much the "drawing cards" as the nice long stockings of Miss Dottie May. Of course this all goes to educate the farmer, and is really much more entertaining than a big pumpkin or a patchwork quilt.

The Indians had come into the city for their annual Treaty money, and so we had an opportunity of closely observing these hangers-on of civilization. Now and then a touch of manliness could be seen in the facial expression of the "braves." It is said that they have improved of late years in the matter of domestic economy, and no longer spend their money in "fire-

water," or "things wherein is no profit." They lay it out wisely in useful articles, such as clothing, food, and household conveniences. Yet the Indian is indubitably on the road to extinction. He has run against the sharp point of destiny. His brain and nerve are too soft for our highly complex civilization, and so he shrivels. Disease, hereditary and acquired, indolence, disappointment and starvation, are decimating them rapidly. Whiskey, too, is doing its deadly work. The Indian Commissioner at Winnipeg reports increasing drunkenness on the Reserves. He says that in all the small towns that are springing up near Reserves, intoxicants are sold, and in some way, either directly or through middlemen, the Indians secure liquors. Traders can sell on the Reserves essences and pain-killer, which contain such a large percentage of alcohol as to render them intoxicating, and this in spite of all the agents and mounted police can do. An Indian will not inform against the ringleader in illegal practice.

One of the most interesting people I met in Winnipeg was Chief Ashman, a full-blooded Cree from St. Peter's Reserve. There was no doubt whatever of his being a converted Indian, for in walking he allowed me—only a white squaw, after all—to take the lead on the crossings. He is a fine looking man, with a massive head and chest, and is the possessor of a stately, reserved manner that would grace any position. His clothing was modish and well carried. It would be impossible for me to describe the unique eloquence of this Cicero of the wilds, his flexible, sonorous voice, copious in vowel sounds, and his quaint language and similies, as he told us of the burdens, hopes, and tragedies of his people. As we listened to the story, we felt never could nobler lance be lifted than in the redressing of the wrongs which our countrymen have brought on the Red Man.

Crossing the Norwood Bridge at Winnipeg to the French village of St. Boniface, we dropped back another century and to another country. With the sweet bells that Whittier made famous ringing in our ears, we wander through the cemetery, billowy with graves, and pluck bright blooms from the sleeping place of Louis Riel.

As night falls, it softens the grim harshness of the great crucifix that towers over the tombs. The outstretched figure of the Nazarene, with its pierced hands and thorn-stung brow, lifts its burden and hurt from our hearts. All is still but for the soft chant of the vespers, the drowsy chirp of the broodlings overhead, and the grey-clad nuns stealing through the dusk. Gradually we melt into it all

> "And leave the vain, low strife
> That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
> The passion and the cares that wither life,
> And waste its little hour."

CHAPTER III.

ON THE PRAIRIE.

An outlook over the prairie is like an invitation into boundless space. Its immensity is almost terrifying. It is an illimitable expanse with madness in the heart of it. The cottages loom up like white sails in a green ocean. In the clear atmosphere the natural range of vision is materially extended. There are no objects in the middle ground, no perspectives, and so you are unable to estimate relative size or distance. A cow may be a bird, or *vice versa*.

Emerson says in every landscape the point of astonishment is the meeting of the sky and earth. This is particularly true of the plains. Nature has few lines. She is either round or moving, except in a dead calm, but here the horizon line is hard. The sun apparently rises out of the ground and sets in it at night.

From the train, the monotony is maddening. One feels like getting out on the platform to recite "Excelsior," but to know the spell of the prairies you must get out and away from the railway. From the swiftly-moving express the plains are a spiritless mass of color, but on the land one

can "babble of green fields" that take in the whole gamut. For the very reason that the prairie offers so few salient points, the picture appeals to the eye more effectively than a mountain scene. The "values" count. Every stroke tells. On a May day in the prairie one understands Emily Bronte's passion for her desolate brown moors. There is a charm in the sense of isolation that is a far remove from loneliness. Thoreau says, "In a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven. Through our own recovered innocence, we discern the innocence of our neighbors." Like the nameless, aimless birds, we wander out in the sunshine with no higher object than living to live.

The bump of locality is not much use on the plains, for they are a sea of green, trackless, and uncharted. We are not long in need of guides, for attracted by the report of our guns, we soon have an escort of lively young Indians, eager to pick up the fallen birds. To watch the boys cook and eat the game is to enjoy a primordial scene in a primordial setting.

In the pale-face the hunting instinct, while never extinguished, is modified. In the Red Man it is a passion. Watch an Indian lad stalk a bird. It does not fly on the tree for the reason that there is no tree. It just rises and settles again a few yards away. The boy trails it up closer and closer with a feline softness of tread, a queer, slurring movement that belongs only to animals of prey, and then, standing stiff and tense as a finely-bred setter "making game," this Napoleon of the wilds concentrates the whole energy of his body on a piercing point and sends his arrow home.

Next to the Indian boy, the merriest thing on the plains is the gopher. It gets through the business of life on a dance. All its energies are intensified in its trail. It is the last thing to wave defiance at you, as he playfully dives into his little mound. Like the conies, they are "an feeble folk," but "exceeding wise." Just scoop out a burrow and judge if he who gathers in summer is not a wise son. Many a golden bit these frisky rascals cost the farmer, and so at one time the Government gave the Indians a bounty of two cents for each gopher tail. Some Indians made as much as $10.00 a day, and a merchant told me that one day he paid out $700.00 in awards. The game went on merrily and so did the Government largess until it was discovered that the wily hunter was confining his efforts to the gopher's tails to the entire neglect of their heads, so that they might go free to rear fresh broods of nice little tails at a penny each. Nowadays, the farmer poisons the gophers with wheat boiled in Government strychnine.

The gopher is a very obliging little chap. He will stand up like a begging pug and let you shoot at him. Of course, being a woman, your bullet is far wide of the mark, and he dives into his earthen fastness only to nonchalantly reappear a minute or two later and give you another chance. Eventually, an Indian will whistle him out of his burrow and catch him for you with a noosed string.

The badger makes larger holes than the gopher, but it is almost imposible to catch one, for he will tunnel as quick as you can dig after him, and besides there is a fine for killing him, as he destroys the gophers.

Nor will the Indian boy, with his knowledge of prairie craft, let you shoot at a Jack-snipe, or, to use his term, "the yellow legs." It would mean that you would of a certainty be struck by lightning. The meadow-lark, the feathered music-box of the prairie is, however, fair game and so are the wild doves, plovers, and mallards. The mallards build their nursery in the sedgy sloughs (pronounced slews), and to view them at nesting-time, you must not be squeamish about wet feet and draggled skirts. A frightened mother-bird, a sharp cry of alarm, five white eggs in a nest, and then you almost want to apologise for your intrusion. The water in the sloughs is a pale olive green and all through the summer it is covered with ducks —hundreds of them. The boys tell me that the water, if bathed in, will cause an irruption on the skin. Lafer in the season these tarns dry up, and it is from their bed the farmer cut his hay.

On the prairies, a bluff is not a hill but a copse of wind-dwarfed poplars, birches or willows. Of late years, where the fire has not passed over the ground, these clumps of

trees have been springing up and there is a future claimed for them.

There is no rose without its thorn nor any prairie jaunt without its stings—flying-ant stings. These abandoned insects are even worse than mosquitoes. They "come off the grass" in multitudes no man could number, and do their best to eat you up. In spite of all Sir John Lubbock and other eminent *savans* have said, I must confess, I see nothing to admire in them. Their sting is like wire, and I was their vast pincushion.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT LONE LAND.

Three hours of inky blackness, a half-light of a dull grey dun, a dawn stretching along the horizon like the painful welt of a burn, a fading of the flush into filmy blister, and a full round sun risen from the earth like a golden coin from the mint of God—this is day in the Northwest Territories.

The porter tells me we are in the Territory of Assiniboia and that the time changes to allow for Westering. He is not to be entrapped by any questions on the subject and scored one by assuring me it is because the sun cannot keep pace with the C.P.R.

The Indians of this Territory formerly used heated stones for cooking their food and so were called "Stony Indians," the Ojibway of which is *Assin*, a stone and *bwan*, an Indian. It is from these words we have the name Assiniboia.

The land is suitable for either ranching or agriculture, but the wire fences have sewn the shroud of the cattle industry in this district. The ground is broken by shallow dells and gullies, with gentle rising ground between. At Qu'Appelle we have reached an altitude of 2,050 feet. A few miles westward, we enter the great Regina Plain, a treeless expanse of agricultural land, composed of rich soil, which does not change to a depth of twenty feet.

Regina, as every one knows, is the headquarters of the thousand sleuth-hounds known as the Mounted Police. These true rough-riders who patrol the plains and boundaries to prevent cattle "lifting," the illicit liquor trade, and to look after the Indians, are mostly men of gentle blood. These top-booted troopers, brawny and brown with wind and sun, active, supple, and erect, give you above all else an impression of hardy, clean manhood. And why not? They live all day under the big, blue sky, and fear nothing that breathes. They must inevitably possess the equanimity of good digestion and well-oxygenated blood. The country, too, recasts them into broader mould. No man could be petty who sweeps constantly through such leagues of pure air.

Regina is the capital of the Northwest Territories. These Territories comprise an area of 2,500,000 square miles, and are more than twice as large as all the provinces put together. In 1871, the Government paid the Hudson Bay Company $1,500,000 to surrender their privileges and powers over this area, and it was then merged into the Crown.

The Territories are now moving for autonomy, and want to be made into provinces. They have petitioned for an inquiry into their position. They have no power to amend their constitution, to borrow money, or deal with public domain. They cannot establish asylums, charities, or hospitals. They have not the administration of the criminal law, nor any right to subsidize railways, or to direct their own immigration policy.

Manitoba would like to relieve the pressure by taking to herself a slice of Saskatchewan and Assiniboia. Not that she has really anything to complain of, for although Manitoba is the smallest province in Canada, she is the keystone to the whole, and must be content with that very great distinction. Her plaint reminds us of the tragic story of a greedy little boy we read of:

"Once when I was a little boy,
I sat me down to cry,
Because my little brother
Had the biggest piece of pie.

'Twas not but I had quite enough,
But then I couldn't see
The reason that my brother
Should have twice as much as me."

Two hours' run from the capital is Moose Jaw, with a population of 2,500. The name is an abridgment of the Indian name, which

literally translated is "The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-a-moose-jaw-bone." The country hereabouts is very beautiful and fertile. A young farmer told me that last year he sold 17,000 bushels of wheat. He intends going to Ontario to look for a wife next winter.

Leaving Moose Jaw, we pass through the Old Wives' Lakes, which are entirely alkaline, having no outlets. In all directions the green-swathed prairies are scarred with myriad trails and round wallows where the buffaloes took mud baths to free themselves from vermin. Buffalo bones have a monetary value now, and piles of them ready for shipment to the East have been photographed.

As it lies shimmering and throbbing in the unscreened sun, vast tracts of the land appear to be almost barren, but it is especially adapted for sheep ranching, and enormous flocks of these woolly idiots, with their knock-kneed lambs, spread themselves over the plains. The life of a sheep-herder is a lonely one. He often goes insane through melancholy. The cow-punchers hold that no man can be decent and be a sheep-walker. He is considered a low-down, miserable being, only fit to kill.

Passing through this district there is no monotony. Every moment is replete with curious sights. Medicine Hat is a wide-awake place, and the centre of the magnificent ranching country known as "the Banana Belt," because of the Chinook winds that soften the "Northers" with their mysterious, penetrating cold. This is the land of the cowboy, the land where the throne is the saddle, the land *par excellence* of beef and freedom. The drawback of the ranching lands—there was only one Garden of Eden—lies in the scanty water supply, but at Medicine Hat the plains are well watered. Only one per cent. of the cattle died last winter in this district.

The cowboy is not necessarily an uncouth freak dressed in the border garb we are accustomed to in lurid literature and pictures. In other days, we used to think of him as a daring, wild personage, riding madly over the prairies with long hair flying behind, and a murderous revolver sticking out of his belt. On the contrary his dress is rather common-place. He has a fine indifference to appearance, and change of fashion does not affect his apparel. His heavy felt hat is admirably adapted to repel the rays of the sun, and it is said that there is no recorded case of sunstroke on the ranges in the Territories. His gloves are buckskin, his shirt woollen, and he is totally unacquainted with those inventions of the devil—starched collars.

Nor does he ride furiously. He goes along with a choppy, steady gait that would tire the life out of an Easterner to follow. Attached to his wrist with a thong, the cowman carries a quirt, which is a short, heavy whip, with a stock about a foot long, and with a lash made of four loose heavy thongs. The stock is a wooden stick, covered with braided leather. It has a "loaded head," and the cowman knows just the touch that will fell a charging steer or a mad pony. To use his own term, he "quirts the bronch' a-plenty." The broncho is all horse colors, but more often buckskin, and sometimes piebald.

Ranching is becoming yearly more and more a farming operation. The range is often under fence, and the cowboy must ride the line to see that the fence is not down at any point. He raises a certain amount of hay for winter feed, and a bit of grain for his horses. He is not a general terror, full of strange oaths; but, on the contrary, is a quiet, faithful, hard-working man. Sometimes his wife will live with him on the ranch, but as a usual thing, he "bachs it." His shack is usually a long, low one, of a single storey. Or it may be a "dug-out," sod-roofed, thatch-roofed, mud-roofed, roofed anyhow. He has no near neighbors, so does not require sash curtains. Indeed, his house has no room for curtains, women, or pianos.

From its geographical position, Calgary will one day become a thriving city. Situated on a hill-girt plateau, it is the chief source of supplies for the mining districts in the mountains beyond, and is the centre of the trade of the northern part of the ranching country.

There are no Unattractive Women

Every woman is attractive if she will only endeavor to make the best of her opportunities, and will avail herself of the potent aids placed ready near her hand.

PEMBER'S ART HAIR PARLORS can do more in five minutes to change the whole appearance of a woman for the better than any other single aid in existence.

This statement can be proved absolutely and demonstrated before your own eyes by just one short visit to the store.

A POMPADOUR BANG such as we display, especially the new creation, made simply upon a pretty shell pin of exquisite natural wavy hair and lighter than any feather, is a privilege to look upon and wear.

May we have the honor of a visit from you that you may become conversant with these Aristocratic Hair Creations. Private parlors. Expert attendance.

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SUMMER COSTUMES.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

DO'S AND DONT'S FOR BACHELORS

Don't be a bachelor any longer than you can help.

It is not good for you.

It does not improve your morals, your health or your beauty.

A man alone in the world isn't more than half a man, and the world wants whole men.

So mend yourself and be happy.

* * *

A man who leaves marriage too late is apt to secure a hand and not a heart.

* * *

Don't pose for a rational man by declaring in a big orotund voice that you will "never be the slave of the petticoat," or that "no girl shall make a fool of me." Stevenson was not altogether estray when he said, "For God's sake, give me the young man who has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

* * *

Women secretly dislike bashful men. He who has confidence and effrontery comes off best.

* * *

Between a woman's yes and no there isn't room for the point of a needle.

And if a woman asserts that she hates you, no matter how positive she may be, do not get uneasy.

It is nothing else than an affirmation of love. The real and unmistakable symptoms of her hate are apathy and silence.

* * *

Don't cling to these bachelorish notions about unhappy marriages. There are skeletons in closets, no doubt, but how many veiled cupids.

* * *

Are you afraid that you cannot find "that incomparable she who somewhere waits for thee?" Well, then I wouldn't worry, because you may be sure she will find you. The Sleeping Beauty in plain everyday life does not need a kiss to awake her to the presence of the Prince Charming. As like as not she has been peeping all the time.

Indeed—

* * *

We have a shrewd opinion that the best way to secure the attention of the girls is never to pay any attention to them. If you have a smart turnout, a good taste in cravats, a high collar (it will serve to keep your head in a dignified position) and assume a stolid, grim attitude, you are almost sure to bag them.

* * *

There is a strong feeling in favor of the prudential proverb that it is best to be off with the old love before you are on with the new.

* * *

Byron says many a man thinks he marries by choice when he only marries by accident.

* * *

A woman's ideal?

She prefers a man from 30 to 35. He is then in the zenith of his virility.

She admires muscular development in a man, because it is a quality in which she is usually deficient.

She likes candor and tenderness rather than cleverness, for she knows that marriage is a fusion of hearts, not of heads.

If you fail in your suit; if she be hesitating, vacillating, prevaricating, desist a moment, and she will presently call you back. Don't forget this, my son, when you go a-maying in blithesome fields.

* * *

The prohibition of the church is scarcely needed to prevent a man from marrying his grandmother, but we are not so certain about his granddaughter.

* * *

Fight shy of "entanglements." Entanglements should read stranglements. It is said they are like debts, oftener known than acknowledged.

* * *

As a general thing it is not wise to select a girl for wife because she shines above all others in the ball-room, the spot of all spots "where the half-drunk lean over the half-dressed."

In the battle of life, you want a woman who can wield a stronger weapon than a lace fan.

Miss Fashion Plate may be one of those beautiful feminine creatures who lash poets into song, but you will probably find on closer acquaintance that she was useless ever since she was born, and will be useless till she dies, that what she has in her head is only matched by what she has on her back.

* * *

And don't prefer a "bud" because of its freshness, a bread-and-butter Miss with semi-demi accomplishments, to a handsome woman on whose face Intellect has written its autograph.

As a general thing, when the glamor wears off, you will find the bud's views of life to be about as comprehensive as that of a day-old kitten, and with about as much character as a woman in *Harper's Bazaar*. Of course the bud will open out, but you can never tell just how.

On the other hand, you may be sure that a woman of intellect, imagination, wit, mental culture and clever logic will back up your ambitions with sympathetic assistance.

Courtship is the fermentation of love, marriage its rest.

* * *

Horticulturists say that peaches which fall when the tree is slightly shaken are not the soundest.

* * *

It was a much-jilted, crusty old bachelor who said, "In buying a horse, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend your soul to heaven."

* * *

The first symptom that a boy shows of impressibility to the opposite sex is when he begins to think it necessary to wash his neck. At this stage he divides the sex into two classes—the pretty and ugly. Later, when he reaches the calf-love, he falls in love with the species, not with the individual. He loves woman, not *a* woman. Of course, a man's love is bigger, but for his size a boy can love just as ardently. This period is not, however, to be taken seriously, unless the boy has money, in which case there is no saying what he will do, especially if he falls into designing hands.

But, as a usual thing he is "turned down," and then he rises up in his might, curses womankind, takes to writing sweetish, saddish poems, and perhaps even gives himself excessive headache through excessive drinking.

* * *

We take it for granted that you have passed these May-day episodes of youth, that you have recanted all your heresies about women, and have learned to differentiate between them. Perhaps, you are even a Don Juan or professional lady-killer. At all events you know that Susy No. II. is the real thing.

You understand now that you *never* loved before. Every widower who re-marries knows this, and the ingenious fellow believes it too. This is what makes his passion so exalted—and, pardon me,—so absurd.

The truth of the matter is, the passionate ardor is not new but the woman is. And then, you know, practice makes perfect.

Statisticians calculate that every lover averages three serious and five semi-serious affairs in the course of his life.

* * *

If I were a man, I would prefer a sense of humor in my wife to any other gift. It has been rightly called "the divine saving grace." A woman who has it is never conceited or vain, and is nearly always cheerfully philosophic. Of course, a woman with a keen sense of humor, runs the risk of getting killed prematurely, but then I'd see to it that she carried a weighty life insurance.

* * *

It is always well to be careful about your love-making. Most men propose in a dark parlor, but they have to get married under a white light.

* * *

The Encyclopædia Britannica defines love as "The principle of sympathetic and pleasurable attraction in feeling and thinking beings."

* * *

Ah, my dear Sir, don't commit suicide if you have been refused. The very wisest of men, even the Fathers of the Church, are agreed that woman is a lamentable failure. "Poor, silly things," says one writer, "who have not the sense to know it's no use denying what's proved."

"Than woman, there is no fouler or viler fiend." This is a piece of amiability from Homer.

It is not well to begin life with such a creature. Besides—

You may have better luck next time. No good huntsman refuses to try again if he has had a bad day's sport. The doe that escaped his gun yesterday, may be "grassed" to-day. Besides, in love, as in hunting, the pleasure derived from the pursuit of the quarry is the main thing.

And then you must remember that times have changed. Mademoiselle is having her innings now, and so may pick and choose. The law of dependence no longer forces her to find in some measly little specimen of masculine humanity, her only refuge from starvation.

Avoid all-but-identity in your sweetheart. Attraction towards one's opposite tends to keep up the true standard of the race. The foundation of mutual affection is in the attraction, not of affinity, but of contrast.

* * *

The contrast is perfect between a bachelor of 70 and a sprightly belle of 17.

* * *

The stolen kiss "snatched hasty from a sidelong maid" is not really a kiss at all. It must be mutual to be appreciated.

An old campaigner tells me that it is not necessary to hold a girl by the ears to prevent her getting away. He says it is quite as effective and more graceful to put your arm around her neck, your fingers under her chin, and then—. After a few repetitions she will find it doesn't hurt.

* * *

Bachelors have been described as "Pirates of Love, who know no duty." I suppose this name is applicable because you sometimes make the girls "walk the plank." Now, if this is your reprehensible habit, be warned by the result of Swift's amours. His biographer says of him, "He requited them (his sweethearts) bitterly, for he seems to have broken the heart of one and worn out that of the other; and he had his reward, for he died a solitary idiot in the hands of a servant."

* * *

Never ask her uncomfortable questions about her age. A woman is like a piece of music, she has no date.

* * *

And if you should marry grandmamma, don't be annoyed because Mrs. Grundy grins and winks her wicked eye. You know she does not understand how very, very old you *feel*.

* * *

Should matrimony be a matter o' money, I wouldn't like to be brutal enough to bluntly answer "yes," but will just intimate that it is not politic to lose an estate because a woman is inconveniently attached thereto.

It is no disgrace to be poor, you know, but sometimes it is very inconvenient.

Don't stand afar off, looking after some dashing belle with a distinguished air, and the reputation of a flirt, for all the while you may be turning your back on an unobtrusive, placid-tempered little creature whom the *Primo Facto* just cut out for you.

You will find the belle "noisy, empty, and brazen," and not exactly the person to promise or promote a cloudless domesticity. She may mend broken vows very cleverly, but crockery and socks indifferently. Besides, really short of marrying a china ornament.——

* * *

The man of fifty who marries his cook has the courage of his convictions. He knows that love lodges in the digestive organs and he makes no pretence about it.

* * *

It's funny how the merest midge of jealousy will make a six-foot lover fairly wild with exquisite pain. Jealousy is an extreme egotism. It is a jarring discord which may grow into a tornado that will rend body and soul. It is more painful than a simultaneous attack of the mumps, gout, and measles.

* * *

The best way to get over love *is to get through it.* You know there are other girls, and they are really not half bad.

* * *

And don't be too gushy over her. Indifference (feigned of course) to her charms is something a pretty girl—no matter how wise she may be—can never understand. She'll become curious, and the first thing you know she'll have both her feet in the trap. Besides, you are not so good-looking when you are gushy. Emerson declares it. Listen: "In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration."

* * *

If a girl's brothers call her a pet name, and she is given to fondling her father, rest assured she's the right kind of a girl for you to marry. You will find her "a jolly pal."

Of course, we are all aware that girls who can talk as "sweet as peaches and cream" have been known to turn out violent termagents when they become wives. In that case, I don't know what you can possibly do with Xantippe, for you cannot thrash her. The latest legal decision on the question says a man can only defend himself from a woman by running away. Personally, it is my opinion that it won't hurt a vixen to surprise her by taking the law into your own hands—*once in a very long time.*

* * *

However, it is not well for a bachelor to presuppose any such harrowing predicament. Speaking as a matron of experience, I may assure you truthfully, that for most of us, love has been, and is at this moment, the only light in all the landscape. The Padre has been with me now for a long, long while, and I say "grace" for him every night.

* * *

NODS AND WINKS ABOUT MONEY

Money is not needful to happiness, but happy folks generally have money.

So get some.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is of the opinion that it is better to put your money in trust, than to put your trust in money.

The same English letters which spell "Acres" would also spell Cares.

It is your annual deficit or surplus that makes you rich or poor.

Like the tree in the ancient legend which uttered a groan and bled whenever a twig was broken off, so some men writhe when forced to give.

The earliest money transaction is recorded in Genesis xxiii. 9.

The safest pocket-book for your money is your head.

The easiest artifice to catch people's gold is to make them believe they can catch yours.

Get all you can without hurting your soul, your body, or your neighbor. Save all you can, cutting off every needless expense. Give all you can. This is John Wesley's advice.

There is a deal of truth in the remark that has been made, "Gold is an idol worshipped

in all climates without a temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite."

This prayer is found in the oldest prayer-book of the Aryan race—the Rig Veda—"O Lord, prosper us in the getting and the keeping."

In all matters of money, be ready for the worst, but hope for the best.

Adam and Eve had everything in the world except one tree, and they gave up everything for it.

Multitudes of people hold with *Becky Sharp,* that they could be good on £5,000 a year.

The easiest way of saving is to do without things.

A blind fiddler was laughed at, and the boy who led him said, "Father, let us move on; these people are laughing at you." "Hold your tongue, boy," answered the man, "we shall presently have their money, and then we shall laugh at them."

A great preacher has it that the love of *Money* is all right, but the *Love* of money all wrong.

Emile Zola, in one of his novels, gives us a description of a conversation which took place between some washerwomen in a Parisian laundry. The subject was what each would do if she had ten thousand francs per annum. They were all of one mind. They would just do nothing at all.

"Never treat money affairs with levity," says Bulwer, "money is character."

When Mr. Skin Flint "steps out" of business rather prematurely and leaves his creditors in the lurch, his friends will sometimes tell you that he is suffering from softening of the brain, whereas it is merely hardening of the heart.

People do not pay much attention to their health till their stock is running low—the same with their money.

It is not well to be disturbed, because people say you are stingy. It only demonstrates that you have made a character for generosity.

The pretence of scorning wealth—which was never anything but a pretence—is no longer considered fashionable.

The world does not care a farthing piece about how rich you are, but is only concerned in how much you are willing to spend.

Some men there are who of a choice would have honesty as well as wealth, but they *will* have wealth.

Think of money, but work on.

He who needs not money is dead.

A STUBBORN HUSBAND

A MOST interesting phenomenon is a stubborn husband. He is not a bad man. He is contrary, and has to be managed. He is usually married to a clever little woman, who is constantly devising schemes to accomplish the things which make their joint lives a success. He has no suspicion of this. If he had, he would be so mad he could bite her. So all through life she goes on swinging a turnip ahead of his nose to make him go, as though he were a balky horse. She is a cheery little body, and grows plump with every year, and she does her smiling behind the door, or up her sleeve.

LITERATURE

THE DOUKHOBORS. By Joseph Elkington.

THIS most timely book is a positive treat.

In his visit to "the Douks," Mr. Elkington has learned their nature "from cellar to garret," and the result of his study is given with both style and ability.

He is a man who can see with the heart and imagination, as well as the brain. Throughout the work he handles the subject with good sense, sound reasoning, and practical wisdom. Every intelligent Canadian should read this book, for it lets clear daylight through a vexed question. The work is illustrated by maps, portraits, and some really remarkable photographs. The publishers are to be congratulated on its tasteful turn-out.

The three principal tenets of the Doukhobors are Internationalism, Communism, and Vegetarianism.

They style themselves as "The Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood," and are banded together with the primary object of maintaining the principles of peace, and of love to all men. The author contends that this cannot be set aside as impracticable when the whole Christian Church kept it without violation for more than two centuries. Had their successors held to these doctrines, the history of Christianity would not have been written in the blood of their enemies, nor would we have the incongruity of Buddhists appealing to Christian priests to regard the teachings of the Prince of Peace who declared His kingdom was not of this world.

The line of argument running throughout this work is that the shortcomings, obstinacy, and fanaticism of this people are mental rather than moral, and will disappear when education is brought to bear upon them.

Already a most successful attempt has been made to educate the children, who are bright, receptive, and keen for work. The aim of the teachers is, and should be, not to attack their prevailing ideas and habits, but rather to supplement them by something better.

Mr. Elkington gives us the very surprising and much appreciated information that only 20 per cent. of the Doukhobors took part in the late troublesome pilgrimage, and these were the victims of a religious fanatic who posed as a prophet, teaching that he had a revelation that the Lord would be found at Millwood, a little village on the banks of the Assiniboine. He also forbade his dupes the use of meat, saying that the living should not live on the living, "but," says the author, "they are not the first people who have been made the victims of false teaching through their ignorance of the Bible."

Much capital has been made out of the fact that the Doukhobor women performed the arduous work of harnessing themselves to the plough, but the author explains that this was entirely at their own suggestion. The women are greatly in the majority, as their fathers, sons, and husbands are in Siberian exile, so that much of the work must of necessity be borne by them. It was only when a few draft horses were available, and these were needed to haul logs from a great distance, so that homes might be built before the rigors of winter set in, that the women volunteered, with true Spartan fortitude, to break up the land. May Agnes Fitz-Gibbon, in her bright letters on these immigrants, in the Toronto *Globe*, has well said, "In days to come one of the Russian artists in their midst will paint a picture which will be a source of pride to the descendants of these women who shouldered this burden with the same steadfast courage with which they have borne many others."

We drop this book fully persuaded in the future of these refugees from the land of the Czar, for surely "a people who do not fight, or steal, or drink anything intoxicating, or smoke, or use profane language, or lie, have a character which will bring forth the best qualities of Christian citizenship."

By the way, Mr. Elkington tells us that

in the word Doukhobor, the "k" is almost silent, and the accent is on the last syllable.

This book is of incalculable value in that it preserves for coming generations something of the struggles, not only of the settlers in Canada, but of the patience, restraint, and good judgment shown by the Government in handling such homogeneous, but yet widely diverse elements, and as demonstrating the process by which our great Dominion has digested them into diligent, thrifty, self-respecting, law-abiding citizens.

Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE. By Richard G. Moulton and Others.

WE do not hold with all the opinions herein expressed, but if you care to study the Bible from the literary standpoint, this is a book you must have.

The Bible has been an active force in English literature for over 1,200 years, and during that whole period it has been moulding the diction of representative thinkers and literary artists. It has vanquished all competitors, and is now sole master of the field.

The best in literature is a sealed book to those who are unfamiliar with its diction. It is not a book but a library. It is composed of sixty-six books, bound up together, and written by forty or more authors. It contains legends, traditions, and drama as well as history and law. Some of Christ's most eloquent instructions were afforded through fiction—the parables.

Its literature embraces the national anthems of Israel, war ballads with rough refrains, hymns of defeat and victory, pilgrim songs, chants, fanciful acrostics, and even games of riddle, which belong to such social meetings as Samson's wedding.

The Hebrew temperament is poorly fitted for humor, hence there is little of this trait in the Bible. Yet most of us enjoy Isaiah's hit at the daughters of Zion, who walk with outstretched necks and ogling eyes, mincing as they walk, and tinkling with their feet.

The point to be pressed upon the reading world at the present time is that the Bible is above all things an *interesting* literature. And no class of readers can afford to neglect it, for every variety of literary interest is represented therein. The stories of Esther and Ruth are epic gems in a setting of sober history. A nation's whole philosophy is given us in Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon. The literature of oratory is represented in Deuteronomy. Philosophy and oratory belong to all literatures, but the Bible has the field to itself in the department of prophecy.

In this work before us, the literary aspect of Genesis is taken up by the Rev. J. P. Peters of St. Michael's Church, New York. The Book of Esther is handled by James M. Whitton, who says of it, "Here are regal splendor, despotic power, sensual passion, intriguing servility, murderous revenge. And here, on this dark and stormy sea, is a young woman, gifted with beauty, discretion, courage, who masters those menacing elements and becomes the saviour of her people. Her dramatic story is full of strange turns that the fancy delights in, from the distaff to the throne, from the banquet to the gibbet; full also of singular chances, so-called, in which the most trivial things, as in a hair-balance, determine destiny. These give it the zest of a thrilling novel."

John F. Genung, who opens up the Book of Job, says it contains some of the profoundest world-music ever chanted. In the splendor of its passion and imagery, the purity of its poetic diction, in structure and idea, it has never been surpassed. Whatever age produced, it was certainly an age in which the literary art had reached a high standard.

The poetry of the Psalms, the Book of Isaiah, the Love-Song of the Bible, the Book of Jonah, the Parables, the Epistles of Paul, and the Apocalypse of John are subjected in this able work to the most searching criticism.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.

AN ENGLISH GIRL IN PARIS.

WE had thought this "lode" long since "worked out," but these dainty sketches of life in the evanescent, sparkling Paris show us how sadly we were mistaken.

The author delights us with her heartsome

nonsense and her nimble twists and turns of language. She writes as prettily and naturally as a bird flits from limb to limb.

This English girl is a model traveller. Possessed of uncloyed tastes, keen eyes for a joke, a faculty for finding amusement in anything, she has also the power of sharing her enjoyment with all her readers.

She has caught, too, the very spirit of Paris, with its laughter and its light-hearted mirth.

In truth, the book is not tiresome even in spots.

John Lane, London.

A GARDEN DIARY. By Emily Lawless.

THIS is not a particularly interesting diary, but withal, contains some bright bits of philosophy about gardening. "Lessons," she says, "may be gathered in a garden, as in most other places. For the owner the most wholesome of these is perhaps that he never really is its owner at all. His garden possesses him—many of us know only too well what it is to be possessed by a garden—but he never in any true sense of the word possesses it. He remains like one of its appanages, like its rakes or its watering pots; a trifle more permanent, perhaps, than an annual, but with no claim assuredly to calling himself a perennial."

The book is chiefly interesting as describing the tension felt in England during the first weeks of the Boer War, and how the news of defeat and victory were received by the people.

Methuen & Co., London.

BETWEEN OURSELVES. By Max O'Rell.

NEEDLESS to say, this is a study of the "eternal feminine," and the epigrammatic, diplomatic Max knows more about women than they do themselves.

And he writes about love, too—not love divine, undying,—but the kind usually grown in Paris.

He believes very much in affinity, and not at all in ceremony. He holds not only to the ancient theory of wives in multiples, but also to the modern practice of wives in series. Naughty Max!

This Frenchman's theory is, "Rejoice; be happy; make as many people happy as you can. Live well and long, you will never have another chance."

Once in a while he dips his marvellously witty pen into gall, especially when he would score John Bull. Here is one dip: "Every day in England you will read articles in the newspapers, and hear patriotic songs in the music halls, which tell you that liberty and independence are two great blessings for which men should shed the last drop of blood. You would imagine this was a tribute to the Boers—not a bit; it is a compliment that the English of the present day are paying themselves."

Catto & Windus, London.

KOTO. Being Japanese Curios with Sundry Cobwebs By Lafcadio Hearn.

A RARITY. A delight. A book to be remembered when lists of "the best" are making.

The author is the lecturer on English literature at the Imperial University at Tokio. To Buddhism he brings the interpreting spirit of Western science, and more than any other living writer, has added a new thrill to our intellectual experience. Oriental imaginations and instincts are to the Occident illusive mysteries, and it is these strange subtleties Mr. Hearn has so successfully caught and nailed down.

Through these studies, folk-lore, and poetry there runs an underlying spirit which gives them not only continuity but life. The spirit is that of ceaseless change, and endless coming and going, the past throwing its shadow on the future—a spirit which is the very essence of Eastern philosophy.

In the Japanese poetry we observe dexterity of imagination, a sense of restraint, and a power of after suggestion that leaves a haunting echo in the memory.

The tales for the most part deal with what we would call psychic phenomena, and are touched with mystery, speculation, religion, revery, reflection, and surmise.

The book is dedicated to Sir Edwin Arnold, and its get-up generally is very tasteful. The letter-press is most cleverly illustrated by Genjiro Yeto.

MacMillan & Co., London.

AT SUNWICH PORT. By W. W. Jacobs.

IT is said that there are only four humorout writers in England, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Anstey,—and the author of this book.

Plenty of others can write in a lighthearted way, when there is no unsavory pill to swallow, and their nerves and digestion are all right, but they have no claim upon this aristocracy of the quill. The humor of these four is the sword with which they open the world's oyster, and they deserve their "rake in" for all the diversion and solace they offer to the jaded, over-civilized, business-tangled world.

Mr. Jacobs is not of the clan of humorists who say to themselves: Go to; now let us be funny, and who bring up their jokes with a pump that makes its every creak heard. On the contrary, he reminds us of the girl in the fairy tale, who dropped pearls from her mouth in ordinary talk.

Captain Nugent, around whose fortunes the story hinges, is an old ship-master. *Nugent* is a dangerous rocket, always waiting to "go off." He is a good example of badness, and all the world knows that when a ship-master is ugly and bad-tempered he is a most objectionable personage.

Among so many ingenious and ingenuous characters as this book presents, it is difficult to select the best, but *Mrs. Silk* and *Mrs. Kybird* are gems. Their keen wit and delicious satire, and the methods by which they whittled down their opinions by the jack-knife of all-pervading expediency, are really the best sweets that have been presented to the public tooth for many a day.

For summer reading, "At Sunwich Port" will be a heaven-sent blessing.

Charles Scribner & Son, New York.

THE LAPIDARIES. By Mrs. Elizabeth Cheney.

WE have to thank a Winnipeg subscriber for a copy of this booklet. It carries a strong, sweet message to those tired, pain-harrowed invalids who are not only shut in from the outside world, but shut out from the inside world. This is the story of the trials and ultimate victory of a woman who finds herself neglected by her brother's household without the right to protest, for "a woman with no mother, no money, no home, and no back, must submit in silence."

There is also a clever little story of how *Aunt Deborah* heard *The Messiah.* Those who know the Oratorio will appreciate the old countrywoman's interpretation of it. She says: "There was a wonderful place where it sez, 'He shall be like a refiner's fire.' Did you ever think it was possible fer musick to be like fire? I don't know how they did it, but the fine, thin, tremblin' notes, not loud, but quick as lightnin', made me feel as if I would be all a-blazin' the next minit."

Eaton & Mains, New York.

RETURNING FROM A DEER HUNT IN MUSKOKA.

SUPPLEMENT
of The
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

MUSIC IN CANADA

IF Canada has not yet made a great name for herself in music, it is partly, at least, owing to the fact that her people hitherto have been too busily occupied in making for themselves homes and securing the necessaries and comforts pertaining to our complex modern life. The last twenty years, however, have witnessed a great advance in the musical status of the Dominion, and at the present time our rate of progress in the cultivation of music will undoubtedly compare favorably with that of other countries. It may be safely asserted, for example, that more musical instruments of the piano and reed organ variety are made in Canada than in any other country of similar population in the world.

Our Public School Boards are beginning to show some appreciation of the educational value of music in the schools, which is an encouraging sign of their increasing intelligence and breadth of vision. Our churches are making more strenuous efforts than formerly to improve the musical portion of their services. The public is beginning to appreciate and to demand a better class of concerts than was the case a few years ago. Conservatories of music, colleges, and schools of music are springing up in all our cities and larger towns, each striving as best it can to develop the musical talent of our young people, thus preparing the ground for still greater advancement in the next generation. One of the most powerful factors in awakening interest in and enthusiasm for music in Canada during the last decade and a half is undoubtedly the institution in Toronto, which paved the way for so many other music schools all over the land, namely, the Toronto Conservatory of Music. This institution, whch claims to be the pioneer of its kind in Canada, and which is now in its sixteenth year, has experienced an uninterrupted growth and development, and ranks among a very select few of the best music schools in America, with its thirteen or fourteen hundred students now in attendance, its staff of seventy to eighty teachers, its fifty to sixty local examining centres, distributed throughout Ontario and Manitoba, its hundreds of graduates scattered far and wide, not to speak of the many other influences making for culture, which are inevitably radiated from so large an educational institution. With all of these forces constantly at work under the guidance of an earnest, progressve, and capable leader, such as Dr. Fisher has proved himself to be, through the phenomenal success of the Conservatory, it is not strange that Canadian musical art has received an impetus which must result in a very marked improvement in the musical standard and taste of future generations.

Many other sources of musical life and activity in our midst might be mentioned, among which are the fine choral organizations in Toronto and other cities, which are doing a splendid work in educating public taste and appreciation along the lines of oratorio, modern cantata, and part music. The names of Torrington and Vogt are especially prominent in this field of musical activity, the one for his long service in the endeavor to present to the public at frequent intervals the masterworks of Handel, Mendelssohn, and other great composers, and the other for his success in organizing and conducting one of the finest choral bodies on the continent, the Mendelssohn Choir, of Toronto. The names of other Canadian musicians might be given who have done, and are still doing, not only good pioneer work in the cause of music, but whose artistic attainments would receive high recognition in the great musical centres of the world, had they happened to be residents of these centres.

ADAMS'—"THE HOUSE OF HOMES"

"AFTER all," said Richard LeGallienne, "if one has anything to say, one might as well put it in a chair." And this is what the Adams Company believe, too, if we are to judge by the collection of furniture they have made in their big shop at the corner of Queen and James Streets, Toronto.

One most artistic suite of chairs is made of that precious red wood of South America, mahogany, and is upholstered in silk, with a pattern of ripe pomegranates. A second suite of mahogany is cushioned with chintz, the deep wine color of the wood contrasting beautifully with the different yellows of the textile fabric—amber, citron, saffron, topaz, and orange.

"Mission" seats, with saddle-bags of leather, tanned in mediæval style, are much in evidence in the big collection. We hope the young couples we saw selecting their furniture for "the wit bit ingle" will invest their shekels in these chairs, because of their durability, utility, and good taste. They can never become old-fashioned in any sense of the word.

The fumed and weathered oak is made up into hat-racks and other hall furnishings. An unique rack has an umbrella stand of the old style, sharp-pointed pickets, which are bound to the frame with huge, hand-made nails. The whole effect is most artistic.

The Adams make a specialty of cabinets. Here, you may joy your soul with china cabinets, music cabinets, medicine cabinets, and cabinets for cut glass. The latter are fitted with plate-glass shelves and mirrored backs, which enable the fragile treasures to be seen at their best.

Anyone, who like *Othello*, is "perplexed i' the extreme," by reason of wedding presents, could not do better than to send Her Brideship a Martha Washington sewing-table, a sectional book-case, or the latest drawing-room table—one with a round top, supported by a colonial pedestal. For more slender purses, a nice present would be a jardinere stand, some of which are fashioned after the quaint milking-stools one sometimes sees in the back country.

Couches there are a-plenty, and most of them invite to "sofa meditations" and dreams. Of course there are some stiff, stuck-up settees, Louis XVI. sofas, and airy divans, designed chiefly to support Madam Grundy when she calls to drink afternoon tea. It would never do to make her too comfortable. She might prolong her stay.

The rattan furniture shown by this company for verandah use is pretty enough, with the addition of a cushion, for almost any room in winter. This is a consideraton in a small house, where the storage of extra furniture is a question. Jennie June was right when she said, "The great art of life is to eliminate."

Folding beds are to be had here in all styles, and to suit all purses. I often wonder if it was one of these beds Goldsmith had in mind when he wrote:

> "The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
> A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day."

The Adams also show an ideal furnished house. One of its prettiest nooks, a Moorish corner is full of yellow light, that falls from a burner in a grotesquely-carved conch shell. The corner is, of course, heavy with

> "Auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airncaps, and jingling jackets."

But why describe it, when all the world knows that corners are places to look out of, not into.

The bedroom furniture of the ideal house is made of "crotch" mahogany, and is the product of truly expert workmen.

The kitchen is a gem, and there are ideas in it for almost any housewife, but we are not writing a catalogue, and do not wish to deprive you of the pleasure of visiting this big, beautiful place yourself.

The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348 06, an increase over last year of $222,992 69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659 08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND,
G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	$17 725.86	$3,518 51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,698.01	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	95,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834 27	320,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808 26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " **1902**	**1,572,135.78**	**736,348.06**	**55,000.00**

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
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V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
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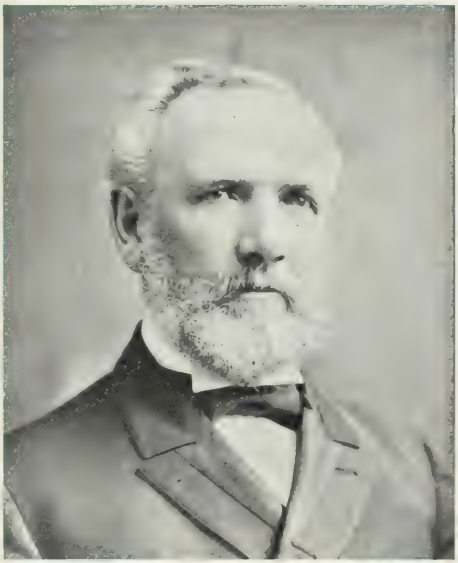

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—The Lose L. Cuyler, D.D.

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—Eugene H. Porter, M.D.

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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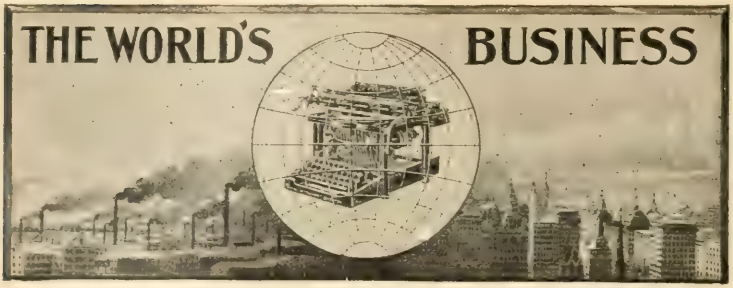

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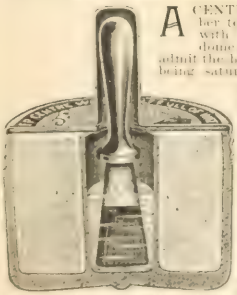

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. III TORONTO, AUGUST, 1903 No. 2

CURRENT COMMENTS

Tariff Reform at Home and Abroad

THE most important political and economic news of the world has been for the past two months a matter of the tariff. In Canada, in England, and in Germany a discussion of the tariff policy has been going on in various aspects, and the interest it has awakened goes to show that protection is throughout the world a question of the day. The political excitement which its discussion produces is an evidence of its economic importance.

In Canada a general revision of the tariff was asked for in the House by Mr. Tarte, who has taken a foremost place in the matter of tariff reform. Mr. Tarte claimed that Canadian industries stood in need of more adequate protection if Canada were ever to become the power in the business world which she should, and a general advance in our tariff was a pressing necessity. The arguments put forward by Mr. Tarte were practically such as have already been frequently presented in THE NATIONAL MONTHLY, and a logical summary of his former utterances. A short time previously Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, had moved that a specific advance be made in the iron and steel duties, in the interests of an industry which was of growing importance to Canada. Both Mr. Borden's and Mr. Tarte's motions were defeated, and tariff reform is again at a standstill. That another year will find it a still more pressing necessity, and stronger in its demands, there can be no doubt.

The political situation in England was stirred up to a remarkable degree by Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff propositions. For England to give Canada and her other colonies a preference would mean that she should impose a tariff against foreign countries, and England has been so long a free trade nation that such a proposition must necessarily be slow of acceptance. Following Mr. Chamberlain's notable speech an amendment was proposed in the House of Commons in favor of the corn duties; it was overwhelmingly defeated, England being apparently not yet ready to forsake her free trade traditions. The significant feature of the situation, however, is that a protectionist element has arisen and the natural result will be that it will grow. The Government renounced its responsibility for Mr. Chamberlain's remarks, though it was believed that a ministerial crisis was impending, and Premier Balfour professes to himself have an "open mind."

In Germany the tariff forms a problematical feature of the fiscal system, which has been considerably endangered by the recent victories of the Socialist party in the general elections. The Socialists are strongly opposed to taxes or duties of any kind, particu-

larly on food, while the Government desires to maintain an effective high tariff against foreign countries. Germany is now protectionist, but the Socialists will likely take advantage of their recent gains to upset the fiscal system of the empire.

The Spread of Trade

CONTINUED successes are meeting the efforts to extend the trade of Canada in new directions. While the home market is always the best and the surest, commercial relations with outside countries are both desirable and necessary, and Canadian commerce is following upon wisely progressive lines in taking advantage of the new opportunities. In fact, what Canada might do in the world's markets is limited only by circumstances.

Trade with South Africa and Australia shows a steady increase; the recent exhibition at Osaka, Japan, at which Canada was admirably represented, has opened up a very likely market in the Orient for our flour and lumber; while England's demand for Canadian products may always be counted on. From another source, however, has recently come an offer, which, for various reasons, it would be to Canada's advantage to give heed to. That offer was from the island of Jamaica, and was expressed so tangibly as by the delegation to Ottawa of the Colonial Secretary of the Island, who came seeking better trade relations and improved means of communication. Canada's trade with the West Indies has of late years taken second or third place, owing in part to the unsettled condition of the islands; but now that political order has been re-established, the trade might very profitably be extended. Jamaica is a fellow-British colony, and what should give an additional incentive to Canada is the fact that unless we develop business relations with the British West Indies the reciprocal benefits will be picked up by the United States, which already has a strong commercial hold upon Cuba and Porto Rico. Jamaica will take breadstuffs, meats, fish, lumber, and various manufactured goods from us, which she is now buying largely in the United States. The reason why she buys the American goods is largely because the American dealers have catered to the trade, and also because there is a more adequate steamship service to the United States ports.

On the other hand, Canada uses a large amount of West India produce, mostly fruit. The greater portion of this, instead of coming direct, as it should, is imported via the United States. Last year Canada's bill for oranges, lemons and bananas was a million and a quarter dollars, two-thirds of which was for United States fruit, or West India fruit sent through the United States. It is said that Jamaica is fully equal to supplying the whole demand of Canada along these lines, and would in return take a corresponding amount of Canadian produce. Another side to the matter is the imperial advantage which would result from such a commercial interchange. Imperialism may not appeal to the average man of business, but when we can help a sister colony by buying from her the things she has to sell, instead of buying them from foreign sources, and when that sister colony is willing to buy our own products, instead of those of a foreign country, it is a matter of both imperial and commercial advantage. It is worth Canada's while to meet the advances which Jamaica has made. The first step must be in the way of better steamship connection.

Canadian Bank Mergers

AMALGAMATION is one of the undoubted tendencies of the times. There is no disputing, on general grounds, the old adage that "in union there is strength," and within the past few years there have been many remarkable proofs of it. Banking institutions have caught the spirit of union and are merging their interests, not from lack of individual business, but because they will be stronger together. There has been of late a great increase of banks in Canada, and they are still being organized. Some of those most recently started are meeting with the most conspicuous success, and the period of progress upon which Canada has entered gives favorable opportunity for the expansion of financial institutions. But with the formation of new

enterprises there has been also a unifying of some of the older ones. The Royal Bank was greatly strengthened by the purchase of a large block of stock by a syndicate of New York and Chicago capitalists, and it has since opened a number of new branches. The Bank of Commerce a short time ago amalgamated with it the Halifax Banking Company, which had branches in various parts of the Maritime Provinces; the Bank of Montreal also strengthened its hold in Nova Scotia by the purchase of a local enterprise in the western counties; and the most recently proposed merger is that of a number of Maritime banks under the name of the "Alliance Bank," a charter for which, with a capital of $5,000,000 has been applied for.

It is to be noted that all these deals were concerned with institutions in the east, the reason for which is not that the individual banks were not doing good business, but that the financial conditions in the Maritime Provinces could best be met, and business interests best be served by the amalgamation with firms that already had business connections all over the continent. The same thing is true in the Upper Provinces. Business nowadays is far-reaching, and banks must cover the largest possible area, while at the same time the union of the local interests with those of the larger concerns gives an undoubted advantage in the sense that larger connection always does. There are now in Canada, among the many, some five or six banking institutions which are known all over America and in Europe for their sound enterprise, and their extensive proportions. The smaller banks serve their local purposes equally well, but these larger institutions give visability to Canadian finances in the outside world, and their expansion and development is, therefore, a matter of national significance.

Protecting Our Forests

IN the midst of general prosperity all over Canada the destruction of millions of dollars of forest value by fires was an unpleasant set-back. The drouth which prevailed for some five or six weeks in the spring was an unprecedented one, and although abundant rains came in time to save the crops it was not until raging bush fires had swept over immense tracts of valuable timber land. The losses were most severe in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia losing some three million dollars, and New Brunswick suffering by the destruction of even whole villages. In the neighboring State of Maine it is estimated that 900,000,000 feet of timber was destroyed, at a loss of $10,800,000.

Disasters of such proportions are very infrequent in Canada, and are not to be compared with the losses by floods which were occurring at almost the same time in the Western States; but they are sufficiently serious and a sufficiently constant menace to make some measure of forest protection a pressing necessity. The timber resources of Canada are very great, but they are not inexhaustible, and it will never do for us to permit the annual deforestation by lumbermen and fires to continue without some effort to provide against the loss. There is no doubt that a large number of the bush fires were started through wanton carelessness, and the country is thus constantly at the mercy of unthinking rangers and careless settlers. The most practicable remedy for this is more stringent laws providing a heavy penalty for setting such fires, and to enforce these laws a fire-police service would be necessary. There are admitted difficulties in the way of such a remedy, and probably the danger of forest fires cannot be entirely avoided; but the losses could be much reduced.

The re-forestation of the timber tracts that have been burned is another matter of great importance. Other countries have given considerable attention to the re-stocking of the wastes made both by fire and by the yearly operations of the lumbermen. The United States has established college courses in forestry with a view to making it a recognized science; while at the same time practical measures have been taken in the planting of new forests in various States. In Germany an admirable system of forest laws and instruction in forestry is in force, the results of which have been very satisfactory. It is very apparent that if Canada would preserve her timber lands,

one of her most valuable national assets, she must at once follow in the examples of these two countries.

Western Progress and Prospects

A HARVEST that will astonish the world is the report which comes from Western Canada. A greatly increased area of land was sown last spring in the prairie country, and with the best of weather conditions a record crop is expected. The wheat yield this year is estimated at 85,000,000 bushels, which means a surplus for export that will greatly increase Canada's prestige as the granary of the world. Record crops for three years in succession will, moreover, attract increased immigration to the West, for fertility of land and immunity from climatic disasters are the two great essentials of a successful wheat-growing country. Canada's claims to these conditions are being proven by annual facts.

Mention was made a short time ago in these pages of an important experiment in immigration which was being made by a band of English colonists under the management of Rev. Mr. Barr. The enterprise has since failed to work out in the way originally planned, and the colony as a distinct settlement has been disbanded. This is not, however, in any way an industrial failure, but is merely the failure of executive plans that subsequent experience proved to be unsuited to the conditions. The English colonists who came with the intention of forming a separate settlement of their own, self-contained and independent, were altogether unacquainted with Canadian methods and necessities, and their communal system was more theoretic than practical. It was, however, to their credit that they very quickly found this out, and with a discreetness that other foreigners would not have had, decided, after seeing, to abandon their colony plans and to cast in their lot with their fellow-British neighbors, the Canadians. About one-third of the number have taken homesteads at Saskatoon, the original site of the colony, and the remainder have settled in groups of from ten to forty families among Canadian settlers in adjacent sections of the country. Many of the younger men have apprenticed themselves to Canadian farmers, to learn at first hand the secrets of success in a new land. Thus while the initial plans of the Barr enterprise have collapsed, the turn which they have taken will undoubtedly result better for both the colonists and the country. This will probably be the last attempt at "personally conducted" colonization; there is a strong feeling that such movements should in future be under the management of the Government and its agents, since it is essentially a Government duty to ensure the success of Canadian immigrants.

The National Capital

THERE is a movement on foot to make the Capital City of Canada a capital more worthy of the nation. Ottawa is at present an overgrown town rather than the dignified capital which the seat of Canadian Government should be, and it has long been felt that our national pride should more strongly assert itself in the way of improving the city's appearance. As cities go, Ottawa compares favorably with others of its own size, but as a capital it falls short. The Government buildings are a fine collection of well-built edifices, admirably situated, but in the laying-out of the city no definite plan was followed and the result is a capital in name, but not in appearance.

An improvement committee has now taken the matter up and has framed a general plan for beautifying the city and giving it an outward dignity. What is proposed is to lay out a series of wide boulevards radiating from the Parliament Buildings, with a number of new parks and gardens, and public squares, beautified with trees and fountains. The plan has not been as yet detailed, but in general the improvements will be patterned after those recently made in Washington, the American capital, where a magnificent series of radiating boulevards has been stretched to the city's limits. An expenditure of a million dollars will be involved, covering probably fifteen years. The plan will be carried out gradually, but with always one object in view—the harmonized beautifying of the Capital. The proposal is one which public-spirited Canadians will heartily endorse.

Good Roads

STEAM and electric railways have not yet done away with the necessity of the public highways. Indeed they form so important a part of the transportation system that practically every ton of freight moved by the railways must first be carried over the country roads. The extension and improvement of the railways is of vital importance to the nation, the future prosperity of our greatest industries depending upon the solution of the transportation problem which is now so seriously confronting both business men and statesmen. A network of railway lines covers the older provinces and even the newer sections in the West are having their needs met as rapidly as possible; but a greater network is spread over the entire country, in a thousand directions, by the highways which connect settlements and towns, and which form the first stage in the movement of nearly all freights. The improvement of these public highways is therefore a matter of fundamental importance.

Country roads in Canada are not altogether what they ought to be. In many places they are very inferior, constructed wretchedly and at certain seasons almost impassable. Some more favored districts have roads which nature has made good, with very little labor necessary on the part of man to keep them in repair. Of late years considerable progress has been made in the way of educating public opinion toward a better maintenance of the highways. Ontario has a Commissioner of Highways, whose seventh annual report, recently issued, states that an increasing interest is being taken in the matter in all parts of the province. The most careless and unsystematic work was formerly put upon the roads, but it is now recognized that there is a science in road-building, and improved methods of grading and bed-construction have accomplished a great deal in a number of districts. A part of the policy of the Government in this connection is to educate the people by means of public meetings and demonstrations, many of which were held during the past year. As a result the municipalities are awakening to the importance of the Good Roads movement, and with the abolition of statute labor the expenditure of funds upon highway construction is taking a more business-like form. Better roads, then, may be considered one of the evidences of present-day progressiveness.

What Schools Cost

EDUCATION is not a cheap thing, although it is perhaps the best investment that can be made. The immense amount of money that is expended in the work of modern educational systems may be estimated from figures such as the following: Europe spent last year a total of $246,000,000, with an enrollment in the schools of 45,000,000. The United States spent $226,000,000, with an enrollment of slightly more than one-third of that of Europe. The yearly expenditure per pupil in the United States averages about $22. In Ontario, which may be taken as the best example in Canada, the annual expenditure is nearly $5,000,000, and the average cost per pupil about $10. The expenditure in many American cities surpasses this. New York spends $20,000,000, Chicago $8,000,000, Philadelphia and Boston over $3,000,000 each.

While the educational system in Canada has been developed along fairly progressive lines and is in most respects a very creditable one, the cause of education has never received the support which it undoubtedly merits. Our largest cities are expending sums ridiculously below cities of the same size in other countries, while even the whole Province of Ontario expends only one-quarter of the city of New York. In the matter of our colleges and universities, the lack of sufficient public support is even more apparent. Toronto and Queen's Universities are working with a very inadequate endowment, as is nearly every other college in the Dominion; they are doing excellent work, but they need better support to do the work that modern up-to-date colleges should do. McGill is in better circumstances and her greatness to-day is a testimony to how wisely such benefactions can be made use of. The cause of education has as yet taken an insufficient hold upon the sympathies of

the Canadian public, and its claims are deserving of fuller recognition by our men of means.

Newfoundland's Prosperity

IT is pleasing to note that a better day has apparently dawned for Newfoundland. A few years ago reports of hard times, financial disasters, and even destitution were periodic, but the news that has been coming of late is of an altogether different color. An era of development has begun, and industrial progress is being made in many directions. The fish market, which has frequently been a source of serious loss, is now in good condition, and a new industry is opening up in the form of factories for utilization of whale products. Important mineral deposits have been discovered in the interior sections of the island.

But perhaps the most notable signs of progress are the recent big lumber deals which have infused new life into the industrial interests of the colony. A syndicate of Boston and Nova Scotian capitalists, with a capital of $3,000,000, have acquired nearly two million acres of the finest timber land, on which they will at once begin lumbering operations on a gigantic scale. A number of mills are included in the deal, whose yearly output will be more than doubled. A still more notable enterprise is that of the largest pulp and paper industry in the world, to be established in Newfoundland next year by the Harmsworths, the great London publishers. An investment of ten millions of dollars will be made in the establishment of a plant capable of turning out a thousand tons of paper per week. The proposed venture will give employment to as much labor as the entire existing mining and lumbering industries in the island, and will be the means of attracting increased attention to Newfoundland as a place of industrial possibilities. The future of the colony is much more hopeful than it has been for many years.

Affairs in Europe

THE news that comes from Europe is of a mixed character, but perhaps the most prominent feature during the past two months has been political unrest. The elections in Germany have been already referred to, the remarkable gains of the Socialists constituting one of the most ominous signs of the times. Emperor William considers the Socialists to be the greatest enemies of Germany's progress, and between the Government, as now infused with the Kaiser's militant spirit, and the newly victorious reformers there is certain to be a political warfare of serious proportions.

Affairs have taken a still more forcible turn in Servia, where the King and Queen were assassinated in June and a new monarch from a rival dynasty placed on the throne with a little loss of time. The Servians had, it is true, considerable reason to be dissatisfied with the personal conduct and official misrule of King Alexander, who was both incapable and unprincipled, and the action of the army in summarily removing him has met with general approval. What seems to the rest of the world a revolting crime is regarded in Servia as a deliverance from an unworthy ruler, and it is believed that the new king will govern the State, which is a very prosperous one, with ability and prudence.

Russia continues to play her game for more empire. So skilfully have her plans been laid, and so systematically has she been carrying them out, that while ostensibly deferring to the wishes of other powers she has been permanently putting her hold upon the Manchurian provinces until now they are practically lost to China and deeded to Russia. The Siberian railway and its branches have been pushed on, defences have been placed along the rivers, soldiers have been quietly sent into the country, and even the customs-houses along the Chinese border have been secured by Russian officials. All this has not been accomplished without some Chinese connivance, for while making excuses to Great Britain the Chinese Government has played into the hands of the Russian bear, who has now turned Manchuria into "Russian China."

There is no lack of confidence on the part of business men and manufacturers in England. Despite the frequent cries of foreign invasions the English manufacturing interests seem to be holding their own, although they have found it necessary in order

to do so to revise their methods and adopt a more modern policy. England has had a waking-up, and now that the after-effects of the war have about run their course better times may be looked for.

The First Year of Free Cuba

CONTRARY to general expectation the Republic of Cuba has proved itself well equal to the privileges of self-government. A year ago it was believed that the freedom which had been given her would not be permanent, but as a New York paper puts it, "cast adrift to paddle her own canoe, Cuba has paddled it with skill and determination." Much of the credit for this belongs to President Palma, who is evidently a man of level-headed patriotism and executive ability. When the United States withdrew from Cuba there was in the treasury the sum of $500,000, which has been increased in the first year to $2,700,000. The public order has been admirably maintained, educational work has been vigorously carried on, and sanitation, which in the West India Islands is a problem of vital concern, has been continued along the lines established by the Americans.

The Cuban Legislature also grappled successfully with several questions of immediate importance. A reciprocity treaty, a loan bill, and a tariff bill have been passed, and although it is necessarily slow-working, the legislature of the new republic is possessed with no little amount of statesmanship. Industrially also Cuba's prospects are bright. Trade is good, the crops have been satisfactory, and the investment of outside capital in one or two cases has given encouragement to local business men. In short, the first year of Cuba's freedom as a republic in her own right has been a very successful experiment, and the results have been a pleasant surprise to the rest of the world. Now that the experiment has worked so well, additional credit must be given the United States for having given Cuba so good a start; the reforms which have been carried on during the past year were a continuation of the policy initiated by the Americans during their occupation. The chief perplexity which is now confronting Cuba is the $35,000,000 loan bill with which the veterans of the late war are to be rewarded. So large a sum of money was necessary to prevent widespread dissatisfaction, and although it will tax the little republic's resources to meet the loan, its newborn energies will doubtless prove equal to this too.

BRITAIN'S COLONIES

IT may be that India is the "brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown." We read of the splendors of the Durbars and take it for granted; the sentiment being merely a phrase for most of us who are seldom privileged to see the crown or its jewels. But Britons, as a rule, can never think of India as a permanent home, however convenient it may be for making money.

This applies also to South Africa, which, in the common estimate of most of us, is a country barren of beauty, unromantic (except for the fierce romance as was there the few years just passed), and, somehow, wholly alien in its atmosphere; spoiled by vulgar, soulless, muck-raking for diamonds and gold, and suspected, rightly or wrongly, of being in the hands of Jews.

Australia and New Zealand come closer to the heart of the average Briton, but we think of New Zealand as too remote, and of Australia as unhappy in an arid climate.

But Canada, with her invigorating atmosphere; occupied for a century by our own race, and with a destiny balanced between industrialism and the pastoral life; Canada stretching from ocean to ocean, and at one point from latitude 41 to the Arctic, and with dominating climatic influences, differing so greatly that the more salient features can best be summarized by taking each province separately:

This is the "Golden West" of our youth,

"the new and happy land" of our fathers' songs! When we see its name we think of the rich, rolling prairies, huge forests, vast cordilleras, great lakes, mighty rivers, sounding cataracts, the redskin, snowshoe, moccasin, rifle, wigwam, and trail, stockhouse, and portage! Are not these infinitely more precious words than "Gympies," "Jumpers," and "Rands?"

A large portion of Ontario is as far south as Southern France, Northern Spain and Italy, and Southern Ontario is farther south than Rome—Halifax is 478 miles farther south than London, Montreal 418, and Toronto 550, and some parts even of the Northwest Territories, districts of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta, are farther south than any part of England.

In all Europe there are only 21 varieties of trees, in Great Britain only 19, and in Canada 160, in her forest stretching 3,000 miles by 600 wide, from Labrador to British Columbia, and her bodies of fresh water, the most extensive on earth.

India may be her brightest jewel (whatever that means) but Canada is undoubtedly her freshest, cleanest, best and most attractive colony.

WHEAT CROP OF THE WORLD

Name of Country.	Bushels. 1899.	Bushels. 1900.	Bushels. 1901.	Bushels. 1902.
United States	547,304,000	522,230,000	748,460,000	670,663,000
Canada	59,960,000	51,701,000	90,212,000	98,654,000
Mexico	9,287,000	12,429,000	9,000,000	12,403,000
Total North America	616,551,000	586,360,000	847,672,000	781,120,000
South America	125,141,000	120,546,000	84,845,000	75,984,000
Great Britain	69,380,000	55,981,000	55,581,000	60,065,000
France	364,414,000	326,083,000	310,938,000	352,716,000
Spain	100,759,000	92,424,000	117,765 000	123,440 000
Italy	137,912,000	133,741,000	156,755,000	131,102,000
Germany	141,369,000	141,139,000	91,817,000	143,315,000
Austria-Hungary	202,508,000	194,935,000	180,665,000	234,554,000
Roumania	26,064,000	56,663,000	72,386,000	76,220,000
Bulgaria	21,630,000	27,000,000	24,000,000	48,000,000
Russia in Europe	393,876,000	396,013,000	401,782,000	567,014,000
Total in Europe	1,520,971,000	1,495,145,000	1,484,213,000	1,798,963,000
Russia in Asia	93,411,000	62,131,000	61,149,000	81,693,000
Turkey in Asia	35,200,000	30,000,000	30,000,000	35,000,000
British India	236,679,000	181,803,000	252,587,000	224,335,000
Japan	20,771,000	21,688,000	20,000,000	20,000,000
Total Asia	404,061,000	314,022,000	380,936,000	376,428,000
Algeria	22,282,000	23,000,000	23,000,000	27,000,000
Egypt	13,000,000	13,000,000	12,000,000	12,000,000
Total Africa	42,373,000	43,600,000	43,400,000	32,000,000
Australasia	56,202,000	50,111,000	56,610,000	43,927,000
Total	2,765,299,000	2,609,784,000	2,897,676,000	3,124,422,000

ENGLAND WILL BE COMPELLED TO EMBRACE PROTECTION

FACTS, SAID TO BE INDISPUTABLE, ARE CITED BY A WRITER IN THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD, TO SHOW THAT JOHN BULL IN A FEW YEARS WILL EMBRACE PROTECTION

THAT Great Britain is hankering after protection in the mildest form is denied or doubted by good men here and by worthy politicians over there. The time has not quite come for any tactical political leader to speak out. Mr. Chamberlain's "feeler" has served its shrewd purpose. It is the warning rumble of the coming storm.

About twenty years ago a fair trade movement was set afoot by substantial men of business, who tried to convince the people that the shower of blessings that had fallen from the free trade heaven was about to cease. But John Bull was then too plump and jolly to listen to croakers. The movement died and was buried. Every now and then muffled groans have been heard in the gloom of hard times, rising to something like a shriek when heard through the Chamberlain megaphone.

The American people take more interest in English affairs now than ever, and this latest manifestation of old Tory audacity (for Chamberlain long ago got through the Unionist tunnel) has rather startled us. Our first impulse was to laugh at such rash talk; then we wondered if it meant anything, and now we incline to decide that whether it is a mere electioneering dodge or something else it has no serious interest for us, commercial or social.

Some Facts Cited.

Well, has it or has it not? Ignoring all dogmas and dreams, suppose we consult some undisputed facts and see by their light whether the English people as a whole have any grounds for giving the cold shoulder to their old love, free trade, and coquetting with her rich American rival, protection. And facts should not be looked at in the face only, but from behind, above, below, inside as well as outside, so it is hoped that the few that are now adduced, almost at random, will be keenly examined by interested readers and demolished if they are wrong or misused. The grounds for discontent under the changed conditions of latter-day free trade must be sought farther back than commercial yesterdays. The English move slowly, and then only under pressure of slowly accumulating provocations.

Take agriculture, a mere glance. In 1893 wheat reached its lowest price in 150 years. As imports of foreign food increased—they almost doubled between 1867 and 1883—there was a proportionate decrease in arable land, millions of acres going out of cultivation. Ten or twelve years ago, and probably it is so to-day, a farmer living a hundred miles from London had to use an acre of land two years and a quarter to raise a newborn calf to the stage of marketable beef, and it fetched in the London market so much per pound. Nebraska farmers could, and did, put their beasts into the London market at a cent or more under the bare living profit of the Britisher, who paid English taxes, which the American escaped.

Iron and Steel Trade.

Take trade. The iron and steel wire trade includes things besides wire. Between 1877 and 1884 the Germans had taken away from England one-half of her trade with her own colonies. Germany was beating the English in their home market, too, until English workmen consented to a substantial reduction of wages to save their industry. The Germans paid no toll to sell in English markets, but the heavily home-taxed Englishman had to pay stiffly to get into German markets. The then president of the Lancashire Cotton Spinners' Associa-

tion, representing a capital of $187,000,000. stated before Parliament in 1884 that the trade was going down before European competition. India was selling her raw cotton to countries that now do their own manufacturing; the increase of exports between 1875 and 1881 to France was 21 per cent., to Italy 130 per cent., to Spain 170 per cent., and to Germany 517 per cent. The exports to the United Kingdom had decreased 50 per cent. in the same period. Since that time English capitalists have been building spinning and weaving mills in India, China and Japan, where they pay an average wage of $1 a week and save sea freight charges.

When silk-making flourished in London 60,000 persons earned their living at it and 40,000 in Coventry. Free importation of French silks reduced this total in less than fifteen years to about 14,000. Between 1860 and 1883 English imports of raw silk dropped from 9,000,000 pounds weight to 3,000,000, but the imports of manufactured silks rose from $16,000,000 value to $52,000,000. A lady bought a French silk dress piece in London for $5 a yard. In a month it was no good. A friend in the trade found the warp was weighted with clay to twenty ounces per pound, and the weft to thirty-two ounces. The actual silk cost $1.33 per yard, so $3.67 was plunder.

The Machinery Trade.

Foreign countries used to buy their machinery and locomotives from England. Then they tempted English experts to go over and show their people how to make those machines and engines. England sold them the iron and steel and coal to make the steam, and, having lost a big proportion of this trade, it has magnanimously continued to give those competitors a free market for the goods it used to sell them. German cutlery, for example, has long undersold English cutlery in the English market. The farmers of forty years ago grew 17,000,000 quarters of wheat to feed their then prosperous countrymen. In 1892 it had sunk to about 7,000,000, and having less pocket-money to spend they buy the cheaper foreign stuff and growl at the policy that compels what to them seems an unpatriotic way of trading.

When the prosaic intellect of the typical middle-class Briton ponders over the glowing speeches of his brilliant political guides, as they assure him that the grand object of ideal government is to study the pocket of "the consumer," he looks at and into the matter after this fashion. "I am told," says he, "that this free trade law has brought all sorts of foreign-made goods within my reach, and a mighty sight cheaper than I used to get them. So far, so good, for me as consumer. But I am a seller, too, and I find that in recent years my foreign customers are buying less and less from me, while I am forced to buy more and more from them."

It Staggers Him.

He shuts himself in his counting-room for a season of examination and meditation. "Well, this is a bit of a staggerer, even to me, who am used to all sorts of business shocks. I have just been saving on Peter and losing on Paul. My dry goods, hardware, wine and food bills have certainly been a good deal lower than they used to be, but I see that the closing and removing to other countries of so many English industries must have thrown whole communities out of work, because my tax bills for pauperism, crime, drunkenness and lunacy have swelled out of fair proportion. Where, then, have I gained?"

This reflects the as yet unformulated sentiment of the mass of Englishmen. Political conviction and prejudice militate against its immediate frank expression. The first election appeal will uphold free trade; the second, following soon after, will emphatically condemn and revolutionize it. Many unfamiliar facts, national statistics and forgotten utterances of England's foremost statesmen can be quoted in support of this view, but not in this condensed communication.

THE ENSLAVING OF NIAGARA

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A., LL.B.

IN that marvellous picture-gallery which we call the Old Testament there is no more pathetic scene than the one in the life of Samson, the deliverer of Israel from the Philistines, when, after he has been betrayed by the guile of a woman into the power of his enemies, he is by them set to use his gigantic strength in the menial service of grinding in the prison-house.

Somewhat similar emotions to those stirred by a recalling of this history are what cannot fail to be awakened when one that knew Niagara Falls in the past now returns to feast his eyes once more upon the sublimity and beauty of the scene, for, on the Canadian side, at least, he will find his sensibilities sorely shocked by the transformation which has taken place.

Once the possibilities of electrical power became understood, and the fact that the cheapest and most convenient way to produce it was by the utilizing of falling water the pressing of Niagara's tremendous torrent into the employ of man was only a question of time, for no doubt ever since Father Ragenau, in 1648, wrote to his Father Superior concerning the "cataract of fearful height," which had inspired him with awe, the thought has been in minds innumerable "what a multitude of mills that vast flood would turn!"

Before the secret of the transmission of power to considerable distances was grasped, however, only a limited use could be made of the colossal energy that was going to waste. Mill-wheels could not be set beside or under the falls, and consequently the only way was to cut a canal through the solid rock, and so lead the water from a point above the falls to one near the edge of the gorge where machinery was set to harness it and make it grind as did Samson of old. In this way by the year 1885 about 10,000 horse-power had been developed.

But this, of course, was a mere fraction of the hundreds of thousands of horse-power which it had been computed could be obtained without appreciable diminution of the natural beauty of the Falls, and, beginning in 1886 there was an active campaign carried on by those having faith in the enterprise until in 1889 it took definite shape in the Cataract Construction Company, an American corporation, whereof Mr. William B. Rankine, of New York, was the leading spirit, and had associated with him such men of money and brains as Francis Lynde Stetson, J. Pierpont Morgan, D. O. Mills, Morris K. Jessup, W. K. Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor.

The plan adopted and carried out by this company was substantially that laid down by Mr. Thomas Evershed, an eminent engineer, who had spent half a century in the service of New York State, for the most part upon the Erie Canal, and whose interest in the hydraulic possibilities of Niagara Falls had always been very keen.

Generally speaking it comprised a surface canal 250 feet in width at its mouth, cut in the margin of the Niagara River, a mile and a quarter above the Falls, and extending inwardly 1,700 feet, with an average depth of about twelve feet, supplying water sufficient for the development of about 100,000 horse-power. The solid masonry walls of this canal are pierced at intervals by ten inlets, guarded by gates which permit the delivery of water to the wheel-pit in the power-house at the side of the canal. This wheel-pit is 178 feet in depth, and is connected by a lateral tunnel with the main tunnel, serving the purpose of a tail-race, 7,000 feet in length, with an average hydraulic slope of six feet in 1,000, the tunnel having a maximum height of twenty-one feet, and width of eighteen feet ten inches. Its slope is such that a chip thrown into the water at the wheel-pit will pass out of the portal in three and one-half minutes, showing the water to have a velocity of twenty-six and one-half feet per second, and a little less than twenty miles an hour.

Over 1,000 men were engaged continu-

ously for more than three years in the construction of this tunnel, which called for the removal of more than 300,000 tons of rock, and for the use of more than 16,000,000 bricks for lining. The construction of the canal, and especially of the wheel-pit, 178 feet in depth, with its surmounting power-house were works of corresponding difficulty and importance.

The means whereby the power is developed are comparatively simple, yet to be fully appreciated one must pay a personal visit to the huge power-house, and descend into the great wheel-pit where the turbines are whirling away ceaselessly. In brief, the method is this: The water is conducted from the surface canal into huge tubes, or "pen-stocks," as they are called, standing upright in the wheel-pits, down these pen-stocks it tumbles 140 feet, and falls with tremendous force upon the turbine wheels at the bottom, which whirl around at dizzying speed. This furious motion is transmitted by means of a rigid shaft back again to the surface where the generators stand in long rows, and in these generators is born the power which may then be sent out to turn machinery anywhere within a radius of 100 miles.

Each generator is good for 5,000 horse-power, and so with the ten of them going at full speed a total of 50,000 horse-power is produced while, of course, the limit of further production by means of additonal machines is fixed only by the capacity of the canal to bring water to the turbines.

The production of the power being thus ensured the next question naturally is the delivery of it to the customers whose patronage must pay for the undertaking. In 1890 there were four different methods of power transmission in use in Europe and the United States, namely, by manilla or wire-rope, by hydraulic pipes, by compressed air, and by electricity. After a very careful consideration of all these systems the last-named was adopted, and has proven entirely satisfactory.

How far electric power may be transmitted at a commercial profit is a problem still open to discussion and experiment. Some high authorities are of opinion that it can be delivered at Albany (330 miles from Niagara Falls) at a rate per horse-power cheaper than it can be produced there by triple-expansion steam-engines, and if the daring promise of Nikola Tesla be fulfilled it will be possible to place 100,000 horse-power on a wire, and send it 450 miles in one direction to New York, the metropolis of the east, and 500 miles in the other direction to Chicago, the metropolis of the west, and thus supply the wants of these mighty cities.

The problem having been so successfully solved upon the American side of the Falls it was of course only a question of a short time when corresponding enterprises would be inaugurated upon the Canadian side. Indeed there is good ground for the prediction that ultimately the development upon the Canadian side will exceed that upon the other for there is not only a vaster volume of water tending to the Ontario bank above the Falls, but nature has imposed upon the Canadian fewer engineering obstacles to overcome in developing this great unused power, and has provided a richer and more fruitful soil upon which to build attractive homes for a large urban population living under twentieth century conditions.

Although incorporated in 1892 under an Ontario charter the Canadian Niagara Power Company did not actually begin active operations until September, 1901, the questions of location, and of the plan to be followed having required long and careful consideration. The company has as its president Mr. W. H. Beatty, K.C., of Toronto; Vice-President, Mr. William B. Rankine, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Secretary and Solicitor, Mr. A. Monro Grier, K.C., and as directors Hon. L. Melvin Jones, of Toronto; Judge Nesbitt, of Ottawa, and Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, of New York. The nominal capital is $3,000,000, but the total investment will more than double that amount.

In view of the magnitude of the work, and of the undoubted skill and speed with which it is being carried out there is good reason for national pride in the fact that not only the urbane secretary, Mr. Grier, but the entire engineering staff engaged in the construction may be claimed as Canadian. Mr. Cecil B. Smith, the resident engineer, being a graduate of McGill University, as are also

three members of his staff, Messrs. Macarthy, MacPhail and Blanchard, while Mr. Rust hails from the Toronto School of Science; Mr. Scott from Queen's University, and Mr. Sherwood from the Royal Military College.

Co-operating with these gentlemen in a consulting capacity are the following American experts: Mr. H. W. Buck, electrical engineer; Dr. Coleman Sellers and Mr. Clemens Herschel, hydraulic engineers, and W. A. Brackenridge, resident engineer of the Niagara Falls Power Company, so that there is no lack of authoritative knowledge and experience.

In a general way the same scheme has been followed on the Canadian side as on the American. That is to say there is a feeder canal conducting the water to the wheel-pit, a power-house placed about the wheel-pit, and a tunnel taking the water away from the wheel-pit and returning it to the river at a point below the Falls.

But there is a great difference in the length of this canal and tunnel, and consequently a decided advantage to the Canadian establishment. The canal, for instance, is only 300 feet long, as against 1,700 feet, and the tunnel is 2,200 in length, as compared with 7,000 feet. The depth of the wheel-pit, however, is somewhat greater, and when completed to its full size, it will be decidedly larger.

The work was begun by the sinking of a shaft midway between the contemplated wheel-pit, and the portal of the tunnel, and when this shaft was sunk the men were able to tunnel both ways, and from the portal as well, which meant rapid progress.

As illustrating the wonderful accuracy of modern engineering it is interesting to note that although the tunnel between the portal and the shaft described a curve of 700 feet in length when the two parties working from the ends of the curve came together in the middle, it was found that the alignment met to a sixteenth of an inch.

The grade of the tunnel is seven feet in 1,000, and it is cut at a depth of about 165 feet below the level of the roadway in this part of Queen Victoria Park, and the discharge water from the portal enters the river about 100 feet down-stream from the foot of the Falls.

The feeder canal, which is 300 feet in length by about 280 feet in width, and has a depth of thirteen feet at low water will when completed constitute a decidedly handsome addition to the beauty of the landscape instead of an unsightly blot upon it, as many feared. All the visible work will be faced with cut stone, and just inside the entrance a very graceful and solid stone arch-bridge will be thrown across it to carry the park highway as well as the electric car tracks.

In regard to the volume of water that will enter the canal it may be noted that the level of the Niagara Falls is varied, not by tides of course, but at long intervals by dry or wet seasons affecting the general level of the Upper Lakes, and at short intervals by winds prevailing on Lake Erie. Thus a continued west wind over this lake will raise the level of the Niagara River several feet at times, while a strong east wind will lower it correspondingly below the level. On two memorable occasions within the history of Canadian settlement on these banks the entire falls on both sides have been dry for several hours from this cause, so that a daring person might have walked across the edge of the precipice.

A great and still unsolved difficulty with which the power company on the American side have to contend is the formation of ice in the winter-time, and especially what is called "frazile ice," which chokes up everything it reaches. This same problem the Canadian Niagara Power Company has, of course to face, and in addition to the ordinary ice-rack at the inlets there will be an outer ice-rack designed to sheer off big ice. This special rack will be composed of round steel rods two inches in diameter spaced one foot apart, and inclined from the bottom upwardly in the direction of the current so as to give a lift to the blocks of ice as they impinge on the rack.

Although this extra precaution is taken, however, it is not expected that there will be as much difficulty with ice here as on the United States side, as nature has favored the Canadian shore with a swifter current,

and deeper water, and less ice is thrown against the bank.

In order to work upon the feeder canal it was necessary to shut off the turbulent torrent, from the site, and leave it bare and dry. This called for the construction of a huge coffer-dam which was one of the most interesting pieces of work on the whole plant. Big frames each about twelve feet square, and full depth, were built of squared timber, floated out to position, and anchored in place with stones until they could be filled up with the same material.

Upon each frame being placed careful soundings of the river were taken, and the bottom of the next frame built to correspond. After some distance out from the shore had been made the cribs were constructed upon the top of the completed portion upside down, and then pitched into the river reversing as they fell so that they dropped right into place.

When it is borne in mind that the work went on day after day during the spring of last year in very cold and stormy weather, while the logs were wet and slippery with frozen spray, and that the scene of operations was a point on the river-bank about one-half mile above the Falls where the whole force of the current sweeps against the shore before the water takes its awful plunge, some of the danger of construction can be appreciated, and it is a matter for no small congratulation that the work was successfully completed without the loss of a single life.

An interesting circumstance in connection with the difficult piece of work was that at first the men employed upon it came from the neighboring localities, and it was observed that their wholesome fear of the great cataract so near them operated upon their nerves to such an extent as to materially hamper their work. The expedient was then hit upon of bringing up from Quebec a force of *habitant* lumbermen for whom rushing boiling waters had no terrors. They came, they saw, they conquered the situation. What was Niagara to them, but an extra [illegible] rapids. In the very teeth of its surge and spray they sang and joked, and laughed as they toiled, regardless of danger, of wet, and of cold, and their rate of progress was almost double that of their western brothers.

The great wheel-pit at present offers a most attractive spectacle. When complete it will be over 500 feet in length by 165 feet in depth, and eighteen feet in width, every foot of it cut out of the solid rock. This work is done for the most part by means of channelling machines which are slower than blasting, but much more exact and satisfactory. These machines drill holes in the rock into which dynamite cartridges are inserted, and exploded by an electric battery. The whole of the excavating plant is run by compressed air supplied by large steam-driven compressors, built by the Canadian Rand Drill Company.

Standing in the edge of the wheel-pit one looks down into a dark dripping chasm that inevitably suggests a department of the Inferno. Water gushes from the rock face on every side, and pours in ceaseless cascades upon the oil skin clad men who toil away so far below that they look more like gigantic water-beetles than human beings. A net-work of cables, ropes, and hose crosses and re-crosses the abyss, and only the trained eye of the engineer could by any possibility detect any well-defined purpose in the apparently aimless operations that are being carried on.

When all is in readiness for them the great turbines now being made by the eminent firm of Escher, Wyss & Co. of Zurich, Switzerland, will be set upon their foundations, and from them the big pen-stocks, and mighty shafting built up to the surface. Each pen-stock will be over ten feet in diameter, and the mouth-piece by which it receives the water no less than eighteen feet in diameter, and tapering down to eleven feet, a complete mouth-piece being thirty feet long, and weighing thirty tons.

When all is done the only parts of the immense and costly plant showing above the surface will be the power-house, which will be a handsome structure of cut stone six hundred feet in length by sixty width, and having two rows of large windows, although it will be all one vast chamber inside. Here will be installed the generators which being driven at tremendous speed by the

turbines far below will each develop 10,000 horse-power.

The first installation will consist of five turbines with corresponding generators of equal capacity, thus producing 50,000 horse-power, but the plans provide for the extension of the plant to double that product when the demand justifies. The electric power for long transmission will be carried to a transformer house on the hill about half a mile away towards Chippewa, where the company has bought a block of land upon which an industrial town will be created. This transformer house will be equipped with twelve transformers built by the Canadian General Electric Company, and from there the current will be transmitted at about 60,000 volts to Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and other Canadian cities.

The expectation is that these works will be able to supply power by the summer of 1904.

While the Canadian Niagara Power Company is the first in the field it is by no means alone on the Ontario bank for two other companies, viz., the Ontario Power Company and the Toronto and Niagara Power Company are hard at work getting into shape for business. Of these the first-named is a purely American concern, and the second a purely Canadian one, Mr. William Mackenzie, of Mackenzie & Mann, Colonel Pellatt, and Mr. Frederic Nicholls being the leading spirits.

The Ontario Power Company first proposed to build an open canal from the Welland River, above Chippewa, to a point near Queen Victoria Park, and thence conduct the water in pipes laid underground to their power-house, which is to situated at the foot of the cliff, not far below Table Rock, the used water then falling into the river directly without any tail-race tunnel being required.

This plan has, however, been abandoned in favor of an intake up at the Dufferin Islands, whence the water will be led in pipes around the park under the brow of the hill to the power-house, whose site remains unchanged.

The company intends to develop, at least, 100,000 horse-power, but its works can hardly be complete for a couple of years yet.

Finally there is the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, whose intake and power-house will be upon the same spot at a location about half-way between the intakes of the other two companies, while the tunnel to carry off the used water will be cut through the rock under the bed of the river until it comes out at a point somewhere beneath the Horse-Shoe Falls themselves.

Each of these companies proposes to develop 100,000 horse-power so that when all three are in operation, they, together with the company on the American side, will be drawings from the Niagara River an aggregate of nearly half a million horse-power. As the total power of the Falls, however, has been estimated at 4,000,000 horse-power, the substraction of one-eighth of it for industrial purposes will evidently not appreciably diminish the sublimity of nature's spectacle.

Even if it did the proceeding would be justifiable, as Professor Crocker so forcibly points out in an appreciative article upon Lord Kelvin:

"I may quote Lord Kelvin's stated belief that the entire power of Niagara should be appropriated for the useful purposes of mankind, even at the sacrifice of the most beautiful and impressive sight on the face of the globe. He mentally pictures the rocks over which the waters now flow as covered with green grass. To him this is a more beautiful idea than the present grandeur of Niagara. The saving and distribution of four million horse power for the benefit of humanity is more to be desired than the mere scenic phenomenon which delights the eye and impresses the mind. His genius in this case undoubtedly enables him to see farther and more clearly than the ordinary person, and it is probable that the idea which now appears so radical will gradually become more and more general, and that the world will become reconciled to it—unæsthetic and utilitarian as it may appear at the present time."

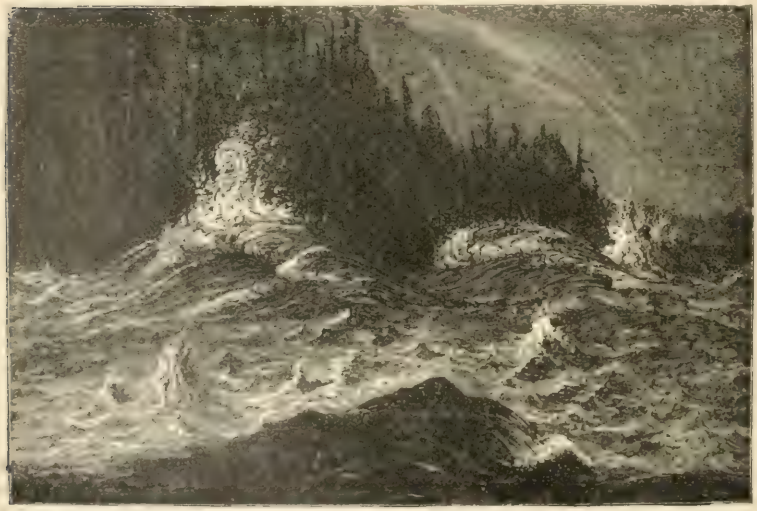
The pilgrim of to-day to this world-famous shrine of beauty and sublimity who proceeds through Queen Victoria Park, beyond Table Rock, can hardly fail to be surprised and shocked at the scene of disorder

and debris which confronts him. Instead of smooth-shaven lawns, and well-kept paths there are endless heaps of broken stone, and deep-rutted muddy roads, with gaunt hideous derricks and great grey sheds standing here and there, while grimy men toil like ants amidst the litter and apparent confusion.

The feeder canal, and wheel-pit of the Canadian Niagara Power Company, and the vast trench being excavated by the Ontario Power Company wherein to bury their supply pipes, are still in process of construction, while on the water-side the coffer-dams of all three Canadian companies project their ugly bulk out into the river, and offend the eye.

But by the end of a couple of years at the farthest these blots upon the landscape will have disappeared. The feeder-canal will become an attractive lagoon, the wheel-pit will be crowned with a stately power-house, the great trench will be hidden underneath a blanket of green turf, the coffer-dams will be removed, and the river-bank restored as far as possible to its former condition.

Thus will the problem of combining utility with beauty be happily solved, and in the meantime it behooves all lovers of the beautiful to possess their souls in patience.



GRAND RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA

HAMILTON—THE BIRMINGHAM OF CANADA

By MAX JESOLEY

"A POPULAR writer described Hamilton in 1858 as 'the ambitious and stirring little city,' and the name stuck; only 'little' she is no longer, being the third city in the Dominion, having a population of over 50,000, and her enviers have missed out the 'stirring.' So if you seek for news of Hamilton in the general newspaper you must look for it under the heading, 'The Ambitious City.'"

Thus writes Lady Aberdeen, with her wonted charm and vigor, in "Through Canada with a Kodak," and a more fitting introduction to our brief account of the city could hardly be desired.

From the point of view either of beauty or utility the situation of Hamilton is an exceedingly happy one. Placed at the western extremity of noble Lake Ontario, on the south shore of a superb bay bearing its own name, it spreads over the alluvial plain lying between the bay and the escarpment forming the outer rim of the lake basin. This escarpment, to which the citizens have given the somewhat unmerited title of 'mountain,' is the extension of the height over which the Niagara River plunges at the Falls, and from its crest a magnificent view may be had. The city lies immediately below, the squares in the centre as distinct as those of a chess-board; while in other parts the luxuriant maples, with which the streets are lined, almost submerge the houses beneath their billows of verdure. The broad blue waters of the Lake stretch away to the eastern horizon. To the northward the view is closed by a continuation of the height upon which you stand. In all directions, the smiling plain is covered with fruitful farms, and dotted with thriving villages. On a clear day the spires of Toronto may be dimly discerned, although forty miles away, and sometimes too the smoke of the Falls as it ascends unceasingly from the glorious gorge of Niagara.

"A century ago Hamilton had hardly begun to exist"—we are again quoting from Lady Aberdeen. "But the few who were then plowing up the land upon which the city now stands were of the stamp which makes nations to rejoice over their children. You will remember that after the war which resulted in the independence of the United States a number of the American people, who had remained true to the British flag throughout the war, resolved to give up their lands and their homes, and migrate to Canada, rather than dwell in a land which had revolted from the Crown to which they were so loyal. Canada right joyfully held out her arms to these noble-hearted refugees. Ontario was then unpeopled, and so 200 acres of land in this rich province were granted free to everyone of these United Empire Loyalists, as they were called."

One of the earliest of these Loyalists was Robert Land, who pitched upon the head of the Lake, not so much on account of the fertility of the soil, as of the lovely scenery, and the abundant game which the neighborhood afforded, thereby showing that he had the instincts of a gentleman as well as of a faithful subject. The legend is that his first acre was ploughed with a hoe, sown with a bushel of wheat, and harrowed with a leafy bough.

Other settlers soon followed, and in 1813 came George Hamilton, who, taking a longer look into the future than his neighbors, presently laid out his fine farm in village lots, and so not only founded a fortune, but immortalized himself, for the town that grew up thought it could not do better than take his name.

Lying as it did so near the frontier, Hamilton had many anxious times during the war of 1812, and in 1832 it narrowly escaped destruction from a double visitation of fire and plague. But these trials only served to prove the fine mettle of her people,

and, perhaps, had something to do in bringing it about that now her streets are so broad and well-built, her drainage system so complete, and the provisions against fire so thorough.

Hamilton is peculiarly fortunate in her relation to two of the most important sources of prosperity and progress, viz., the farm and the factory. She is the chief city of the garden of Canada, of a vast fruit region that for the abundance and flavor of its products can stand comparison with any similar district upon the globe. Her open-air markets held weekly in the shadow of the City Hall, constitute a spectacle that lingers long in the memory, presenting, as they do, such a wealth of things that appeal most temptingly to the senses of sight, smell, and taste.

This may be called the poetical phase of her vigorous life, and then in the already numerous and fast-multiplying factories we have the practical side. It may, without undue assumption, be claimed for Hamilton that no other Canadian city has won for itself such industrial celebrity. She has often been called the Birmingham of the Dominion, and, although a comparison with the world's great work-shop in the English midlands may seem somewhat presumptuous, it is not by any means altogether unwarranted.

A place that within the memory of men still living, has been transformed from forest wilds can necessarily be compared in only a few points with the British manufacturing metropolis, but in one point at least the parallel holds good, for Hamilton resembles the much older, and vastly larger, hive of industry in her thrifty application of capital and skill to widely diversified industrial operations. This has been her distinguishing characteristic for at least a generation. Within that period manufacturing establishments on a scale and with equipments in keeping with the latest demands for cheap and efficient production, have multiplied within her limits. A simple list of them would require far more space than can be spared. They have steadily added to her population, and increased her wealth, and it would seem as if scarcely an important branch of industry were left altogether unrepresented.

Thus in iron, steel, and other metal products there are the Hamilton Bridge and Tool Company, the Canada Screw Company, the B. Greening Wire Company, the Hamilton Forge Works, the Gurney Manufacturing Co., the Laidlaw Manufacturing Co., Burrow, Stewart, & Milne, the D. Moore Co., and the Ontario Rolling Mills, and Nail and Forging Works.

The Sawyer-Massey Co., after enjoying for many years a local monopoly of the manufacture of agricultural implements, will henceforth have a serious rival in the Deering Division of the International Harvester Company, which is now being built upon a scale that is intended to make it ultimately the largest implement works under the British flag. The Hamilton plant will comprise one hundred and twenty-five acres of ground, affording perfect facilities for shipping by land or water, and its entire product will be prepared from raw material, as the equipment comprises ore mines, blast furnaces, rolling mills, and 100,000 acres of timbered land, with two saw-mills in full operation.

Another establishment upon a vast scale shortly to be added to Hamilton's industries is a branch of the great Westinghouse Electric Company of the United States, which will employ a large number of men, and entail a big expenditure for material.

At the present moment the city may justly claim to be the "Hub" of electrical power in Canada, having long obtained the power required to operate her street and radial railways, to light her streets and houses, and to drive the machinery of her manufactories from the water-power at Decew's Falls, where the Beaver River flows over the Niagara escarpment, and when the vast power houses, now being built at Niagara Falls are ready with their output, Hamilton will, of course, be the first of the large cities to enjoy its advantages.

In the way of financial institutions Hamilton has reason to boast of being the birth-place of the Canada Life Assurance Company, the greatest of all Canadian assurance companies, and of the Bank of

Hamilton, one of the strongest and soundest banks in the Dominion. The Federal Life Company, a substantial and growing institution, also has its home in the city, while the Hamilton Provident and Loan Company is one of the most important of its kind in the country.

The wholesale grocery trade of Hamilton is one of the marked features of its business, and the big houses, such as Lucas, Steele and Bristol, the James Turner Company, Macpherson, Glassco & Co., and Balfour & Co., carry on a trade that extends throughout Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories, clear to British Columbia.

In the manufacturing of clothing the W. E. Sanford Company perhaps hold the premier place in the Dominion, and the largest boot and shoe factory in Ontario is that of John McPherson & Company.

The pork packing industry is also an extensive one, the establishments of F. W. Fearman and Thos. Lawry & Son producing a quality of goods that have extended their trade not only throughout the Dominion, but across the ocean. Another great establishment is that of the Tuckett Tobacco Company, which does an enormous business. In the wholesale dry-goods trade Hamilton held the lead previous to the railroad era, but since then has had to yield it to Toronto. The well-known house of Knox, Morgan & Co., however, still holds its own, and, in the manufacturing line, the Hamilton Cotton Company is a substantial enterprise.

And so the list might be extended to cover many pages, if it were possible to spare them, but we must pass on to note other features of the city.

Hamilton is notable as a railway centre, having direct connection with the following systems: the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo, the Michigan Central, the New York Central, and the Lehigh Valley.

She is also the centre of a widespread system of radial railways, such as the Hamilton and Dundas, the Hamilton and Grimsby, the Hamilton and Burlington, and has within her own limits some twenty miles of street railway that are being successfully operated.

In the matter of parks and pleasure grounds she is well provided. Dundurn Park, formerly the residence of Sir Allan MacNab, is a beautiful and spacious property; the Mountain, whose broad summit is so easily reached by the Incline Railway, offers abundant play-ground for all; the Beaches are within a short and pleasant ride by electric car; and all about the city there are sunny and shady places, such as Victoria Woodlands, North End, and other parks, where the children may play and the adults rest themselves, so that as a summer home or resort, Hamilton has no small list of attractions.

Passing from the material and practical to the higher interests of humanity, we find Hamilton amply equipped for the best development of the intellectual, moral, and religious life of the community. The church spires lift themselves above the embowering maples in every section of the city; there are public and private schools without stint; commercial colleges flourish; the Collegiate Institute, and Ontario Normal School, under the renowned Dr. McLellan, jointly occupy a noble edifice, the Public Library is one of the best in the country, and as a natural consequence, the whole tone of society is elevated and self-respecting.

The growth of a city is always a matter of interest, and the following figures showing the growth of Hamilton, for which we are indebted to Mr. John T. Hall, Assessment Commissioner, have their significance and appropriateness. In the year 1874 the value of the total assessable property was $13,850,000, and the taxation thereon $263,150. The population at that time being 32,000. By 1884 the population had increased to 40,000; the total assessable value to $18,318,000, and the taxes to $348,148. A decade later these figures were raised to 48,231; $24,691,000, and $491,000 respectively; and in 1903 they reached 54,035, $26,910,000, and $539,266, thus showing almost a full doubling in the whole period covered.

A unique feature of the municipal equip-

ment is the sewage system which presents an example that might well be followed by Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and other Canadian cities. Instead of the waters of the beautiful bay being polluted by the outpourings of the sewers, the whole sixty miles of pipes, large and small, lead into sewage disposal works, situated on the bay shore, where their contents go through a chemical process, whereby all the solid matter is removed and retained, while the liquid residue is let escape into the bay, having been made as clear as filtered water.

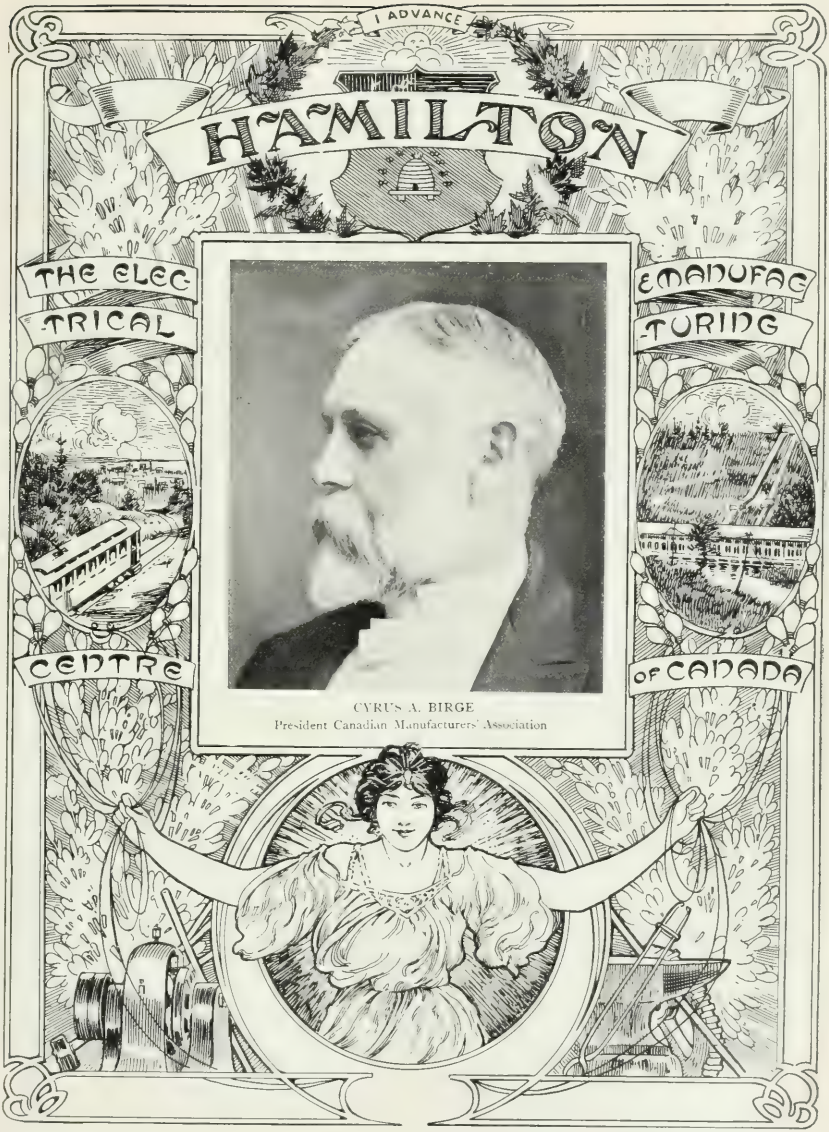
The Hamilton Fire Department is in a high state of efficiency, and some of its achievements have gained for it a continental reputation. There are seven stations scattered throughout the city in connection with a complete system of electric alarms.

The government of the city is under the control of the Mayor and twenty-one aldermen, elected at large, and all heads of departments have permanent appointments, and are held directly responsible for the work under their control. The present Mayor is Mr. Wellington Jeffers Morden, who has earned the honor by twelve years of faithful and efficient service as alderman, and who has devoted himself to the public welfare of the city.

Hamilton is represented in the House of Commons by two Conservatives, Messrs. Samuel Barker and Frank C. Bruce, both men of note and standing, who pay close attention to her interests.

In conclusion, we may note that in the course of the present month the city purposes holding a Home-Comers' Festival, for which great preparations are being made, and which it is to be hoped will prove so sucessful as to realize the highest expectations of all who are promoting it, and thereby manifesting their active concern for the fortunes of the Ambitious City.

"BYKINI."



VIEWS OF HAMILTON

COURT HOUSE

THE COFE PARK EXTENSION

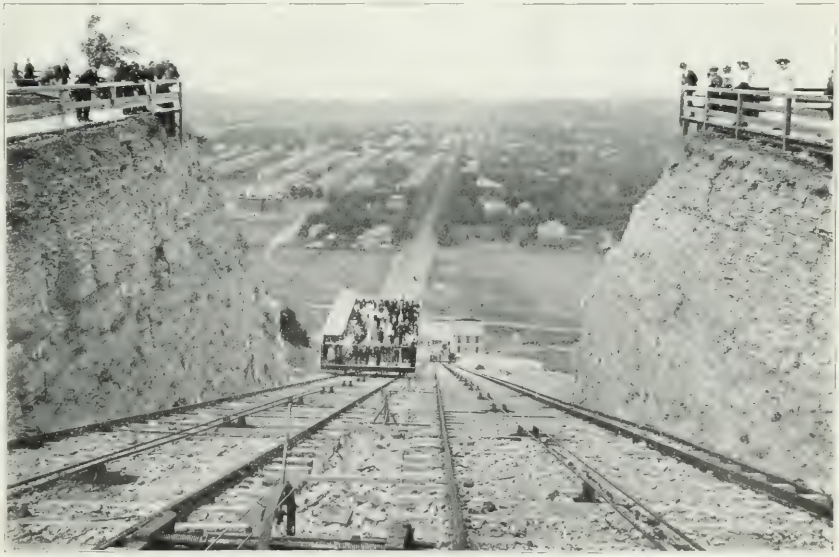
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE

KING STREET EAST

PICKETT DRIVE

WATERFOWL FALLS

POPLAR AVENUE



EAST END INCLINE

GRAND TRUNK STATION

HAMILTON YACHT CLUB

CITY MARKET

THE PIERS—HAMILTON BEACH

VIEW OF HAMILTON

THE RESERVOIR

HAMILTON BEACH

RYERSON SCHOOL

CITY HOSPITAL

T. H. AND B. STATION

JAMES STREET, LOOKING NORTH

DUNDAS VALLEY, LOOKING TOWARD COPETOWN

THE AVENUE, FROM STINSON STREET

FRUIT FARMS NEAR HAMILTON

RESERVOIR PARK

DUNDURN PARK

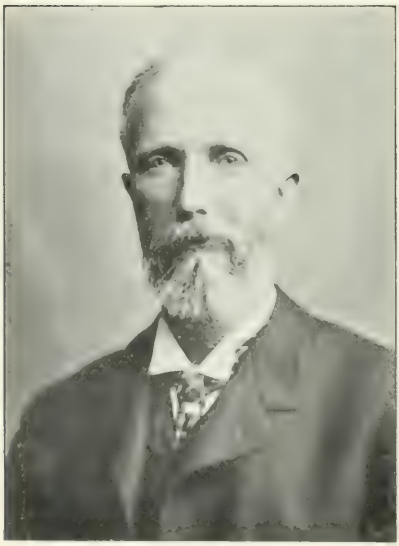
GENERAL VIEW OF FORTAL FROM TOP LANDING OF ELEVATOR

VIEW OF FOREBAY, LOOKING SOUTH

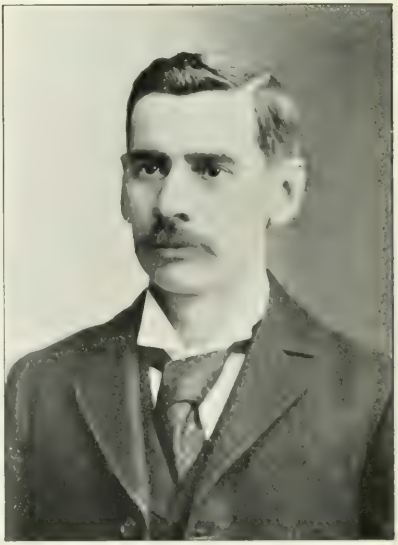
GENERAL VIEW ALONG INLETS FROM NORTH END OF PIT

WELLINGTON JEFFERS MORDEN
Mayor of Hamilton

F. C. BRUCE, M.P.



S. BARKER, M.D.



JOHN L. HALL
Accountant Customs

AN OCEAN COMEDY

By MAX MOINEAU

DURING the summer of 1895 I was returning from Europe on one of the Inman Liners, after having walked the hospitals of London, Paris and Vienna ; and if I congratulate myself upon the knowledge I had gained, it was because of the possibility of creating a sensation among my *confreres* in Toronto, and the prospects of asserting my own superiority as a practitioner of the healing art.

On the afternoon of the third day out, however, my beautiful prospects were nearly eclipsed by an accident which might have proven fatal, had not fortune favored me.

I had just made the acquaintance of Mr. Percival Gaylord, whose distinguished appearance and melancholy air had attracted my professional instinct, and while chatting with him upon the subject of melancholia and liver complaint I had the misfortune to fall overboard.

We were at the stern of the vessel, and had been casually observing a strange craft in the distance, which in all probability would pass on the port quarter in the course of an hour. The vessel was sailing in the opposite direction, and was either a pilot boat or a fishing smack. Gaylord thought she might have been a pleasure yacht. At any rate, it was the appearance of this craft that interrupted our conversation, and while adjusting my binocle, a gust of wind blew off my hat—I have since worn a cap on ocean voyages—and lodged it upon the turtle deck of the steamer's stern, at a most provoking distance beyond the rail. Without thinking of the possible consequences, or without heeding my friend's admonitions, I stepped over the rail, and started cautiously down the sloping turtle deck. I had nearly reached my hat, when suddenly my feet slipped from under me, and I was precipitated into the sea.

Now to fall overboard in mid-ocean, from a liner steaming at the rate of twenty knots an hour, is rather discouraging to the best of swimmers, and although at school I had won the reputation of being the best aquatic in my class (I state this with diffidence), I must confess, that my ardor was somewhat dampened when I found myself sinking into the briny deep, and almost bursting for the want of breath.

A few minutes after I had struggled back to the surface, shaken the water from my face and ears, and looked about to get my bearings, a head bobbed up serenely a short distance from me, and the owner immediately struck out in my direction. As the head approached, I discovered that it was Gaylord, and I wondered if I had pulled him over as he sprang to my assistance. I felt satisfied that we would be picked up shortly, and being, as I have already hinted, an expert swimmer (which statement my medals at home will certainly corroberate), I managed to keep a cool head while making every effort to get out of the turbulent water of the steamer's wake.

I could see that there was a commotion on board the steamer, and that a number of people were looking over the rail at us. I even heard the cry, ' Man overboard ! " and felt somewhat flattered that we had been missed. But the vessel soon got so far away that I could not distinguish any definite expression upon the many faces, and the waves ran so high that at intervals only the funnels and spars of our steamship could be seen. The sun was nearly at the water's edge, and a great flare of vermillion and gold was settling around us. Once or twice, as I rose on the crest of a wave, I caught sight of the strange vessel bearing down toward the liner. A life-preserver floated near me, and I struck out for it, just as Gaylord caught sight of me.

" Hello, Belcher," he cried, " can you hold out ? "

" Yes," I answered, blowing out water like a sperm whale.

Gaylord continued moving towards me, and I could see that he had thrown off his coat. I perceived also that he was, like myself, an expert swimmer, and I was immediately con-

fronted with the fact that he had voluntarily plunged into the sea at the risk of his life.

"They are lowering a boat," he said presently.

"They would have done that anyway," said I, blowing out some more water. "You should not have jumped."

"Oh, that's all right," said he. "They'll pick us up soon. There's a life-preserver here somewhere. I threw one over before I jumped."

"I see it," I gasped. "It's over to my right. We can keep it in sight in case we need it."

Rising with the waves, I could see that a boat had been lowered, and that it was moving away from the ship. Presently Gaylord called out my name in a tone that startled me.

"Hello!" I called back. "What's up?"

"Cramp!" he answered, excitedly.

"Great guns!" I cried. "Are you going to die for me?"

"No, but get me that life-preserver, quick!" he answered.

I immediately struck out for the life-preserver and pushed it toward him. He grabbed for it, but sank. In a moment I had him back to the surface, and with the aid of the preserver, kept him afloat.

That this man, whom I had known only a few hours, should have risked his life for me, was something I could not understand. My experiences had led me to believe that all men were utterly selfish. I am sure I should not have jumped overboard for any living soul. But as I struggled to keep Gaylord afloat, realizing that he was there especially on my account, I became ashamed of my own feelings of self-preservation, and began to entertain a little more faith in human nature. I was getting anxious, too. As we bobbed up and down on the waves, I perceived that the steamer's boat was not steering in our direction, and I began to call out at the top of my lungs, with such startling effect, that a gull, just sweeping overhead, piped back a jeer at me, and hurriedly changed its course. Gaylord joined in, and for twenty minutes or more we shouted lustily, but to no avail. They had evidently lost sight of us. After a while, they gave up the search and returned to the vessel, thinking, no doubt, that we had gone down to Davy Jones' locker, or some other likely place beneath the wave. When this fact dawned upon us, with all its startling effects, Gaylord and I looked each other in the face with wild eyes and sinking hearts. I was too frightened to say anything, and for a moment I nearly lost my senses, but Gaylord recalled me, with an exclamation so energetic as to reveal decided symptoms of hysteria.

"Look, Belcher, look! look! the yacht! the yacht! ha! ha, ha!" he cried.

The yacht was within hailing distance, and almost frantic with anxiety we both screamed:

"Yacht ahoy! Yacht ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

It was no wonder that the gulls floating near us took fright. Our cries were wild enough, and loud enough, and energetic enough to have raised the dead. Gabriel's trumpet will never equal them.

"Yacht ahoy! Yacht ahoy!" we yelled again and again. Then just as hope began to fail, the vessel's sails went flapping in the breeze, and we knew that our cries of distress had been heard.

"Yacht ahoy!" we yelled again, with a wild thrill of exultation.

Then we listened, scarcely breathing.

"Where away?" came faintly over the water.

"They hear us! They hear us!" I cried, joyfully. But Gaylord, who had a stronger voice than I, was shouting back:

"Here on the starboard quarter," and did not heed me.

Their boat was soon beside us, and we were taken on board, but I have only a vague recollection of the fact. We were told afterwards that I was unconscious, and that Gaylord was so drawn up with cramp that they had to work with him for more than an hour before he could straighten out again.

The yachting party were Americans from New York, and were obliging enough to go considerably out of their course, in order that we might land at Liverpool. We had a pleasant experience with them, and felt deeply grateful for their timely assistance. When they bade us adieu we felt that we had lost some very good friends.

Unluckily for Gaylord, he had left his letter of credit in his coat pocket, and that was now on board the Inman Liner. He had a little money with him, but not enough. I had my letter of credit with me, however, and made this serve us both. But I was greatly troubled over another matter.

Gaylord was in low spirits, and out of sorts physically. He had taken a severe cold, and seemed quite feverish. I wanted to prescribe for him, but he laughed at what he called my quackery, and declared that he would be all right soon. Once he said that it didn't much matter, for if the worst should come, it would be only one fool less. He said this in such a despondent tone, that it grieved me, and I told him so.

"Bah!" said he. "You mustn't mind me. It's just my way of looking at things. I'll be all right soon. Don't you bother now about me."

So I let him have his way, but not without considerable uneasiness.

Having each arranged to be home by a certain date, we lost no time in replenishing our wardrobes and securing passage on board one of the Allan Liners for Halifax. Gaylord was quite ill the day we went on board, and I put him to bed at once, then went on deck.

Here I was soon nearly overwhelmed with surprise at meeting my cousin, Helen Mortimer, and her mother, my Aunt Margaret. They had been travelling in Europe for a short time, and were now returning to Canada.

They were glad to see me, and were quite concerned over my recent experience. But when I mentioned Gaylord's name, Helen seemed to grow uneasy. I wanted to introduce him, but she demurred. She wondered if it was Mr. Percival Gaylord whose home was on Jarvis Street, in Toronto. I assured her that it was.

"Then," said she, emphatically, "you must not introduce him."

"Why not?" I exclaimed, surprised and half annoyed.

"Because I already know him," she replied.

"Well," said I, after recovering from the shock which her manner, rather than her words, had caused me; "I'll stake my life that he is a gentleman."

"Oh yes, I quite agree with you there, he is certainly a gentleman," she answered, glibly enough, "but I am sorry you brought him on board this vessel."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed with a sneer, "and when did you begin the role of Mademoiselle l'Exclusive?"

"Your sarcasm is only wasted upon me," Monsieur Presumption," she retorted, with a stiff neck. "But please bear in mind, sir, that I do not wish to meet your Mr. Gaylord."

With this she left me, and for a moment I stood staring after her like an idiot.

II.

I looked after Helen's retreating figure until, with an imperious air, she seated herself beside her mother. My aunt spoke to her, but with an impatient toss of the head, and a disagreeable twitch of the shoulders, she began turning over the leaves of a book in a manner so decisive that I knew her irritation was now quite well established. My cousin's amiability was, like intermittent fever, unreliable as to time and duration, but underneath it all there was a kindly heart which usually prompted her to do good things when her better nature prevailed. After a moment's conversation with her, my aunt turned to look in my direction, but, without appearing to notice her expression of inquiry, I stepped to the rail and gazed out over the sea.

I have considered myself clever at solving enigmas, but this one was too copious for my diminutive comprehension, and candor compels me to admit that I was nonplussed. Nevertheless, I was determined to completely fathom the matter, and I immediately began a mental analysis of certain things which might serve as clues to the situation. I was anxious about my friend Gaylord, and I was annoyed at my cousin. I had often been annoyed with her, for a more whimsical girl I never knew. We had been chums the greater part of our lives; in fact, she was more like a sister than a cousin, and as I had never been blessed with a sister, I

had benefited considerably from Helen's company. Lately, however, lengthy interyals had passed between our meetings, and yet, since I still took a deep interest in her, it was not unnatural that the present state of affairs should arouse my curiosity.

Gaylord was not openly an egotist, so I knew nothing of his history, aside from the fact that he was an artist, returning home after a lengthy term of study in Europe. To me, his antecedents were as enigmatical as the mysteries of the future. He could be very reticent when he chose, and just now I regretted this characteristic because of my anxiety to learn the cause of Helen's aversion to him. I liked him; he was congenial; and his jumping overboard in my behalf had placed me under obligations to him, although when I mentioned it, he would have it that I had saved his life when I pulled him up to the life-preserver, after he had taken cramp. I thought a good deal over Helen's apparent discourtesy, and I determined to broach the subject again at the earliest opportunity. I had not long to wait. My aunt presently retired to her stateroom, and I went over to Helen and sat down beside her.

My cousin was pretty and gifted, but she had the great fault of being mischievous. Many a practical joke had she played at my expense, and many a prank had I perpetrated upon her in retaliation, yet it never disturbed our kindly regard for each other, and I think it made our relationship more of a *bon camaraderie*. Now when a chap has the good fortune to possess a cousin like that, he cannot help being interested, when there is another man in the question, so I urged her to tell me why it was that she did not wish to meet Gaylord. It was quite natural for her to demur, and I exercised more patience than was my usual wont.

"Dick," said she, finally, "Whenever I think of Mr. Gaylord, I am filled with chagrin and remorse."

"I always told you, Helen, that some day you would be sorry," said I, without thinking of how I might console her.

"And have *you* never been sorry?" she snapped back at me.

"Not lately," said I. "But we are digressing."

"For two pins I would not tell you a thing," said she, with a pout.

"Well, suit yourself," I answered. "But if you don't tell me, I shall bring you face to face with Gaylord, now see if I don't."

"Oh Dick! you must not! Indeed you must not!" she pleaded, earnestly.

I smiled complacently upon perceiving that I could compel her to divulge. It was always so with us. I could do nothing with Helen, unless I cowed her in some way or other. I felt satisfied that rather than meet Gaylord she would tell me all I wished to know. It was perhaps a mean advantage, but it was all to a good purpose. I wished to clear my friend of this possible stigma which Helen's manner and insinuations had cast upon him. So I insisted upon the revelation. Gaylord was my friend, and from his manner I judged that something had gone wrong with him. If my cousin was to blame, I was determined to know about it, and, if possible, set it right. If it was an *affaire de coeur*, I knew that I should have to threaten Helen before she would tell me, for I think I understand women well enough to know that when it comes to an affair of the heart, they are as reticent and non-committal as adamant. Believing that Helen would not dare face Gaylord, I hoped to make her explain matters, even though she did so reluctantly.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with clear blue sky, and emerald waters flecked with white-caps. Our seats were in a quiet nook, and we would not be disturbed. I drew Helen's rug more closely about her, gained her permission to light a cigar, then settled back to listen. She did not begin as I had expected, but looked out over the sea, in a preoccupied manner. My patience was finally exhausted.

"Well," said I, sharply.

"Oh, Dick," she answered, looking down at her hands, "this is mean of you."

"There is a very good reason for it this time," said I, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, and knocking the ashes from my cigar.

Again she looked out over the sea, with

that preoccupied expression, which suggested a mental resume of what she was about to relate. Presently she began.

"About two years ago I met Mr. Gaylord at a military ball in the Gardens. We were together for three dances. He seemed—pleased with me (she said this reluctantly), and I found him to be very nice."

She looked up shyly, and smiled.

"Ah, I see," said I. "A romance in black and white ; love at first sight, and all that sort of thing, eh ?"

"Now, Dick that is horrid of you," she expostulated with a pout. "I shall tell you nothing more."

"Then you will compel me to introduce Mr. Percival Gaylord," said I, relentlessly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with fervor, "I just hate you !

I made no reply to this, and in a moment she went on.

"He asked permission to call. I granted it. He came. I permitted him to call again—"

"And again—"

"Yes."

"Until—."

"Well, until I believed he was about to—well—to—propose."

Her cheeks were beginning to flush, and she looked out over the sea, with a smile parting her lips.

"And then ?" I prompted.

"Well, then I played one of my pranks upon him, and he never returned."

"And you say you were smitten with him ?" said I, not a little surprised.

"You see," she pursued, without heeding my remark, "Perci—I mean, Mr. Gaylord, had a theory that when he should meet the woman whom he should wed, he would know it instantly. His theory was founded upon phrenology, physiognomy, and physiology. He said that the woman suitable to become his mate should be the feminine counterpart of himself. There would be a resemblance of features, a similarity of tastes, a congeniality of disposition, and a perfect feeling of harmony and confidence between them. From other things he said I felt sure that his remarks were the preliminaries of a proposal, and I determined to upset his theories, and bring him to his senses. He was too deliberate, too cold-blooded to suit me. It was all head and no heart with him. I did not care to be wooed in that way ; but I have since studied his theories, and have come to believe that he was right. Fowler, the great phrenologist, you know, has written books upon these theories, and he claims that happiness is sure to accrue from such harmonious mating. The great George Combe, in his "Constitution of Man," also treats of these theories. I have read them both and am inclined to believe. However, I did not think so then, as you will see, for I determined to squelch my theoretical suitor at the earliest opportunity.

"And I'll wager you a box of creams that you succeeded," I exclaimed, with a laugh.

"You may be sure I did. You know my relish for acting. Well, one evening, I invited him to stay to tea. He accepted the invitation very readily. It was the first time he had been asked to take a meal with us. At the table I began by giving mother some impudence. Then I ate with my knife; poured my tea into my saucer; put my elbows upon the table; smacked my lips while eating, and finally, to cap the climax, I rose from my chair, and in the most uncouth manner possible, reached across the table for the butter. Unfortunately, the hand with which I supported myself upon the table slipped, and in the commotion which followed I precipitated a custard pie into his lap. Poor mother was horrified. He was horrified. I was horrified. We were all horrified. And the situation became so embarrassing that shortly after tea, my theoretical friend took an early leave, and I have not seen him since. Later I saw by the *Globe* that he had left Toronto to pursue his art studies in Europe."

I was highly amused, but my sympathy was still with Gaylord. Knowing Helen as I did, I was satisfied that she had made it interesting for him. It was just like her to carry out anything she undertook to a successful issue, and so far as she was concerned the disagreeable results would only be an after thought. Then she would see the awful side of the matter, and regret it exceedingly.

It was some time before I recovered from my merriment.

"Do you know," said I, finally, "that this same Percival Gaylord risked his life for me?"

"You have told me so," she replied, in a low tone. "I always imagined him to be brave."

"Well, Helen, because of his readiness to come to my assistance, he now lies in his stateroom with a raging fever."

She looked up quickly with an expression of deep concern.

"You did not tell me that, Dick," said she.

I remembered that I had not told her.

As I looked down at her, I perceived that she was not the girl I had known two years ago. She was a woman now, with a woman's heart, and a woman's dignity. The merry, mischievous girl was gone. I saw, too, that she had suffered.

"Helen," said I, "I believe you do care for him."

"He will never forgive me," said she, in a deep, earnest tone, that touched me to the quick.

I thought rapidly. I was sure she cared, and I was satisfied now that Gaylord's trouble was not liver complaint. It seemed to me that this matter could be straightened out. But it was a delicate subject to broach to Gaylord, and I was at a loss how to proceed. This falling in love according to set rules, however, was something I had never thought of, consequently I could not immediately grasp the idea. No doubt Gaylord understood it all right enough, but I had never heard him expound any of these theories, and as I had not even read Fowler, nor Combe, nor any other phrenological celebrity upon the subject, I could not quite understand my cousin's views of the matter. I had never been in love myself, at least not dangerously so, and I, therefore, knew comparatively nothing of the symptoms. I had always imagined, however, that a love affair was the result of platonic friendship, or something of that nature, which led people to believe they could not live without each other, until the minister gave them the privilege of finding out that they could not live with each other. But this theory business was a new phase of the question, which seemed quite probable enough, providing "Barkis was willin'!" However, I determined that these two romantic individuals should not pine for each other any longer, if I could possibly prevent it, and I set my wits working to solve the problem of bringing about a happy reconciliation. In spite of my amusement, I felt annoyed at Helen, because I imagined that what she had done had been so disappointing to Gaylord, that his life had become embittered. To have one's pet theories knocked into a cocked hat all at once, is enough to take the conceit out of any man; and when this is done by the very idol of his heart, he is not to be blamed if he never looks at a woman again.

"I am afraid this is a very serious matter," said I, after a while. "Now, if it were a case of measles, or scarletina, I might be able to prescribe a remedy. But I have not read anything upon ailments of this kind, and am, therefore, pretty much at sea. However, I will do the best I can for you."

"Dick Belcher," cried Helen, as she sprang suddenly to her feet, with eyes flashing, and cheeks aflame, "you are as aggravating as ever. But I will have you understand, sir, that this affair is none of your business. I do not wish you to meddle. I am sorry I told you anything. I am sorry you came on board. Be good enough to let me pass. I am going to mother."

Saying which, she swept by me with a hateur that would have done credit to Catherine di Medici, and there was nothing for me to do but to seek the bedside of my friend.

III.

When I entered our stateroom, Gaylord greeted me with a look of enquiry.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You look serious. Has anything happened?"

"I have just met my aunt, Mrs. Mortimer, of Toronto, and my cousin, Helen Mortimer," I answered, wondering what effect the announcement would have upon him.

He jerked himself to a sitting position, as if something had hurt him.

"Is she your cousin?" he cried, with an expression which would have wrung the truth from Anannias lively.

"Why, yes," I answered, pretending to be surprised. "Do you know her?"

His eagerness faded out, and he began to settle back in bed.

"Well, yes," said he, slowly. "That is, I —humph—I have met her."

Then he lay down, and turned his face to the wall. Now, when a man turns his face to the wall, it seems so pathetic, and so significant of forlorn hope, that in this instance especially I could not suppress a feeling of commisseration.

"It's a strange thing that she should be here," he muttered.

"Yes, it does seem strange," said I; "that is, strange that she should be on this very steamer with us. But there is nothing remarkable in the fact that she has spent the summer in Europe, and is now returning to Canada. But it is certainly quite a coincidence that we should find her here."

He remained with his face to the wall, and I changed my tactics.

"Poor Helen," said I, dolorously. "She is not the girl she used to be—not the girl I left in Toronto two years ago. She used to be so bright and happy. Now she is reticent and gloomy—often irritable. My aunt tells me that she has been disappointed in love, and she has been travelling for her health."

Gaylord turned slowly toward me. I saw that he was more than interested, and yet there was an expression of doubt in his eyes, a sort of what-do-you-mean expression, which makes a fellow explain whether he wants to or not.

"It seems," I pursued, "that about two years ago she met her fate at a military ball in the Gardens at home. The gentleman, whom I can scarcely believe was worthy of her, afterwards paid her some attention, and even went so far as to hint of that mysterious sentiment which has infatuated the mind of many a man, only to leave him at the mercy of woman. But just at the most important moment he suddenly became faint-hearted, and disappeared, and she has been pining ever since."

Gaylord's face had flushed to scarlet, and a peculiar expression came into his eyes, which made him look sheepish. I got up and felt his pulse, and told him that I feared his fever was worse, and that I had better not talk to him any more. He said he did not feel any the worse for my talking, but I gave him a strong dose of anti-febrine, and told him to keep quiet. He made a wry face, but submitted without a word. After making him as comfortable as possible, I turned to leave the stateroom. My hand was upon the door-knob, when he cleared his throat as if to speak. I hesitated, and looked back.

"Did—er—did your aunt give you the name of this—er—chap?" said he.

"Well, no," said I, "I don't think she did —at least, if she did, I have forgotten it."

And I offered up a prayer for the Lord to forgive me for lying. He seemed relieved, however, then settled down and closed his eyes. I went out and strolled about the cabin.

Now, was ever a man in such a predicament? Here was I, with these two love-sick mortals upon my hands, racking my brains for some plan that would bring about a happy reconciliation. I believed that I owed Gaylord any service which I might happen to render him, and I was more than ever disposed to serve my cousin, because of the brotherly feeling which I had always entertained for her. I could not bear to see her unhappy, and I wanted to make some amends for having tormented her. She had learned a lesson that she would not soon forget, and I felt satisfied that if she were given the opportunity, she would make it so pleasant for Gaylord, that he would not regret the little misunderstanding. Then he could propound his theories to his heart's content. Towards evening a happy thought occurred, and I went back to Gaylord. He opened his eyes, as if expecting to hear something.

"Do you really feel better?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, cheerfully, "I think I shall get up to-morrow."

"You think you can stand my talking?"

"Talk ahead, old man, I believe it will do me good."

"That last dose has brightened you up a bit," said I, feeling his pulse. "You seem quite calm now."

"Oh, I'll be all right to-morrow," said he,

merrily. "I am dying for a smoke, but it is too close to smoke in here, and I must get outside."

I sat down beside him, and began to think. Then, as it was getting dark, I turned on the incandescent. With the light on, I could observe him to advantage, and know the better how to proceed.

"The fact of the matter is," I began, "I am in an awful quandary. I'm worried about my cousin. Now Helen has always been like a sister to me, and I cannot bear to see her unhappy. I want to help her if I can, but I am at a loss how to proceed. Now I thought that perhaps a suggestion from you would help me out, and I am going to tell you all about this affair of her's. Of course, this will be strictly confidential, you understand."

"You can trust me, Belcher," said he, earnestly. "I will never mention it."

"The worst of the matter—or perhaps the best of the matter—is that the man in this affair is on board this vessel, and Helen is making herself miserable in trying to avoid him."

Gaylord's face began to grow red again, and I made pretence to arrange my chair in a better position, that he might have time to recover himself. He made no comment, however, and presently I went on:

"Now, I do not wish to bore you, but fate has thrown us together in such a way, that I have come to look upon you almost as a brother. I really want your assistance. May I proceed?"

"By all means," said he. "And if I can be of service, command me."

Then I told him about Helen's disposition to tease and play practical jokes. I told him about the theories which this would-be lover of her's had entertained; how ridiculous they had appeared to her; how she had objected to being wooed in such a cold-blooded way, and how she had hoped to bring him to his senses. I told him that her manners were all that could be desired, and that she had had a refined education. I told him how deeply she regretted what she had done. I said I was satisfied she loved this man, but how to requite her puzzled me greatly. I said a great deal more than I should have, had I not been talking for a purpose. But I saw that he was deeply interested, and I warmed up like a stump speaker on an election campaign.

"But you don't know who this man is?" said he, somewhat amused.

"I have my suspicion," said I, looking him squarely in the eyes, "and he will be a consummate chump, if he doesn't make it up with Helen. She is one of the best girls in the world, and at present the most penitent little sinner I ever saw. But if she knew that I was talking to you in this way about her, she would never look at me again."

For a time we were both silent. Gaylord was the first to speak.

"Supposing," said he, slowly, as if feeling his way, "it would be possible to let this man know the true state of affairs, just as you have me; supposing he would say that he forgave her everything; supposing he should wish to meet her again, do you think she would consent?"

"I am sure she would," I cried, taking him by the hand.

He looked at me a moment, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Then you had better tell her," said he, with a pressure of the hand, which convinced me that he was in earnest, and that we understood each other.

I saw my aunt that night, told her what I had learned, and asked her to be the mediator, to which she readily consented. What she did, and how she accomplished it, I do not know, but the outcome of it all was, that before we reached Halifax, Gaylord and Helen had become happily reconciled, and were to be seen in each other's company so much that many of our fellow-voyageurs were disposed to pass jocular remarks at their expense. Gaylord has quite a musical voice, and I often hear him singing softly to himself:

> "There is a heart which Heaven hath made for thee,
> Go forth and find," etc.

And I am sure he believes the poet understood the matter. He and Helen have great faith in their matrimonial theories, but I often find my cousins much too brainy to be congenial. Nevertheless, I have yet to regret the part I played in helping them to a better understanding.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

WE are nearly out of the Territories, and already anticipate the return trip. It is a country one could grow to love above all others. On its wide-thrown shadowless plains, one might wander alone with God. In other lands we are confused by a multiplicity of details, suffocated with "the madd'ing crowd," and the vapid follies of display and dissipation. The complexities of philosophy, theology, and of living harass and hurt. But here, the world, material and spiritual, may be one, even as in Eden. Yet the West will change. Where the coyote snaps and snarls, the fox-terrier will bark. Things that are green and succulent will grow instead of things that are grey. Smoke that is thin will be superseded by that which is black, wide, and dirty. Unborn millions will turn their feet to this land that has lain idle since the world has known it. Passing out of its boundaries, I shut my eyes, and to the rumble of the train mentally sing the song of the Northwest, as it came hot from the heart of Moira O'Neill, in her home at the foot of the Rocky Mountains :

"Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear,
Of the windy, wide Northwest?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drift of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

"Oh, could ye see, and could ye see,
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race the pine shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sunlit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

"Then could ye feel, and could ye feel,
How fresh is a western night!
Where the long land breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
Where the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

"But could ye know, and forever know
The word of the young Northwest!
A word she breath es to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the fa'se and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold
But the one that knows is blest."

CHAPER V.

"The Mountains of the Setting Sun."

For a long time we pass through a billowy sea of foot-hills and river "benches," but approaching Kananaskis, the mist rises off the mountains like genii from the earthen pot, showing us that at last we have reached a "Mecca of the mind"—the great Rockies.

Speaking of this spot, the C. P. R. guide-book says: "Here the difference between an ordinary upland stream and a glacier-fed river is first noticed. Tumbling from great heights, the former may be foaming and tumultuous, but the latter is always milky green, with the sediment of glacial silt, infinitesimally fine particles formed by the grinding of the ice over the rocks."

Thus the life of the vegetable is the death of the mineral. Geikie, the geologist, has shown us that the valleys become enriched through the mountains growing bare and being denuded of their treasure. This impalpable glacial silt, the digested form of gneiss and barren basalt, will be swept down into the starving lowlands to stimulate and nourish them. It is a battleground between conservatism and progress. The lower dies that the higher may live, and in this way nature achieves her gifts vicariously and through vast expenditure.

When science tells us that the Rocky Mountains are of the Eocene Age and the Western ridges are Pliocene and eons younger, it does not help us much. These terms are only floating buoys on the illimitable ocean of time. They tell of its immensity, but do not sound or measure it. How many thousands of centuries are revealed in a single feature? Assuredly our ignorance is as overwhelming as our knowledge.

We have often heard of "hoodoos," indeed we have seen them, but not of the kind we spy out behind the station at Canmore.

Again, the guide-book explains. They are "isolated and curiously weathered conglomerate monuments called 'hoodoos'—giant earthen pillars, ten times the height of a man—some of them—composed of hard enough material to withstand the erosions that have played havoc with the surrounding bank."

At Anthracite, they produce the best coal in the world, as they do in several other places. Our course is along the bed of the Bow River, between vertical walls that rise in dizzy heights. These stupendous rocks, murky, hurtling, portentious, weigh upon one with a crushing sense of domination. They look like some Titanic religious pile, and when you have thought of all the great cathedrals you have seen, the mind rejects the comparison. To-night, we rest under the protection of the mountains. When we reached Banff, our Canadian Bethesda, a terrific storm was raging, and the savage rain hissed in the wind like a mad creature. Standing at the hotel windows, I watched the stalwart firs wrestle with the wind as they did with Sinis, the Palm-bender. Now and then, they gave tongue to their fury with a sound like surging foam. As night settled down upon the scene, the storm abated, but I felt an impression of loneliness and isolation. There were indefinable stirs of uneasiness, the noise of falling water, mysterious winds overhead, tree trunks grinding against each other, and sounds that I did not understand. I was a prisoner of the night, a child afraid in the dark. It had been easy to fill the blackness with malevolence and baleful spirits. Are these unaccountable impressions of fear in humanity the fountain-head of what are called "religious instincts?" We fear what we do not understand, and then worship. In the long perilous struggle for existence, fear inspired by mystery, came into our blood. Now, fear is an atrophied organ, which sometimes asserts itself and makes the heart shudder while the reason laughs.

Banff is not "of the earth, earthy." It is of the rocks, rocky. It has been aptly described as "The Rocky Mountains made easy." This show place is 4,500 feet above the sea, and from the base where we stand, the mountains spring up thousands of feet into the sky, flying scuds of clouds kissing their hoary summits. So beautiful it all is, it might have been the gate to Paradise. The poet was wise and good, who wrote the lines, "Eternity draws nearer than we know, high on the hills."

There was an artist on the balcony this morning who talked of values, vistas, truth of space, chiaroscuro, mellowness of effect, and transparence of air. Perhaps he was right, but it seems to me when nature stretched her stone canvas in the Rockies, she did not trouble with the trivialities of pleasing prettiness or technical nicety. She brushed her colors in with a boldness of mass and outline, with an energy and expression that stagger. She used primary colors and never hesitated. There is no ambiguity about them. Royal purple, the orange light of fire, and the sickening red in which Tintoretto has painted the wounds of his martyrs, are only emphasized by the "cold white virgin snow" on the peaks. In the early dawn, the snow is livid and dull silver but soon it reflects the moods of the sky. In turn it is stone-blue, rusty-red, a clear yellow-like moselle, and then it takes on an auroral tint with shades that vanish.

The baths at Banff are highly sulphuretted, and said to be particularly virtuous in cases of asthma, skin diseases and rheumatism. The visitor may bathe outdoors in a natural basin of warm water, or he may, and probably will, prefer to bathe in "The Cave." This bath-tub of nature is the cone of an extinct geyser, and is about forty feet in diameter, and from five to ten feet deep. It is replenished every two and one-half hours with water, which bubbles up at exactly the right temperature to make toddy.

The cave is entered through an artificial tunnel, and the first view of the dim cavern with its stalactical formations and green waters recalls and materializes the fairy tales of childhood. The waters from the hot underworld have a subtle alchemy that makes even a robust Canadian long to imitate the effeminate Romans who spent days in the enervating baths of the Imperial City.

As the sick people wash their wasted hands in the warmth, we breathe a hope

that the angel may be troubling the water for them. As for ourselves, we cavort about like dolphins, and the Padre tries to drown me, but strange to say, I won't drown, for something thrusts me out of the depths. It is the strong spring that rises in the centre of the basin. When we have "paidl't i' the burn" for nearly an hour, we dress and step out into the air feeling that we have left behind a burden of languidity and have taken instead a deep draught of vitality.

The weather is cold and "the oldest inhabitant" tells me they have only two seasons—nine months of winter and three of late autumn. The electric tension of the high atmosphere was so great that I found brisk exercise exhaustive, making me breathe quickly. This ærial electricity must have wonderful curative properties for certain disorders, and we wonder that physicians do not more often advise for nerve-shaken, over civilized people, a sojourn in these regions. A tranquility which is not sensual takes possession of you. It would be impossible to hold a grief or evil passion long in this region for the soul contracts something of the ethereal purity.

The park is twenty-six miles long and about ten wide. Parliament have set it aside as a pleasure-ground to the people of Canada and their heirs and assigns forever. Eight hundred acres of this park is devoted to the buffaloes, elk and mule deer. There are thirty-three buffaloes in the enclosures. We discreetly view them from behind a heavy paling, for at close quarters they are "ugly customers." They are by no means prepossessing in appearance. Coronada described them as "cattle of deformed aspect." In color they are a dirty tow. The beginning of these herd of bison were in the calves roped by cowboys. It is said that even a calf a few weeks old will tax the limit of a horse's speed and staying qualities, so that this small melancholy herd remain as a reminder alike of our national extravagance and individual hardihood. We saw, too, a buffalo bird, or what naturalists call a "cow troopial." These birds seat themselves on the animal's back and live on the insects which infect its hide. The animals are in charge of a cowboy, a typical Westerner, lean and muscular with wind and sun, and handsome, too, according to a vulgar mould. He did not dismount to open the gates. His broncho cleverly opened and held them while we drove through.

It is a perfect pleasure, half spiritual, half physical to wander through the tangled paths and dim spaces of the mountain forests. There is a spiritual atmosphere which the soul drinks in as the nostrils does the air. These cloistered labyrinths tempt you to loiter, and loitering to call up forest fantasies, buskined nymphs, fawns, and even Pan with all his merry rout.

There are no flowers as yet, and vegetable life is almost dormant, but mingled with the vivifying perfume of the pines, there is a fresh stimulating odor that comes up from the earth. The pulse is quickening in the deciduous trees, and their tops are flushing with rose color. It is not strange that primitive men attributed to the wings of flying spirits the soft breathing of the wind in the trees. The mountain pines are sedate and lofty. They lift us up to them, but never condescend to us. We must bring ourselves into harmony if we would be their friends. Then are they open suggestive, and even tender. Then may we hear "the beatings of the hearts of trees."

At Devil's Lake, eight miles from Banff, there are whole stratas that are fields of death. Nature has locked them up on the hills in fetters and prisons of stone. It is God's grand geological library telling of lurid glares and dark nights that were centuries long; telling how milleniums and milleniums ago ice, fire, and flood bit, burnt, and washed Mother Earth. It is a huge tertiary volume with rough edges and full-page engravings.

Twenty miles to the South is Mount Assiniboine, which is known as the Canadian Matterhorn. It is nearly 12,000 feet high and presents on all sides a seemingly inaccesible front. The vertical face of the ice above the central cliff is 300 feet thick, and above it rises a mighty obelisk 3,000 feet, making it one of the most difficult ascents in the world. Edward Whymper, who had climbed the Matterhorn, and other Swiss climbers, were brought here by the C. P. R. to scale it, but were unsuccessful. The feat, with all its break-neck opportunities, was recently accomplished by Outram.

CHAPTER VI.

"The Bridge of the World."

Our black eagle laboriously climbs up the steep inclines, groaning like a suffering, sensate thing. A boisterous, asthmatic monster, belching forth black smoke, she hugs the sides of the forbidding rocks. With "madly whistled laughter," the wild thing of strength and savagery dashes into the heart of the mountains. What a tempting of fate it seems to rush into the blackness. Over twin strips of shining steel, we swing around frightful curves, creep over timber trestles more than a mile long, or rattle along huge causeways roughly formed by throwing up pieces of blasted rock.

It is a yachting trip on wheels, and at times we tack so hard that we are actually progressing backwards. There is no observation car, and your blood is on your own head if you stand on the aft platform. Ach! so let it be, we *will* see these sights even if the verdict be "justifiable foolicide."

Two hours west of Banff, at Stephen, we reach the railway summit of the Rocky Mountains. We are 5,296 feet above sea-level. This is the highest point at which the British flag has floated officially upon this continent. Here, at the foot of Mt. Hector, we have reached "The Great Divide." Within a short distance of each other in this glacial field, rise three great rivers that flow into three different oceans. The Athabasca or Mackenzie River flows to the Arctic, the Columbia to the Pacific, and the Saskatchewan to the Atlantic.

At this station, I chatted with a trapper who had just come in with his year's harvest of peltry. Bronzed, seamed, and grizzled, the record of his hazardous life was writ roughly all over him. He offered the stone-marten skins for $12.50, and the ermines at 50 cents. We agreed with him that they were "cheap as dirt." The animals trapped to the north are beaver, mink, wolverine, fox, land-otter, racoon, sea-otter, skunk, and bear.

This gamester of the wilderness was accompanied by his mate-woman, a dusky Indian. He was "a squaw man," who had been married without the accessories of bell, book, and candle. This kind of wedlock doubtless has its advantages—for the man. If he makes a mistake, he doesn't have to live with it all his life. He can rectify it by "marrying" again. The Mormons are said to march their wives abreast, the Gentiles in tandems.

At Field, we were given all the time we wanted for dinner at the C.P.R. Chalet hotel. And such "halesome farin'", too, There was crisp-fleshed salmon of such fine flavor that we knew we never tasted the real thing down East; turkey and cranberries; chicken livers with a dash of tobasco sauce, succulent asparagus, luscious, sweet-blooded cherries served up in dishes of mountain cedar, sweets, too, and *such* coffee. Ah! the C.P.R. *can* do it.

They say that up 2,500 feet there is a wonderful fossil bed "principally trilobites and agnostus." I had no ambition to climb. It would be preferable to lie down, look up, and take it all for granted. Besides, time and the train wait for no woman.

At Palliser, the train and river plunge together down a narrow gorge, the perpendicular walls shutting out the sunlight. The roar of the water and the discordant bellowing of the steam devil make this terrible canyon a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Out into daylight the train emerges, and ahead are the beautiful waters of the Columbia flashing with metallic lustre under the dazzling radiance of the sun. To the south, the Selkirks, with their forest-clad bases and ice-clad peaks come trooping into view. It is an out-of-door magic-lantern scene, an opalescent, sun-shafted fantasia. The mountains are very kaleidoscopes in that they never reflect the same combination of colors. A color that is coppery brown blends with a coral-red, or a "toned-down" purple melts into a yellowish green. Here the rocks have a muddy gold stain, and further on one murmurs enraptured at the subtle play of amber, crimson, and violet.

On this afternoon, we pass through several snow-sheds, which while they afford complete immunity from danger of obstruction, also entirely shut out the view. They are what the man-milliner in Dickens would describe as "dem'd, moist, unpleasant" places.

The scenery, through which we run, is as exciting as a theatre. When you are not looking at it you are buying 8 by 10 photographs. You mentally declare that each newly purchased picture will be your last—positively the last. Eventually, you buy out half the stock, at the same time making a laudable resolution to economize next week.

From Golden, a mining town of 500 inhabitants, we follow down the Columbia River to Donald. On the sides of the Selkirks, we observe soft green streaks, which we are told indicate the paths of avalanches. At Moberley is the oldest cabin in the mountains. It was inhabited by Walter E. Moberley, C.E., and government engineering party in the winter of 1871-2, while making a preliminary survey of the railway route. I confess to rarely being able to see effects, or sermons for that matter, in stones, but Mt. Tupper is pointed out to me as having a man and dog effect. The railway men will tell you,

—"That's Sir Charles Tupper,
Going home to his supper."

The Illecillewaet (pronounced please, Illy-silly-wit) is a tiresome river. It seemed to wind all over the valley, and we must have crossed it a dozen times. The word means "swift current." At Glacier House, we have supper, and say more nice things about the railway management. Thouands of feet up are vast plateaux of green ice. One glacier field in the Rockies is as large as all those of Switzerland combined, embracing as it does more than 200 square miles. It is difficult to comprehend the magnitude of these steady, long-living glaciers that are obedient only to the sun.

The ghost of day yet haunted the scene as we pulled out of Glacier. In the half-light, the nameless, imperturbable, hills with their darkened files of adventurous trees climbing the ridges, seemed like things of a dream. All is vague, dreamy and in uncertain silhouette. Now, we gingerly feel our way along some forbidding precipice, or in uncanny gloom dash down "an horrible pit," across jagged gorges scarred by wild convulsions through intersecting ravines and across mountain-born rivers with their white-tusked hungry waters.

"On, on we speed as once the eagle sped
In wild free flight through the vast solitudes."

Speed on, and still on where the white-capped mountains "Like Titian mothers sit aloft, nursing the baby clouds upon their giant breasts."

. . . . . .

During the night we passed through the station at Craigellachie, noted because it was here on November 7th, 1885, the last spike was driven in the C.P.R., the rails from the East and West meeting. This event was not a mere completion of a railway. It was something of greater import. It was not only the binding together of an Empire, but it was the binding of the old and new worlds by the hands of the new.

We are skirting along the Fraser when I awake. Here and there, in sunny spots, the Indians have hung salmon on poles to dry, much as we hang articles on a clothes horse. Further on, tubby little Chinamen are washing the auriferous sands. For the white man "pay dirt" has "petered out," but not for the tireless, plegmatic Celestials. These Chinamen keep panning away, and at the end of the year have bigger "piles" than the miners in the diggings. Assuredly, these strangers within the gates are the modern Argonauts in search of the golden fleece.

John's little garden is carpeted with thriving root crops. He has not time to lift his head and look at the passing train. He is weeding his cress row. It is not much of a picture. Only a patch of brown earth and rough green kitchen stuff, a gaunt dry little head bare to the sun, brown hands, brown as the clay, and a pinched husk of a body.

But it has a meaning. Love mellows and lends a lustre to it. This alien's sweat is the oil in the lamp of love in some home altar in the far Orient. Under the stimulus of love, he endures, seeing things invisible. Love sweetens his toil, rests his weariness, and emancipates him from drudgery. He has "a god within." A mean picture? hardly. This saffron colored Asiatic is no mere creature of circumstances, drifting indifferent, like a dead leaf on a current. He is a man solving the bread-winning problem.

It is in homage, John Chinaman, that I take off my hat.

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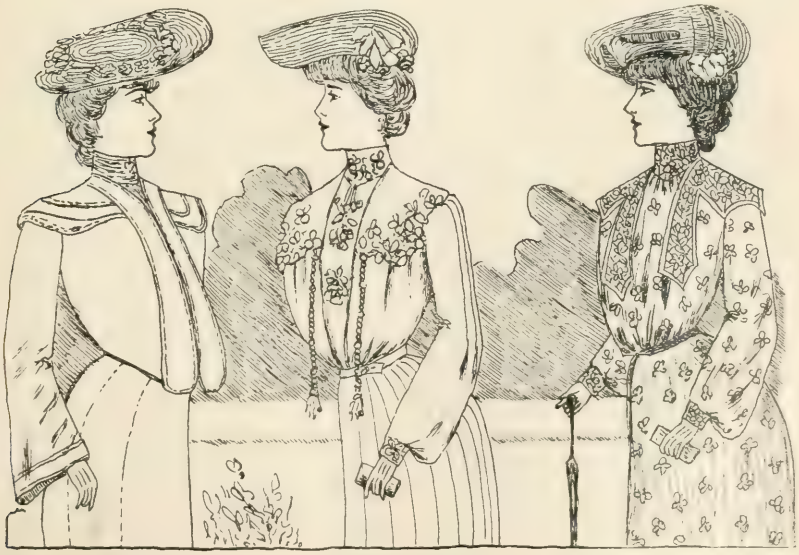

SUMMER STYLES

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

YOUR SON'S PROFESSION

THE choice of a profession is not so important as is commonly believed. As a general thing a man adopts a calling in keeping with his education and social standing. It is only where some decided aptitude has marked itself out that men ought to be over-particular.

And "decided aptitudes" are not really very common. There are few who have the marked gift of Jediah Buxton, the famous person who could multiply nine figures by nine in his head. He was once taken to see Garrick act. When he went back to his own village he was asked what he thought of the great actor and his doings. "Oh," said he, "I do not know, I have only seen a little man strut about the stage and repeat 7,956 words."

As a general thing the profession chooses the man. James Garfield did not select the profession of President. He chose to be a canal-boy. But he was an excellent canal-boy. He had sterling good qualities; was a hard worker, too, and so the world kept on saying, "Friend, come up higher," till at length he reached the top rung of the ladder. Of a truth the wheels of promotion are geared low, but they seldom slip cogs.

It is praiseworthy that you should wish to see your family elevated, but don't make the mistake of sacrificing the happiness and prosperity of your son on the altar of your ambition. Better a common-place certitude than the flitter-winged possibility of something splendid.

Analyze the boy's ability, disposition, taste, and turn of mind, and then adapt the calling to the capacity.

And there are so many professions, and they are all so old. The lawyers say their profession was first needed, when Cain killed Abel, but the doctors might as justly contend priority when Adam's rib was taken out. And when we have settled on this along come the tailors and dressmakers to assure us that their trades were called into existence when our first parents sewed fig-leaves. The horticulturists could claim prestige in the picking of the forbidden fruit. It looks as if the confidence-man has the best of the argument when he declares that his artful dodges began with Satan's deception of Eve. But the potter can "go one better," and take precedence over all for did not the Creator use clay to make the first man.

And since the earliest days, men have obtained maintenance by divers means; some by handicraft trades, some by shaving beards and some by shaving notes. The prodigal son chose feeding hogs as his profession, but be it said to his credit that he cancelled his indentures by running away.

And you have all these to select from. Perhaps, this is just the trouble. You are embarrassed in making a selection among so many. Then here are some pointers:

If the boy has a dreamy, meditative soul, don't make a lawyer of him.

Has the angel said to him, "write"? Here are the five essentials of a journalist: Quick observation, inquisitiveness, a good memory, quick hearing and the power of drawing rapid and accurate deductions from the facts he has observed. To be a hot-press darling of the publishers, the last mentioned quality should in reality stand first. The world is smothered with facts. People want to know what they mean.

want to get the blood out of them. if a writer cannot do this, his fate will be like that of

"Little Bo-Peepkin,
Who took her sheepskin
And went to the city to write,
She didn't know where
To find editors there
Though she hunted with all her might.

Don't put the boy into medicine on the grounds that it is a "nice" profession. The training, until one is hardened to it, is not only exacting, but disgusting—very far from "nice."

A doctor must dabble in blood, bear foul odors, take snubs from cranky patients, and be willing to study every spare moment he gets, unless he wishes to become a back number. But, if on the other hand, the boy can stand it, he is performing one of the noblest services on earth.

Is he "called" to be a preacher? Look in and through his call sharply. You know he may think it a nice, clean, easy job like the colored man of whom Booker Washington tells us. He was at work in a cotton-field one hot day in July when he suddenly stopped, and looking towards the sky, said: "O, Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach."

A youth who enters the ministry with this idea is apt to find that he has run his head against a pulpit. The only reason a man should enter the sacred ministry is because he *cannot* keep out of it.

But whether the youth be knight of the pill, or knight of the quill, to succeed, he needs courage, a clean heart and a clear head, these and health, for in the struggle for bread, the weak are thrust to the wall without remorse.

It was a wise man who said, "There is no such thing as a success tabloid." Success is another name for hard work and hard head.

Max O'Rell tells of an Englishman who once wrote him after this style: "I have a son who is young, sober, clever, very steady, industrious, and courageous, and at whose disposal I could place a little capital. Do you think his prospects in the Antipodes would be good?"

"My dear sir," replied the witty Max, "a man who possesses the qualifications that you name need not go to the Antipodes. His prospects are good and perfectly safe anywhere."

A man who is carving out his path in life must expect competition and opposition, but the surest way to get rid of competition is to do his work better than the other fellow.

To do good work a man, must be lavish of his personality. He must put a great deal of himself into everything he does.

And there are three golden desiderata to be written on his heart: 1st, reliability; 2nd, reliability; 3rd, reliability. We have brilliant men, level-headed men, and pushful men, but comparatively few of the reliable kind.

Then, let the youth be as ambitious as he will, let him hitch his waggon to the stars; let him be the tadpole of an archangel, for in all this good round earth, there is nothing more engaging than the ambition of a hardy youth aflame with desire for the golden spurs.

FROM CUPID'S QUESTION-DRAWER

WHEN the subjects of matrimony and courtship were introduced into this department, it never entered my unimaginative head that I should be deluged by letters, masculine and feminine, written with J pens, or 242 Gillets', on pink paper, grey paper, and black-edged note, criss-crossed, blotted, tear-soaked, and even perfumed, but one can never postulate anything about human nature when love enters the calculations. Of a surety, the Postmaster-General has no idea of the secrets entrusted to him every day.

Although I really want to write about mothers-in-law, widows, jealousy, love-letters, and other interesting matters I shall pigeon-hole them somewhere in my head for a more convenient season, in order that I may lift a few of my correspondents from the black, sticky slough of despond.

Maggie M.: No, my dear young Miss, if I were you, I wouldn't dwell on the idea of elopement. Every boy has a vague longing for buccaneering, or for a suit of armor, a

sword, a horse, and an enemy, just as every girl dreams of a gallant Lochinvar, handsome and brave—a bit of a dare-devil—who will bear her off triumphantly under the very nose of papa and mamma.

I would not dwell on it, because it is a fast-declining ideal in the female bosom. It is not even fashionable, besides there is very little romance about elopement in these prosaic days. It savors too much of the "bolting" of cheats.

I would dwell rather on a courtship that ends in the customary perfume of orange blossoms, and the usual collection of silver spoons and worked centre-pieces. It is the right thing.

Anxious Widow: So you are surrounded by very ardent and very unspiritual young men! The only advice I can give you is to be very cold and very, very spiritual yourself.

Helen of Troy: You art quite right. A man's conception of eternal love becomes somewhat narrowed down after he is married. It has often occurred to me that a company which would issue policies insuring the public against the accidents of marriage (children included for the United States) would find a real El Dorado awaiting them.

E. W. B., Vancouver: Well, suppose she isn't a brilliant woman—neither are you a brilliant man. Your letter bewrayeth you.

Don't let her know your opinions of her. There is no duty we owe to truth more imperative than that of lying stoutly on occasion. If you are married and have been disillusioned, lie about it every day sooner than tell the truth. The good angels will forgive you.

Clayton: Don't despair because you have been refused. If you are pensive, "pale and interesting," abstracted and distracted, she may take pity on you. No mite of a girl likes to see a great big man melting away before her very eyes all for love of her.

Bachelor-maidens: What is the old song about, "There never was a goose so grey?" Don't be too hard on the men. My own opinion of the matter is that any woman who is overflowing with love, cannot go through life unloved.

Jim: No! I don't believe in lover's quarrels. Courtship should be the brightest, sunniest spot on the wayside of life.

Ottawa: Come near till I whisper, Ottawa! You are jealous—very, very jealous. Ah, if she would only get her to a nunnery your agony would be diminished one-half. You don't want any other lover to have her.

Jealousy has been defined as "A loop of Hell whence a damned soul looks on paradise." Hoots, man! change your position and outlook.

Z. Z.: Off with you! if you didn't like my advice to wives why do you ask for more?

Mother Bunch: I do not believe in the French system of marrying off girls without their consent, but *mesalliances* should be prevented at any cost short of a premature death, and I am not so sure that this should be allowed as an exception. Marriages are made in heaven, but one thing is certain no wise parent ever acts on it. It is a lapse of duty and a violation of common sense to shift the business on the shoulders of heaven.

Ella: A widow should never complain of an ache or pain except a growing pain.

Tom and Maggie: Now, I'm in a corner. Here is a couple who are going to get married presently, and they want me to give them a maxim that will insure their matrimonial felicity for life. Surely a big order.

I have *never* given my own receipt before—never. It was worth too much, but the absolutely childlike faith displayed by Tom and Maggie in my discretion have at last dragged it forth. Here it is:

At every place, on every occasion, at every hour, always and absolutely *forget that you are married.*

A Girl Reader: You are too tenderhearted. There is an old story that Napoleon, as he paced the battlefield after a fight, looked on the countless strewn corpses and sighed, "Ah, well, if you would have an omelet you must break some eggs."

The moral is obvious.

All the Rest of You: I am sorry the Blue Pencil Man won't give me the whole magazine to answer your queries, but he is obdurate, and other unreasonable people want to write about books and finance, so perforce I must reluctantly consign you to the W. P. B.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HEALTH

PHYSICAL culture and the development of the muscles are only the means to an end. The end is health, beauty and *mental joyousness.* We have emphasized mental joyousness because nothing fosters buoyancy of mind and spirits more than a glowing beautiful body.

Our mental power is more largely dependent upon our bodily condition than we know. An upright position incites and spurs the body to action. For this reason it is good policy to offer an angry man a chair. A prone position has a weakening effect on the mental powers.

This is why the woman of intellect, enthusiasm, and daring soul is not of the weeping-willow type. Her features may not be regular, but invariably she has muscles of steel under her firm velvety flesh. She is lithe as a sapling, her hips are made for motherhood, and her bosom may rightly be styled "love's pillow."

The woman who takes physical exercise, fresh air, and sunshine grows graceful, vigorous, and supple. Her complexion becomes healthy and her eyes take on a sparkle. But this is not all, for unwittingly, the woman has done much to improve her mental powers. A good brain must ever rest on the foundation of a good body.

A thoroughly healthy woman is full of life and mental vivacity. It shines in her face and gives her what novelists call "the indefinable charm," which is just another term for magnetism—that subtle, elusive power which attracts every creature who comes within her influence.

To most of us the stumbling-block is that we do not know just how or where to begin our physical exercise. Perhaps our bodies may be fairly well developed, and in the slang parlance of the studio we may "strip well," but on the other hand, we tire soon, our joints get stiff with work, and we do not walk with an equalized tread. Or it may be that our body lacks pliancy and the power of balancing.

Then, here is the starting point and the finish: The secret of grace, poise, and strength is to *make every joint bend all that it can.*

The flexibility of limb and remarkable sinuous glide of the Creoles have been at once the despair and delight of Northern women, yet the most ugly duckling may gain this pliancy by bending and twisting exercises.

Special attention should be paid to the left side of the body. To avoid awkwardness on the stage, actresses are obliged to give double practice to the left leg.

Don't expect to accomplish wonderful results in a couple of exercises. All you can hope for so soon is lameness, but persevere and verily you will have your reward.

A good deal of lameness may be avoided by rubbing sweet oil into the joints until it is thoroughly absorbed. This has long been the practice of Eastern women, and one we could adopt with advantage. The oil not only eases the strain, but is very strengthening, especially when rubbed into the spine.

If you do not like the smell of the oil, rub your flesh afterwards with a few drops of musk. Get French musk, it is more delicate than that prepared in England.

Some there are who say the use of musk presupposes a sensuous temperament. So does all perfume. But what of that? The full, warm, healthy blood peculiar to the luxurious physique is just what many delicate women need in order that they may be at their best both physically and mentally.

LITERATURE

THE FILIGREE BALL. By Anna Katherine Green.

THE author of this story of mystery and grisly horror is a mistress of the science of deduction, and has proven herself to be the peer of Lecocq, Dupin, and Doyle. The clan of the pen stand at salute.

Although the facts are given without unnecessary obfuscation, they are so startling and so adroitly handled that they arouse and baulk the curiosity to the last page, hailing the reader along with interest wrought up to an almost unendurable pitch. Of a truth, the sated, novel-reader will find *The Filigree Ball* fresh and thrilling.

Veronica Moore, in a girlish freak, is married in an old mansion in Washington, which she had inherited from her father, but which had stood unused for years because of the sudden and inexplicable deaths of two men, who at different periods, were found dead on the library hearthstone.

Just before the marriage service, a man named Pfeiffer, a self-bidden guest, unknown to anyone present, is found a corpse on the same hearthstone. The bride is kept in ignorance of the awful fatality till after the service, when the guests and waiters, terror-stricken, flee from the house of mystery.

Two weeks later, the youthful bride was found dead on the same hearth, shot through the heart, and with a revolver tied to her wrist by a white ribbon. Why had she come to the scene of these tragedies? Was it suicide? Was it murder?

It was proven at the inquest that she had quarreled bitterly with her husband two days previously and that he had visited the deserted house sometime between the quarrel and his wife's death. Did he kill her? Was it her sister who loved the bridegroom, and was traced to the house the night of the murder? Or was it her uncle who was heir to the property and was also proven to have been in the house at the moment of her death?

The author has riveted these incongruous links into a complete chain, and has given us a startling and entirely unexpected denouement. If the story has a moral, it is that there is only one thing to do always—the right thing.

The Bobbs-Merril Co., Indianapolis.

THE CONQUERING OF KATE. By J. P. Mowbray.

THE author of this book is now known to be the late Mr. A. C. Wheeler, a journalist who wrote under the pseudonym of *Nym Crinkle*.

He tells us in the preface that the work is "a romance of a passing phase of American life written *con amore*, out of the imagination, but dealing as it passed with some mysteries of our human nature that are not passing phases, but abiding problems."

The plot throughout is well-imagined, well-constructed, well-sustained. It is full of life, action, and thrilling human interest.

The heroine, *Kate Bussey*, becomes engaged to a wealthy Englishman named *Journingham*, in order that she may redeem her estate, which is heavily mortgaged, thus pledging her hand while her heart was engaged elsewhere.

When Journingham, who is a London exquisite of the first-water, crosses the ocean to claim his American bride, he finds that she has already repented of her hasty acceptance, but is willing to sink her feelings to duty much to the disgust of her lively but practical sister *Sylvia* who tries to persuade her that she is not a worm to be picked up without a squirm by the first cock-robin that comes her way.

Journingham is eventually murdered by *Eol Heckshent*, a ruffian who reminds us of the fact that when God marked Cain, He did not throw the brand away. We think the author has treated Journingham too radically. It would have served all the purposes of the story equally well had he

married the Englishman to the little blathering nonentity *Penelly Seton.*

One of the best drawn characters is *Suke Turck,* a moonshiner's daughter, a full-pulsed, red-blooded girl—wild, primitive, masculine—but with a heart of gold.

We like *Aunt Sussex Bussey,* too. She is so delightfully impracticable and so divertingly susceptible on the point of "family."

The story ends just as the reader would wish.

The get-up of the book generally is tasteful and artistic.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN. By Walter Del Mar.

IF you are looking for missionary information or anything along the line of Henry Drummond's works, don't buy this book, for while it is interesting and will doubtless prove instructive to intending travellers, it is by no means edifying to those who stay at home.

To be candid, it is a very bold, naughty book, one to be quarantined with a fence of spiked criticism.

The author is a "well-languaged" man and can observe foreign scenes and foreign types through clear, unbiased eyes, but he has marred what were otherwise a most readable book with flagrant descriptions that far out-rank Pierre Loti, Zola, or Max O'Rell.

Walter Del Mar "did" the world heavily, so heavily that he ought to have been washed, fumigated and expurgated before being allowed on a steamer.

From the time he left England till he returned, a period of nine months, he seems to have visited most of the brothels *en route,* and he tells us all his experiences and a great deal about "the profession," not even forgetting the rates.

In Japan, particularly, he set his affections on *Joro* dancers, but on the whole he does not seem to think much of the Japanese women either as a "wife" or in less regular relations—and he tells us why. Oh, fie upon him!

He warns English women on no account to use hotel fans which lie around promiscuously, for twenty chances to one they are advertising the business of Nectarine or some other "only first-class house in Japan."

A. & C. Black, London.

KENT FORT MANOR. By William Henry Babcock.

THE secret of being wearisome," says a French proverb, "is to tell all you know." The author of this book does not err on this side. In truth, he takes too much for granted, particularly in the first pages of the book, and so presents his characters with absolutely no introduction, thus causing some slight confusion in the reader's mind. In everyday life, when anyone claims our acquaintance, we like to know who they are, whence they came, and what they want. The same applies equally to fiction. The author of this work had *thought* the characters out himself, but not so the public, hence the confusion.

Having cast this little stone of criticism, there remains nothing but praise for this book. The threads of the story are held by a clever hand, and are eventually woven out into a very pretty piece of texture.

The story deals with the period of the civil war and gives us some rattling riding, lively escapades, and grim scouting.

Roderick Clariborne, the central figure of the book, is well drawn, and rolls out some really well-made talk. Indeed the conversation throughout the book is exceptionally clever, particularly that of the negro servants.

One of the best bits of description in which *Kent Fort Manor* abounds is the lonely death of *Tagg Martin,* a young courier, who although fainting in his saddle from loss of blood, dashed madly on that he might deliver his despatch to some human hand, but alas! only to fall short of his goal, and to die miserably in a dismal swamp. Even the most casual reader will put down the book to moralize on the shiftlessness of life, the waste of her material, and the tragedy of unfinshed labor. Of a surety, "There's something in this world amiss to be unravelled by and by."

Theories on the subject of an inherited memory play an important part in working out the plot. The author holds that "to the third and fourth generations" many things besides sins and punishments are quite obviously with us. In the preface, he quotes Sully on *Illusions,* and Bagehot's *Physics and Politics* as setting forth the fact of "general and deep ancestral impressions."

Taken all in all, the book is a delightful one.

Henry T. Coats & Co., Philadelphia.

ON SATAN'S MOUNT. By Dwight Tilton.

HERE is a book of pith, pathos, and power that should be read by everyone who desires to be informed on the methods of the "newly rich."

J. P. Norton, or "John Peter" as he was familiarly called by his associates, is a multi-millionaire, a modern Midas with a touch of gold. Indeed, it seemed that he could turn everything his way except the key to upper tendom, and this, after long and sore kicking against the pricks, he turns, too, when his horse *Capital* wins the American Handicap over the winner of the Derby and the Grand Prix of Paris.

The author his pictured vividly the beneficences and thefts of wealth; has shown us how the philanthropies of Midas may lend a lustre to an iniquitous system of brigandism of which the public is the victim. Now, he portrays John Peter giving orders that a hospital be erected for crippled children at a cost of two million dollars, and again, we see the magnate in almost the same breath wheeling about in his chair to outline a plan that will irretrievably ruin hundreds of families. When his secretary, *Philip Craig,* the hero of the story pleads for the men, their wives, their children, Midas brutally answers, "Pawns, Craig, pawns, to be swept from the board of life because they are in the way."

And there is a spice of truth in Midas' reasoning about gold that even the most illogical cannot gainsay. "The almighty dollar," he argues, "is chiefly denounced by those who need it most," and again, "money may not sow the seed of happiness, but it is often a great fertilizer for it."

But the secretary's father, old *Angus Craig* had a different view of "the greed for gowd." "It makes the strong trample the weak," said this sturdy old Scot, "and the weak curse the weaker. It makes enemies o' brithers, and puts the de'il into the hearts o' babes, a'most. It sends the love o' God cowering back tae the heaven, and fills the earth wi' rapine and tumult. It shakes the dice for the verra clothes of our Saviour, after it has betrayed him for the pieces o' siller."

In Philip Craig, we have the anti-type of the rich young ruler who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions. With a rare self-abnegation, we find this latter-day young man laying down love, ambition, wealth and fame for the one principle of simple honesty to find, alas, what others have bitterly found before, that famine and fear have a habit of crouching at the portals of Honesty even as they crouch at the gates of the Virgilian Hades.

And when as representative of Socialism, Craig became President of the United States, and felt deep down in his soul the latent passion for power, the headlong torrent of ambition that made him the arbiter of the destiny of others thus bringing him to the level of Midas who destroys in his efforts to create, it was given him to realize in almost a vision that he had been up on Satan's mount and had seen all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

The book which throughout is vivid and engrossing is, nevertheless, a peculiar one, and will doubtless stir up a diversity of opinion by reason of its unusual trend of thought.

By all means read it.

C. M. Clark, Boston.

SUPPLEMENT

of The

NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

THE MOON

THERE has always been a deal of chat about the moon and the man therein. I have always firmly held the opinion myself that the man in the moon was a woman because of his changeability, but since that person has deigned to come down to Toronto and edit *The Moon*, the question has been forever settled. He is a man alright—a gay, cynical old chap who runs to calf and heels, wears *some* clothes, but noticeably jester's bells, and an inverted columbine head-dress.

We wonder *why* he did come down anyway. Perhaps it was because he was tired of being reduced to his last quarter once a month. Or perhaps he was arrested by the Toronto police as a manufacturer of counterfeit silver. Everyone who has been married any time knows that they were young fools taken in by gazing on the moon. It is a bad half-dollar, so to speak.

Or perhaps he has come down just to contradict Mr. Zangwill who contends that there is no Providence, else he would have put hands on the moon instead of leaving it to stare at us with a blank, idiot face. Now, the man in the moon would have us know that he *has* "hands," and is the chronometer for all Canada.

Since *Grip* went to kingdom-come, our Canadian politicians have had their golden age, but it has abruptly ended since the moon man has arrived. This is where we humble folk emerge at the big end of the horn. We care for nobobdy, no not we, and nobody cares for us. "Cling to the peace of obscurity; they shall be happy that love thee."

The man in the moon knows all about everybody, and when he dips into biography this is his style: "The Right Honorable Gilbert John, Earl of Minto, is the fourth Earl of Minto only because his father was the third Earl. I wish this to be clearly understood for his Lordship is not in any sense to be blamed; he could not help it, whether he Minto or not."

Oh, Mr. Moon Man, you *are* so funny!

ART IN GLASS

AS I stood one day recently and watched Mr. Robert McCausland working on a spirited cartoon of "The Walk to Emmaus," I recalled Wagner's definition of art. "It is," he says, "the realization of a permanent idea in an ephemeral form."

He who runs may read this hall-mark on Mr. McCausland's work. Each window stands for a definite idea, a thought that is clothed in color, just as music, its sister-art, clothes it in sound.

When we go away from home, we look at La Farge and Tiffany windows, and wonder why we cannot do similar work in Canada, while all the time we have something that runs them very close right here in Toronto.

But our cousins of the neighboring Republic to the south are not so slow to recognize this fact, and for some time the McCausland firm have been filling large contracts for Americans in spite of an almost prohibitive duty of 45 per cent.

And we needed Mr. McCausland to show us better things in Canada. Even yet, scriptural scenes are produced in glass displaying little else than criminality of color and barbarity of design. Most of us are familiar with some church window or other that all through the service-hour grates on our souls and sets our teeth on edge be-

cause of the splay feet, distorted heads, and goggle eyes of the saints. We don't want to be saints if there is any possibility of our ever looking like these sickly, knock-kneed creations.

Mr. McCausland, who is an enthusiast in his profession, has studied both in England and on the continent, and keeps in touch with the latest things in art matters. He is a walking encyclopedia on symbols and emblems, on legendary and mythological art, on the anatomy of pattern, and the application of ornament. It is precious little he does not know about mural painting, ceramics, Burne-Jones' draperies, the pictorial lives of the saints, Catholic worship, or the text of the four Gospels, which all goes to account for his refined and sympathetic treatment of the subject matter of his windows.

"If you would see his work, look around"—that is, go down to the Toronto City Hall and view his window on "Art and Industry." It is a work of unquestionable power, marked for boldness of mass and outline yet with no apearance of crowding.

My own opinion is that Mr. McCausland's *chef d'oeuvre* is at Old St. Mark's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake. It is worth a pilgrimage to see this window. The subject is *The Resurrection,* and is an adaptation of the Plockhurst painting in the Berlin gallery. The Magdalene with her beautiful glowing body and her tawny, sun-gloried hair breaking into gold at the tips is a picture that will linger long in your memory. Duplicates of this window have been made for churches in Pittsburgh and Memphis, Tennessee.

Mr. McCausland does a large business in furnishing bright-faced windows for our Canadian homes. Formerly, artists spent all their genius on castle or cathedral while the homes of the people were ugly, but thanks to the influence of Ruskin a new era of art has been introduced—a diffusive era, that sweetens life in even the cottage and gives no room to the tawdry or ugly.

We would like to delicately hint to Mr. McCausland that he should, some afternoon, invite those of us interested in art to his beautiful studio on Wellington Street, in order that we might have the pleasure of a private view of his cartoons, color designs, and finished glass.

SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA

The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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"A financial experience which has been long and wide has profoundly convinced me that, as a rule, the company or society thrives the best which dives the deepest into the heart of the community, and adapts its arrangements to the wants of the greatest number."—*Gladstone.*

11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members.

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659.08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date	Total Assets	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1892	$17,735.86	$3,518.51	
" " 1893	65,642.11	15,993.59	
" " 1894	174,078.91	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1895	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1896	409,100.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1897	540,294.91	712,591.87	18,000.00	
" " 1898	792,944.25	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1899	1,092,480.89	290,057.66	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.57	45,000.00
" " 1902	1,572,135.78	736,348.06	55,000.00

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

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V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

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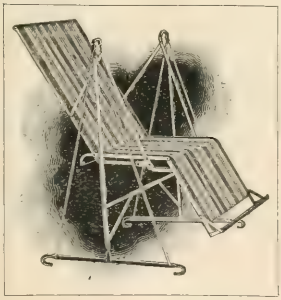

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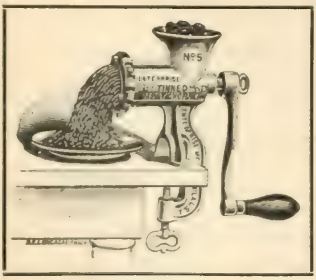

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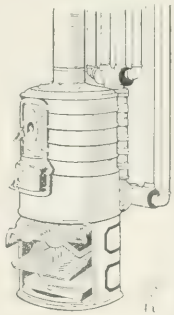

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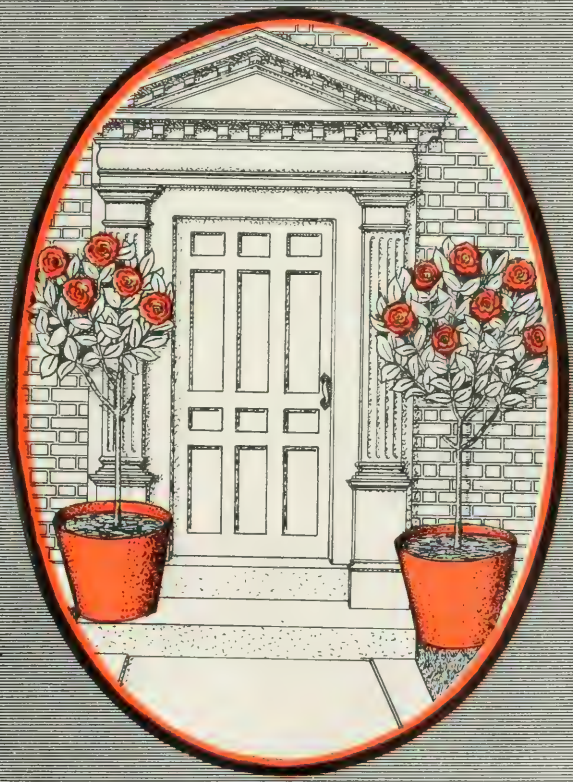

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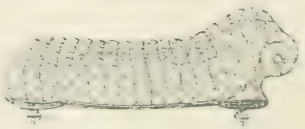

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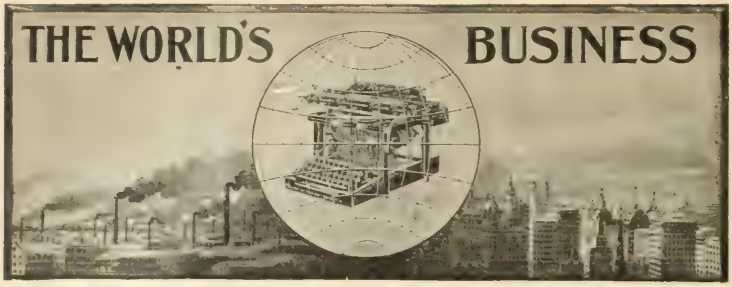

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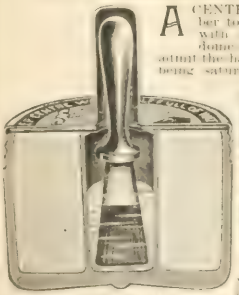

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VOL. III TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1903 No. 3

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Government's Railway Policy

THE policy which has been decided upon by the Government in connection with the new transcontinental railway, follows, in its main features, along the lines already forecasted, but includes also some unexpected provisions. The new railway will be the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the road from Winnipeg to the Pacific will be built and owned by the Company. From Winnipeg to Moncton, N.B., the road will be built by the Government, and leased to the Grand Trunk for fifty years, on the following terms: The first five years, rent free; the second five years, the net earnings of the road, not exceeding 3 per cent. of the original cost, to be paid to the Government; and the remaining forty years, the Company to pay the Government 3 per cent. on the cost of the road. Thus at the end of fifty years the country will have been entirely reimbursed for its expenditure, and a much-needed all-Canadian road will have been furnished without cost to the public purse.

The Government will guarantee the bonds for the western section of the road, not exceeding $13,000 per mile on the prairies, and $30,000 per mile in the mountains. The public feeling is so strongly against any further cash or land subsidies, that this guarantee of the Company's bonds was the only practicable course left to the Government, short of assuming the entire responsibility of construction. Survey work on the western end of the road is not yet complete, but the terminus will probably be at Port Simpson, from which point the railway will enter the northern wheat belts of Alberta and Saskatchewan Territories considerably north of the present lines.

The critical portion of the new transcontinental route, however, is not in the west, but in the east. The Government has reserved that section between Winnipeg and Moncton for its own construction, and has therefore committed itself to the policy of building a road that will parallel at its eastern end the already-existing Government railway. The Intercolonial Railway has only lately been a source of profit to its Government owners, and serious competition would be offered by a new line reaching the same terminus by a more direct route. It was this belief, that the new line would minimize, and perhaps cripple, the Intercolonial, that led to the resignation in July of the Honorable Mr. Blair, Minister of Railways, whose only difference with the Cabinet was in connection with its railway policy. The danger is not, however, so great as it might seem. One fact remains above all others: that Canada must have the quickest connection possible between her centres of production and the seaboard. The Inter-

colonial was built shortly after Confederation, and, for political reasons, its route was laid along the New Brunswick coast, touching as many counties as possible. A glance at the map will readily show that it can never compete as a national highway for through freight, however excellently it may serve local needs. Therefore the new road, which will pass through New Brunswick diagonally, and will thus very considerably lessen the distance, will provide a solution for the national needs of the present day, which demand satisfaction, and which a roundabout transportation route could never meet. There will still be a use for the Intercolonial, but the Grand Trunk Pacific will be the natural business route. That there are difficulties connected with the Government's policy there is no doubt, but the general consensus of opinion seems to be fairly in its favor.

New Quebec

ONE of the first advantages of the new railway will be that it will open up new country. From its western to its eastern terminus it will pass through country that is now practically undeveloped, touching the older centres here and there so that it may the better serve the new. West of Winnipeg it will have virgin prairie for its road-bed; between Winnipeg and Quebec it will traverse the new north of Ontario and the adjoining province; and its course through New Brunswick will open up a district almost equally new. This fact will, perhaps, reduce the Government's chances of earning money on its first few years' investment, but it will eventually prove the value of the project to the Dominion.

The time has come when old Quebec, most stationary of the Canadian provinces, demands, and is entitled to, a share of the general prosperity. For several hundred years her industries have centred about the St. Lawrence, and have very slowly pushed northward. The *habitant* has been a more picturesque than an enterprising settler, and marked evidences of progress have not been looked for in Quebec. But Quebec is, nevertheless, a country of great possibilities, and it is not at all unlikely that a new railway might prove the means of giving new life to her, and inaugurating an era of increased prosperity, in keeping with her sister provinces. Northern Quebec is similar in its natural resources to northern Ontario, and has quite as much to hope for from industrial exploitation. The land is, in many places, as rich as the wheat belts of Manitoba and New Ontario, while as far north as James Bay, the most tender plants and all kinds of vegetables are easily produced. The tract of land immediately south of James Bay, is specially suited to stock-raising and dairying, while the reports of explorers, surveyors, and missionaries, testify to the existence of immense forest areas and abundant deposits of minerals. Entering Quebec Province at Lake Abittibi, the new transcontinental railway will pass through the heart of this new country, and will undoubtedly open the way for future colonization of a very important character. What it will do for New Ontario, it will do also for New Quebec, and the development of the wealth in the northland of these two provinces will form a chapter in the next ten years of Canadian history, as fascinating as the story of the West. The King of France once said of Canada: "It is only a few arpents of snow." Events of the present day are showing that even those districts where snow might naturally be expected to reign, are rich in possibilities.

One Year's Immigration

FOR the fiscal year, ending June 30, the immigration into Canada was as follows: From the United States, 44,980; British Isles, 41,787; the Continent, 37,891; total, 124,658. In 1902, the total immigration was 67,379, and in 1901, 49,149. It is thus apparent that the year just closed marks a wonderful advance in the filling up of Canada. The increase of population was 2.3 per cent, while for the same twelve months, the corresponding increase in the United States, was less than 1 per cent. The New York *Sun* comments on this with frankness:

"In point of the quality of the immigra-

tion, Canada distinctly holds the lead. About 70 per cent. of her new arrivals are in every way homogeneous. They are of the stock that has made the Canada of to-day, and will at once fit into their new social environment. Of the remaining 30 per cent., a large percentage is from the north of Europe, Germans, Scandinavians, and Finns, who come out to join those of their own kind, who have been coming in increasing numbers for the past five years. With rare exceptions, this class has been eminently successful. They are industrious by habit, inured by previous experience to the hardships which must inevitably attend pioneer settlement, and the climatic conditions of the new land are not greatly unlike those of the land of their birth. It is wholly safe to predict an increasing influx of those people during the coming years."

When so many people are pouring into Canada every year from so many widely-separated parts of the world, it is a matter of interest to know how the proportions stand in regard to the various nationalities making up the whole. The figures will be changing every year, but there is no danger of the so-called foreign element becoming dominant for some time yet to come, as the following table of races, as they are at present, will show. These are the ten leading races in Canada to-day:

French	1,649,552
English	1,263,575
Irish	989,858
Scotch	798,986
German	329,741
Indian	95,319
Dutch	53,839
Russian	23,586
Negro	17,427
Chinese	17,299

The Virtue of Public and Private Thrift

HAND in hand with enterprise goes thrift; yet thrift is something that we have not made such advances in of late years as we have in certain other directions. Public and private thrift is needed in Canada to-day, as a companion to that spirit of enterprise which has wakened from east to west, and as a restraint to that spirit of speculation which has apparently taken such hold upon young business men especially. Thrift is a good old-fashioned quality, yet it is not the old-fashioned kind of thrift that is to be recommended nowadays. Economy was once supposed to be niggardliness, and the person who lived on the least possible outlay was considered the most thrifty. Such an interpretation is both improper and undesirable, and it is in no way suited to the present times. Wise and prudent expenditure is no violation of the laws of economy; it is in fact as much one's duty to spend as to earn. But there must be a margin between the earning and the spending, and here is where thrift enters.

There has never been a wiser policy framed for either public concerns or private individuals than this: Suit your expenditure to your income and always have something left over. At the very foundation of business thrift is—Savings. Not only is the reserve fund thus accumulated of sometimes inestimable convenience, but the practice of thrift in this way is of a most beneficial effect upon the habits of life. A nation of spend-thrifts will be a weak nation, because it will have no set purpose or aim; while on the other hand, the nation that we all hope to see Canada become can only be developed by the practice of definite and manful thrift on the part of its citizens.

The men who are to-day the most successful in the business life of Canada and the United States, are almost a unit in testifying to the value of personal habits of thrift as the foundation of their fortunes; and hundreds of them have also within the last two or three years given advice to the rising generation to avoid the speculative craze that is now abroad. What these masters in the business world say is fairly sure to have reason and truth in it. Steady industry, prudent expenditure, and systematic saving, are the three stepping-stones to success. Hoarding is not the wisest saving; there are many forms of investment that are safely open to any amount of capital, large or small. But thrift and restless speculation are not compatible. Recent events in financial circles in Canada have shown the undesirability of stocks, except for those who can afford the game, while they have also accentuated the importance of personal thrift.

HALIBURTON'S ENTRANCE INTO GOOD SOCIETY

By WM. HAMILTON OSBORNE

WHEN Lord Southdown died, his surviving family was the center at once of that typical tragedy of English life that springs from the genteel habit of entailing properties.

The instant that the breath left his body, he and his were immediately stripped of the title to the famous Southdown estates in land. For these vast estates had been conferred by some ancestor upon Lord Southdown and upon his heirs male.

Heirs male he lacked, and while his soul was fluttering away, the title to the lands hovered for an instant in the air and then swooped down upon a distant relative—some remote Southdown unknown even to the late incumbent.

Lord Southdown was not childless, for he left behind him the Honorable Peggy Southdown, fair, slender, and some nineteen years of age. And he left also his worthy sister, the Honorable Carolina Southdown, a gentle spinster of resource and tact. But when this gentle spinster began to realize, as she did soon after her brother's death, that her brother's entire wealth was now the property of someone else, her tact and her resource seemed incontinently to abandon her. However, she kept the news from her fair and slender niece.

"If it were not for Peggy," she kept exclaiming to herself, "I would not mind. I could get along. But Peggy—" With a mist floating before her eyes the tender-hearted spinster watched her young niece as she swung along the green.

"We certainly must do something," wailed Aunt Carolina to herself. "What can we do—what can we do? Poor Peggy. She'll know it all too soon. I must keep it from her while I can."

One day the Honorable Carolina was exceedingly beflustered to receive a formal looking package by post. When she had opened it, however, she uttered a sigh of relief. It was a brief note from the London solicitors of the new Lord Southdown stating that his client would refrain from demanding possession of his estates until some time during the middle of the summer.

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated Aunt Carolina, "this gives us plenty of time to turn around. And now I must get my wits together and arrange some plan of action."

Lady Carolina was good at arranging anything, and she was past mistress in the art of planning, but the present situation put her to it beyond any experience that she had ever had. Aunt Carolina was not a woman with an immobile face, and though she told herself that she was keeping her secret well and safely from the Honorable Peggy, this same Peggy finally put two and two together.

"Poor Aunt Carolina," she said to herself when she found it out, "what will she ever do?"

Now, on a certain memorable day in her career, Aunt Carolina shut herself up in her rooms in the east wing, and surreptitiously untied a bundle. When she did so, every daily paper in the Kingdom fell out of it, and Aunt Carolina began her systematic search for profitable and dignified employment. In the very first paper she tackled a small notice in a corner attracted her attention. She read it through and then gasped with horror.

"Dear me," she exclaimed, "that any gentlewoman would so demean herself. Wait, let me read that over again." Then, after reading it, she shook her head.

"No, no," she exclaimed, "that would never, never do. I could never do it, and if Peggy ever found it out—"

She continued her perusal, but ever and anon she returned to that small notice.

"I wonder if it would be so bad," she reasoned. "Perhaps I could manage to keep it from Peggy after all. And I could tell her that—that they were—were distant cousins, or old school friends—or anything." She glanced about uncertainly. "It is just awful to think of it, but why not, after all. Needs must when—when there's Peggy to be considered. And we'll have

four months more here, and in that time, why—" Aunt Carolina rose and taking a pair of scissors from her workbox, cut out the little notice. "I'll do it," she continued firmly. "It is awful, but I'll do it."

* * * * * *

Haliburton was a young man, who, for a time at least, had nothing to do. He sat at one of the windows of his rather expensive London lodgings, yawned once or twice or thrice, and then rose and stretched his arms above his head, after the manner of young men when all alone. He frowned.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "this is the first time in many years that I've had absolutely nothing to do. I feel like a cat in a strange garret."

He was a strong individual with a bronzed complexion. His attire was of the cut and fashion of the season, but there was about him an unconventionality of movement and appearance that set him just a bit apart from other London men.

"Nothing to do for the first time in years," he repeated. He reseated himself listlessly at the window and picked up a morning paper which, with the exception of the advertisements, he had already read through. Under the circumstances, therefore, he tackled the advertisements. With a curiosity that would have done credit to a Yankee or a woman, he first examined that column of the paper which, in America, and in England, too, contains personals, spicy and otherwise; those delicate bits of inquiry and answers inserted by ladies desiring husbands and by gentlemen desiring wives; by sportive youths who, having seen for the first time, upon a tramcar or a coach, some object of especial admiration, seek to extend their admiration into acquaintance, and acquaintance into friendship.

Half way down the column he paused with his finger on the page. "This one," he said aloud, "is not quite so nervy as the rest. By Jove, I'll answer one or two of these. It will give me a good sort of entertainment, and who knows—" he added with a laugh, "it may get me into good society, after all."

The published notice that he had selected read about like this:

> EXCLUSIVE member of nobility will introduce into exclusive society gentleman or lady of wealth. Instruction in etiquette. Recommendation as to character required. Terms must be of the most liberal kind. Applicants must be persons of some refinement; strangers from other countries preferred. Address, Dowager, this office.

This young man with nothing to do—and therefore being a fit agency for the preparation of mischief—immediately answered this and one other such notice.

Two days later, by appointment, he entered the Metropole in London, and with but little hesitation, he picked out a sprightly little lady who seemed to be expecting him. He doffed his hat and bowed.

"I am 'Young American,'" he announced. The lady blushed. "And you?" he enquired.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady somewhat flustered, "dear me. Yes, I—I am 'Dowager.' There."

Now Haliburton was taken somewhat aback, for originally he had expected that 'Dowager' would turn out to be some coarse representative of the upper crust whose sole claim to gentility and refinement lay in title, and the former possession of some wealth. But this, which he had started as a joke, he found to be too serious an affair, when he realized that he was dealing with a woman whose breeding was of the best. And the Honorable Carolina Southdown, on her part, was quite as agreeably surprised, when she looked at this young "American."

Aunt Carolina, looking into the face of Haliburton, felt herself impelled to tell him all. And she did it—she gave him the whole story from beginning to end.

"And now," she asked him as she finished, "what would you have done yourself?"

Haliburton bowed. "Your course," he said deferentially and with a world of genuine respect in his manner, "was the only course left to pursue." Aunt Carolina breathed a sigh of relief.

"And now," continued Haliburton, with a strange smile on his face, for he had sud-

only to go through with the part he was playing, "the question is, may I come, and if so, when?"

In twenty minutes more the parties to this compact had exchanged references, which were satisfactory on both sides, and Aunt Carolina, the spinster "Dowager," and Haliburton, the "Young American," had gone their several ways. But young Haliburton was not yet satisfied. "While I am about it," he said to himself, "I may just as well run down this other one. There's a possibility that there'll be some fun in that one."

A short time later, in another part of the town, he stepped up to a young and business-like person. "I beg your pardon," he inquired, "but is this—er—that is, are you Miss 'Church Mouse?'"

The young lady rose hastily and looked at him. "Yes," she returned, "but—but—there must be some mistake. My notice referred solely to members of the feminine ——"

"Sex," responded Haliburton, "exactly, but—"

"And," went on the young lady, "your answer was signed 'Mary Witherspoon.'"

Haliburton blushed. "Exactly," he went on, somewhat awkwardly, "one—one of my *noms de plume*—er—I should say, *noms de* ——— is——"

The young lady, whose poise was excellent, executed a curt little bow.

"Good day, Miss Mary Witherspoon," she said. And then immediately turned upon her heel and left him.

"Now," said Aunt Carolina Southdown, two days later, to Haliburton as they drove in from the station, "you—you will not forget that you are one of the Haliburtons of Hertfordshire, and the only son—of my mother's cousin. It is quite important, I assure you, for my niece knows nothing of ——"

"I understand," replied Haliburton gravely, "I shall respect your wish."

"——," continued Aunt Carolina, some short time later, to her niece, "this ——— is William Haliburton, [illegible] cousin, whom I mentioned to ——"

Haliburton, who had been standing, apparently [illegible] upon the ground, made an obeisance. Then he looked at the girl for the first time. As he did so, he started. So did the girl.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Haliburton, "I —I'm very glad to meet you. Our people in Hertfordshire so often speak of you."

The Honorable Peggy smiled. "And you," she said genially, "do not seem a total stranger, for singularly enough, you bear a strong resemblance to a London girl I know."

Haliburton winced, but the girl kept on. "That London girl," she said, "is Miss Mary Witherspoon." Then even as she had done in London, she turned and went away.

Haliburton, who had brought some of his luggage down, felt, as he looked about upon the old Southdown estate, and as he kept in mind the countenance of Miss Peggy, that he was beyond question making his debut into good society.

The Honorable Peggy was quite as fond of fun as was Haliburton himself, but for that fact might have held herself aloof from him. But she understood the situation at a glance, and realized the fact that Aunt Carolina, in her concern for her niece, had done quite the same underhanded thing that her niece had done for her.

Therefore, by way of no harm, at dinner that evening the Honorable Peggy, who had spent a good hour in the solitude of her room, examining several bulky volumes under the letter H, this irrepressible young lady plunged forthwith into an animated discussion of that portion of the Kingdom known by the name of Hertfordshire. Haliburton winced, and so did Aunt Carolina. But Haliburton was a fairly good liar, and he plied his avocation unblushingly.

Lady Carolina, true to her engagement, announced her intention of introducing "Cousin William Haliburton," as she called him, into the neighboring exclusive society of the immediate vicinity, but Haliburton begged off. He explained that he was bashful, nervous, timid and unused to the ways of the upper world, and that he desired more time to prepare himself.

As a matter of fact, he confided to himself that before entering upon his active [illegible] career a considerable amount of daily instruction by the Honorable Peggy would

not be amiss. The Honorable Peggy, whose appreciation of the circumstances, made her a bit more unconventional than usual, kept him on the *qui vive,* and amused herself by calling him by the name of Witherspoon.

Time flew for Haliburton. And as for the Honorable Peggy—well, that's another question.

One day, late in June, however, Aunt Carolina took her youthful niece into the library and closed the doors.

"Now, my dear," she said, and she said it apprehensively, "I have something to tell you. Lord Southdown is expected here in just about a week. Lord Southdown, my dear," she continued, placing her arm about her young charge, "is—is the owner of—of all that there is to Southdown, our Southdown."

The Honorable Peggy never winked. "Of course," she responded.

Aunt Carolina gasped. "I knew it all along," said Peggy. Aunt Carolina gasped again. "I've always known it," went on Peggy.

Aunt Carolina nearly fainted. "My dear, dear child," she said, "how did you ever bear it?"

The Honorable Peggy waived this suggestion aside. "And so, Aunt Carolina," she said, "it is up to us to go."

Aunt Carolina was puzzled. "Up—to—us," she repeated.

"Exactly," responded Peggy, "that's an Americanism of Miss Witherspoon's?"

"Miss Witherspoon's?" repeated Aunt Carolina.

"I beg your pardon," said Peggy, "I—I meant Mr. William Haliburton. What I meant was that we must get out."

She said it with such indifference of manner that Aunt Carolina rose and struck her small hands sharply together. "I—am—so—glad," she gasped in joy, "that you take it that way, Peggy."

"We shall move to London, my dear," explained her aunt, "and Cousin William Haliburton will take lodgings with us. He is anxious that I should take him under my wing—and, in short, my dear, I think that we shall get along very well."

Lord Southdown was due on the first day of July. He did not arrive. Aunt Carolina would not leave until she had in her old-fashioned way welcomed the new incumbent. But as they were sure he would turn up on the second, they took a sort of formal leave of the old place on the evening of the first.

At dusk that evening, as Aunt Carolina sat beneath the shelter of the porch, Cousin William Haliburton and the Honorable Peggy strolled about the grounds. Suddenly Haliburton touched her on the arm.

"Whither does this lead?" he asked, pointing to a path.

"It leads nowhere," answered Peggy, "that is Lover's Lane."

"Dear me," responded Haliburton, "we must take a farewell of this, too." He led her gently down the path, and then when they had reached the end, without a word of warning, he placed his arms about her. She tried to step back, but he would not let her.

"Dear little girl," he whispered in her ear, "there ought to be none but lovers in this Lover's Lane."

The Honorable Peggy trembled, but she did not move. "I—don't—believe—there—are," she said, reluctantly, with downcast eyes. Haliburton caught her wildly, joyfully, and kissed her.

"At last," he murmured lightly, "I am in good society."

It was some time later that the Lover's Lane crowd entered the presence of Aunt Carolina Southdown. That genteel spinster was in a state of agitation. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "just look at this." She thrust forward a daily paper. On its first page these lines greeted their sight:

MISSING.

Lord Southdown cannot be found. Fails to keep appointment with solicitor and chambers found deserted. Alarm sent out.

"Dear me," continued Aunt Carolina, "and to-morrow he was to be here and—. And now, perhaps, he may not come. Dear me."

The Honorable Peggy clapped her hands. "May he never come," she exclaimed. Haliburton shook his head. "That's pretty rough—on him," he suggested.

"And here," went on Aunt Carolina, "is a special letter from his London solicitor, in which he tells me that though Lord Southdown lived abroad for the last three years, he had returned to London some time ago, and had made a positive engagement with the firm to come down with them yesterday or the day before.

He never appeared, and they found his chambers completely deserted. The lawyer thinks that his client has been kidnapped, but is coming down here himself, to take possession in his client's name, I expect him any moment. For all I know, this may be him now."

Aunt Carolina was right. The wheels had no sooner come to a stop outside than a hurried ring was heard at the door, and a little stout man bustled into the room. He was the solicitor.

"Well, ma'am," he started in to say, "This is a dreadful—" Then of a sudden he stopped short and stared at Haliburton.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed, looking at that gentleman through his spectacles, "what the deuce are you doing down here?"

Haliburton smiled. "Who has a better right?" he answered, holding tight to Honorable Peggy, "than Lord Southdown on Lord Southdown's domain?"

Aunt Carolina looked up in alarm. The Honorable Peggy felt so faint that she had to cling to the young man at her side.

"Are you—are you," she gasped feebly, "are you Lord Southdown?"

"Exactly," answered the young man.

"Why in heaven's name didn't you keep your engagement? Why did you disappear?" asked the lawyer.

Peggy started in some alarm, "Dear me," she exclaimed, "doesn't he—doesn't he keep his engagements? Dear me, I—"

Lord Southdown gently took her hand.

"Haliburton," he explained to her, "was my mother's family name—it is the name I used to hide my identity in a country where titles are everything—if you have the right kind of a title. My title over there was 'Haliburton of the Fourteenth Ward.'" He drew himself up formally. "Mr. Bolton," he announced, "allow me to present to you the future Lady Southdown, the future mistress of the estates."

The Honorable Peggy's eyes twinkled.

"Lady Southdown!" she exclaimed. "Dear me," she said to the young man at her side, "you are getting into good society."

THE KING EDWARD HOTEL

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

THE establishment of a modern hotel is a very serious proposition. Time was when travellers demanded nothing more than simple comfort at the hands of "mine host." A cosy dining room, a bright fire, a well-cooked meal, and a soft bed, these were sufficient. The mere appearance of things was of small account.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. In docile obedience to the example set by Paris and New York, the civilized world has made show and splendor esssential features of metropolitan hostelries, the Waldorf-Astoria of the latter city having attained an unquestioned pre-eminence in this particular.

Ever since Toronto began to recover from the ill effects of her foolish land boom, it was generally felt that she was in sore need of a first-class up-to-date hotel, for without in anywise disparaging those already in existence, they could not be considered to answer this description. Montreal had her "Windsor," and Quebec her "Chateau Frontenac," even far-away Vancouver had, in the Canadian Pacific Hotel, an establishment of which she might justly boast. The onus, therefore, lay upon the Queen City to provide for the accommodation of her visitors a caravansery that should be in keeping with her dignity and status.

To Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, who has so high a reputation upon both the Stock Exchange and the yachting course, belongs the credit of initiating the enterprise. Through his efforts the Toronto Hotel Company was incorporated, in the year 1899, with an authorized capital of $1,500,000, and the right to issue bonds to a similar amount. The bonds were soon placed to the amount of $500,000, and the site of the present hotel secured.

Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, a United States architect, was then comissioned to prepare the plans, and energetic endeavors were put forth to effect the construction of the hotel in accordance with them, the expectation being that some of the leading American hotel-men might be induced to rent the hotel at a sufficient amount to pay the interest on the bonds. But after extended negotiations on the part of Mr. Jarivs with United States trust companies, and with the proprietors of some of the best hotels, it became apparent in the autumn of 1900 that the scheme could not be financed in that way, and was consequently in danger of coming to nought.

At this juncture, Mr. George Gooderham stepped into the breach, making known his readiness to assume the undertaking, and secure or provide the funds necessary for the purpose, and with him was associated Mr. Thomas Gibbs Blackstock, who has since then been the master spirit of the enterprise. This was in October, 1900, and early in the following year the Board of Directors was reorganized at the annual meeting, and remains as then constituted, being composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. George Gooderham, J. W. Langmuir, Robert Jaffray, J. H. Mason, Thomas Gibbs Blackstock, W. G. Gooderham, W. R. Brock, D. Coulson, Aemilius Jarvis, and W. D. Matthews.

Upon a careful consideration of the plans and specifications it became clear that in order to meet the expectations of the public, the hotel would have to be considerably enlarged, and the specifications re-cast, and as Mr. Cobb resided out of the country, and could not give his personal attention to the work, it was decided to commit it to Mr. Edward J. Lennox, who had made so brilliant a success of the City Hall, under whose direction a much more extensive and elaborate edifice was planned out.

The contract for its construction was let in May, 1901, to Messrs. Illsley & Horn, and called for a six-storey building at a cost of $787,000. Subsequently the addition of two more stories, and other alterations increased the cost by nearly $400,000.

According to the contract, the building

was to be completed by May, 1902, but, owing to difficulties of various kinds which could not be avoided, extensions had to be granted from time to time that ultimately amounted to another year. The cost increased in like manner, owing to sundry additions and improvements, so that in the end the total reached $1,500,000, or nearly twice the original figure.

As the capital provided by the Toronto Hotel Company had proved quite inadequate to meet these enlarged demands, in May, 1902, the bonded indebtedness was increased from $1,500,000 to $1,800,000, Mr. Gooderham subscribing for all the bonds over and above the $500,000 issued at the time of the purchase of the site.

Later on, however, it became apparent that still further funds would be required, and in July, 1902, the King Edward Hotel Company, Limited, was incorporated, with a capital of $500,000. This company undertook to complete the hotel, and furnish and operate it, accepting in payment the second mortgage bonds of the Toronto Hotel Company. Its capital was subsequently increased to $1,000,000, the whole of the stock being subscribed by Mr. Gooderham.

The King Edward Hotel Company carried the enterprise to a successful completion at a total expenditure of land and building of $2,000,000, and for furnishing and supplies of nearly $500,000 more. Mr. Thomas Gibbs Blackstock is the president, Mr. George H. Gooderham, the vice-president, and Messrs. W. G. Gooderham, Dr. J. T. W. Ross, and W. H. Brouse, the directors of this company. The hotel was opened to the public in the month of May, 1903.

During the year previous to this, Mr. Blackstock had been busy arranging for the furnishing of the great structure, which it determined should be upon a scale of elegance and luxury unexampled in Canada, and not surpassed by the best hotels abroad. [illegible] to the [illegible] and the ordinary bedrooms, the furniture was purchased through Messrs. John Kay, Son, & Co., of Toronto, one-half of it being obtained in the United States, and the other half in Canada. For the Rotunda, the barroom, the various parlours, and the spacious corridors, as well as for the royal and bridal suites, and a score or more of the principal bedrooms, the furniture was supplied by the famous firm of Maple & Co., of London, being selected by Mr. Blackstock, with the assistance of Mr. Colonna, the well-known art connoisseur of Paris.

Situated as it is upon King Street, the main artery of the city, and having a clear frontage besides upon Victoria and Colborne Streets, the King Edward possesses a location that for convenience of access, and command of light and air leaves nothing to be desired.

The architecture of the exterior is modified classic, blended with the Italian Renaissance, the latter being particularly emphasized in the two topmost stories. The idea is that of a pedestal base, a body or shaft, and a frieze or entablature, and it has been most effectively and harmoniously carried out.

The first storey is built of Indiana limestone, the next five stories of cream-colored pressed brick with terra-cotta trimmings, and the other two wholly terra-cotta.

In its interior construction the hotel is absolutely fire-proof, the frame-work being of steel, the walls of terra-cotta, and fire-brick, and the floors of tiles or cement. There are no wooden partitions or floors in the building. Even in the bedrooms the floors are of cement, and the carpets laid upon them.

The general impression given by the hotel in regard to both its exterior and interior is that of substantial richness, and solid comfort. There is an utter absence of tawdry decoration or empty splendor, for, although the money has been spent upon it without stint, the one aim has been to ensure the ease and restfulness of the guests.

In this connection may be noted something of an innovation for which Mr. Blackstock is responsible. Hitherto in hotels the Rotunda has been practically monopolized by the men, and for that reason its furnishings have been of an essentially masculine character. But Mr. Blackstock determined

that the time had come for a change, and that the King Edward should be the pioneer therein. He accordingly had the Rotunda furnished in such a way as to constitute it an attractive and luxurious lounging-place for the ladies, not less than the gentlemen. Instead of the familiar leather-covered chairs, such as men affect, there has been provided a plentitude of most inviting arm-chairs, and sofas, covered with genuine oriental rugs, and interspersed with pretty rattan chairs, which are scarcely less seductive. The tesselated floor, moreover, has many islands of soft rich rugs, beside which wide-spreading palms uplift their refreshing verdure, and the whole effect is one of cosiness to a remarkable degree. During the colder months of the year, the Rotunda in particular will surely be the most popular part of the hotel for both sexes.

Owing to the advantage of its site, and the plan of its construction, all the bedrooms of the King Edward have a clear outlook, and those in the two highest stories command views of the city and water-front which render them especially desirable. These are all furnished so as to secure the acme of comfort, very many of them having bathrooms attached. The bedsteads are for the most part of burnished brass, but in the royal and bridal, and some other suites, they are of a rubbed mahogany which has an extremely pleasing effect.

The carpetings of the bedrooms, and the upper halls has been carried out upon a novel but very successful plan. Instead of having a large variety of patterns on the one hand, or a monotonous sameness on the other, Mr. Blackstock decided to select two simple, yet effective patterns, and have these made up in five different colors, viz., crimson, blue green, gold, and brown, the design being brought out by lighter and deeper shades, and each carpet having but one color.

These carpets, which are of the finest quality of Brussels, were specially manufactured by Messrs. Humphries, of England, and, of course, any of them can be duplicated at short notice.

The main halls and corridors are covered with Oriental rugs in bewildering variety of size and shape and beauty of design, that are very grateful to the foot, as well as productive of an appearance of comfort and cosiness not to be obtained by any other floor covering. Some of these rugs are fully fifty feet in length.

It is not sufficient, however, to provide only a splendid edifice luxuriously furnished in order to meet the demands of the travelling public. The hotel that relied upon these qualities alone would soon be empty. No less necessary is competent management, and in order to ensure this the Company was at great pains to select for the important position of manager one whose career and reputation constituted a guarantee of his fitness to "fill the bill."

Their choice fell upon Mr. William C. Bailey, who in the short time he has been in command has fully demonstrated its wisdom. Mr. Bailey's experience in hotel affairs covers nearly a quarter-of-a-century, and includes connections with such renowned establishments as the St. Nicholas, of Cincinnati, Sherry's of New York, the Palmer House of Chicago, and the management of the Great Northern, and Metropole of the same city, the last-named being in his hands for eight years previous to his coming to Toronto.

He is fortunate in having an able assistant in Mr. Angus Gordon, from the Hotel Victoria, of New York, and the large office staff includes Mr. H. S. Tibbs, so well-known in connection with the Queen's Hotel for many years. The total number of employees of all grades and capacities already reaches 325, and will probably have to be increased in the near future.

A department that is of exceeding interest to all, and particularly to the feminine portion of the community, but of course is not open to public view, is that over which Signor Gaetano Rascio presides. The Signor is an undoubted *cordon bleu*, who has had many and strange experiences in different parts of the world before coming to Toronto to delight the palates of the King Edward's guests. He has been *chef* upon the British flag-ship *Agamemnon* and upon the United States man-of-war *Omaha*. He has served under Delmonico, and has ruled

the roost at the Century Club, but most notable of all, he was chief cook for General Louis Blanc, when that redoubtable warrior held the reins of power in Venezuela, and now, with the assistance of a staff of seventy-five, he has settled down to the less prosaic, but perhaps more profitable, duty of preparing dainty dishes for the fortunate guests of the King Edward.

The kitchen itself, with its elaborate equipment, is a marvel of its kind. Floors, walls, and ceilings, are of spotless white tiles which can gather neither dust nor dirt, and every conceivable convenience is provided for the busy toilers in white.

The hotel has its own refrigerating and ice-making plant, and this makes possible a series of cold chambers in which all sorts of things good to eat and drink can be preserved. As with the main kitchen, these chambers are all of glistening white tiles, and a tour of them can hardly fail to fill one with the desire to dine at the King Edward as many times as one's purse may permit.

The beautiful paintings which constitute the chief decoration of the Rotunda were executed by Mr. Wm. Dodge, of Paris, under the direction of the Tiffany Company, of New York, and, appropriately enough, represent important scenes in Canadian history.

Commencing at the front, or King Street entrance, to the hotel, and passing to the left, the first picture is directly over the elevator doors. This scene is one which will ever be fresh in the minds and hearts of all Canadians. It depicts the night before the historic battle on the Plains of Abraham, when General Wolfe defeated Montcalm, and asserted British possession. Wolfe is represented standing in the stern of a small boat, repeating to his staff and men the lines of Gray's "Elegy." Historically, the night was dark, but, with the artist's license, Mr. Dodge has shown the moon between dark clouds, large war vessels in the distance, and just a faint reproduction of a large flotilla of smaller boats.

Over the clerk's desk and office is a very large work, it being nearly twenty feet long. It is of a much earlier period. Here the scene is also Quebec, but at the time when M. de Courcelle was Governor of Canada. At that time the King of France was offering inducements to French women to come to Canada to become wives of the settlers. The artist has chosen the arrival of two large vessels containing some hundreds of these girls. De Courcelle and de Tracy, commander of the French forces, are, with soldiers and settlers, greeting the new arrivals on the beach. Sailors are standing in the water to their hips, making the safe arrival of the boats sure. The ladies are dressed in their best, presumably for the purpose of creating, womanlike, as good an effect as possible. The hardy soldiers and sons of the soil awaiting their prospective brides are portrayed with excellent truth.

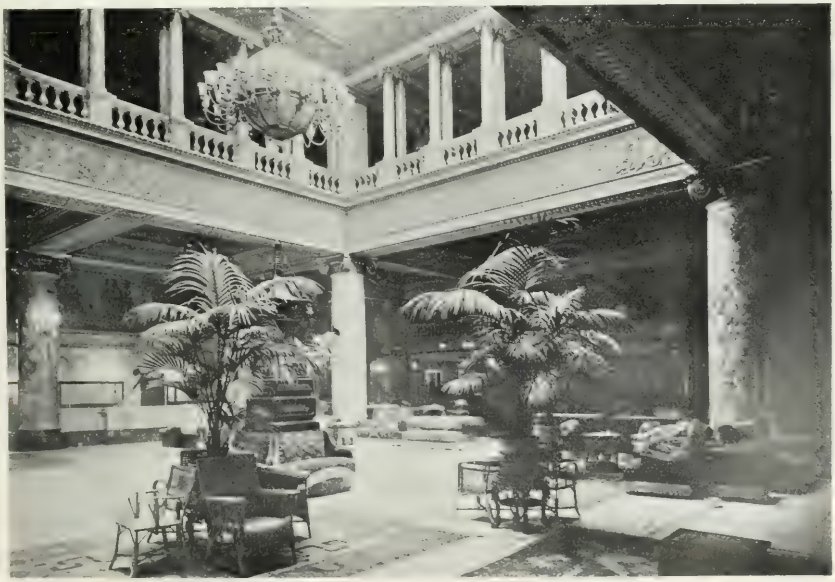
The one over the fireplace is more of an allegorical subject. In the centre is a commanding group of Indians, with arms outstretched protesting against the invasion of their territory by the English and French, who are shown on either side of the picture by groups of soldiers with the flag of their respective countries, and an officer with drawn sword in his hand.

The last one of the series is over the ticket office, to the right of the main door. This is also a Canadian historical event, the landing of John Cabot and his son on the coast of Labrador, in 1497. The old galleys portrayed in this picture look particularly quaint, and the dark and sullen appearance of the dreary coast, tends to make one fancy that Cabot could not have thought a great deal of the new country he had found.

It only now remains to note that on the ground floor, and in immediate connection with the lobby and Rotunda, are such needful accessories as a bank, a railway ticket office, cigar and news stand, barber shop, drug store, confectionery counter, and curio establishment, so that the real or imaginary wants of the guests may be readily met with the least trouble to themselves.

Thus the King Edward is complete in every respect, and stands as a monument to the enterprise of Mr. Gooderham, and Mr. Blackstock, to the architectural ability of Mr. Lennox, as an honor to the city, and a boon to the travelling public, which cannot fail of due appreciation.

KING EDWARD HOTEL, TORONTO



THE ROTUNDA

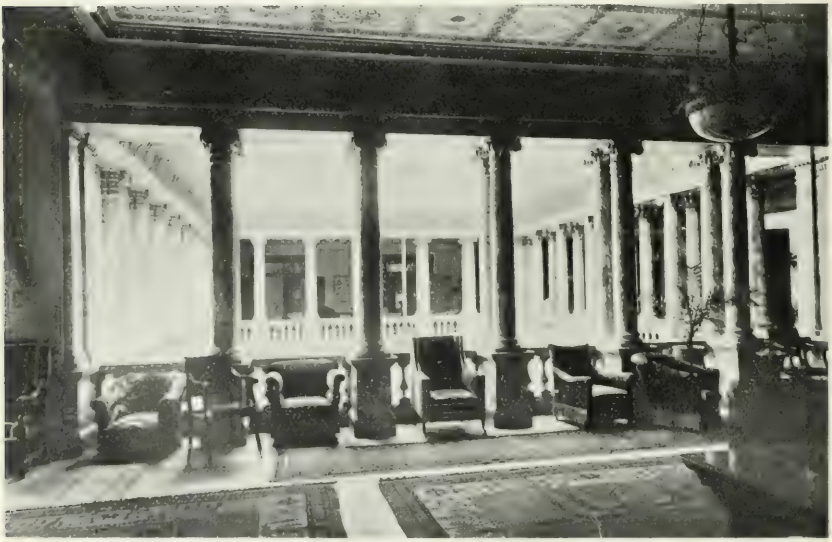
BANQUET AND RECEPTION ROOM

LADIES' PRIVATE PARLOR

THE GRILL ROOM

LADIES' RECEPTION ROOM

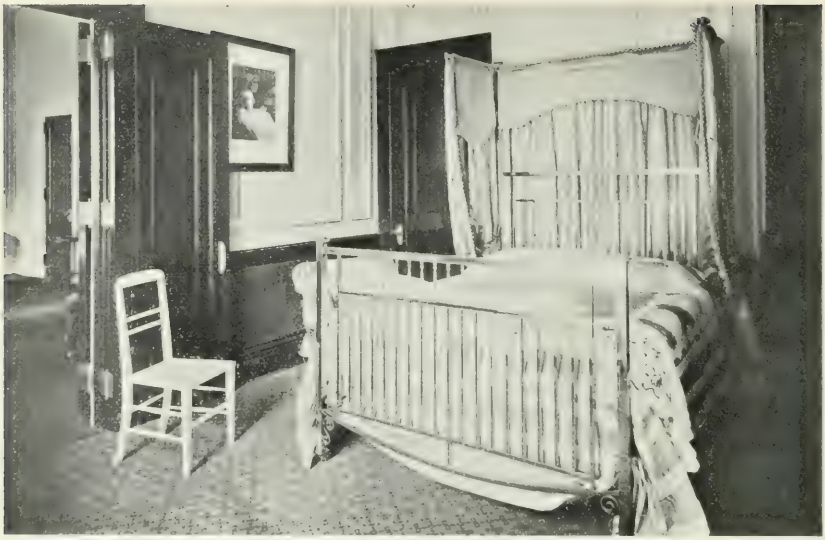
ROYAL SUITE PARLOR



LADIES' LOUNGING ROOM

ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM

THE LADIES' PARLOR



ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM

THE MAIN RESTAURANT

ROYAL SUITE BEDROOM

AMERICAN DINING ROOM

THE BARBER SHOP

BAR AND GENTLEMEN'S CAFE

TORONTO EXHIBITION BUILDINGS

MAIN ENTRANCE TO EXHIBITION GROUNDS—DUFFERIN STREET

DAIRY BUILDING

HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS

TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

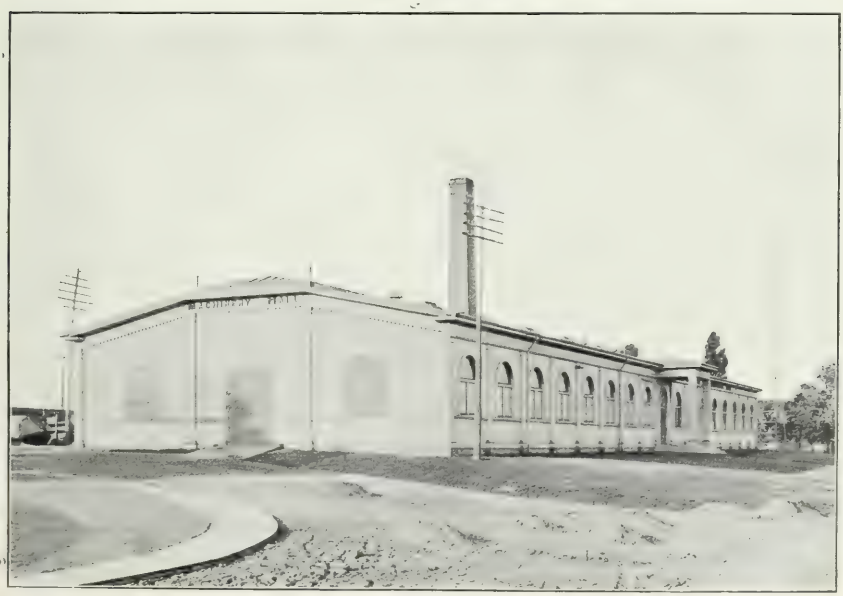
END VIEW NEW MANUFACTURERS' AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

ART GALLERY

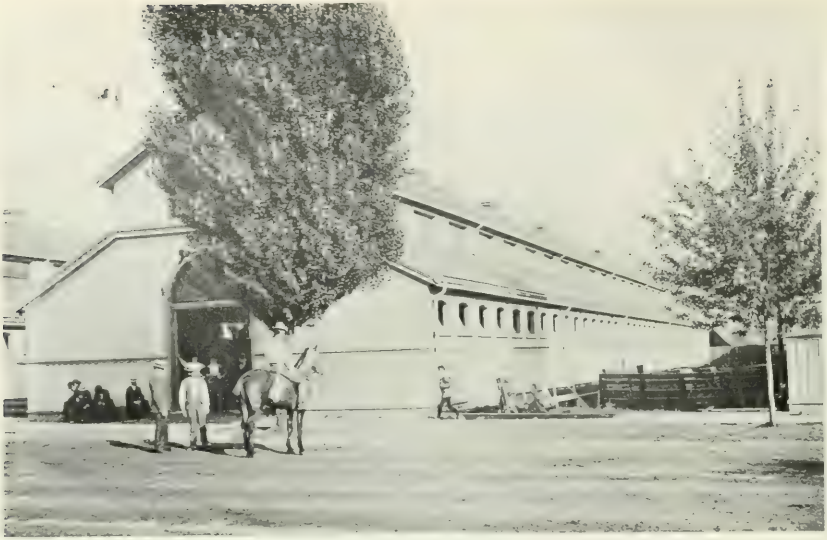
VIEW IN EXHIBITION GROUNDS

DOG SHOW BUILDING

WOMEN'S BUILDING



MACHINERY HALL



ONE OF THE HORSE STABLES

PRIZE CATTLE

C. P. R. EXHIBIT

GRAND-STAND

NEW MANUFACTURERS' AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

VIEW FROM TRANSPORTATION BUILDING

AS A THIEF IN THE NIGHT*

By F. CLIFFORD SMITH

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF PATRICIANS," "A LOVER IN HOMESPUN," ETC.

UPON the little village of St. Angele the north wind bore furiously down, lashing the newly fallen snow into fragments fine as flour, and heaping it in great mounds about the exposed farm dwelling of Jules Crepeau.

It was Shrove Tuesday, and even for the Province of Quebec the weather was unusual in its severity.

The day was almost spent. In two hours more Ash Wednesday would be ushered in —to the French-Canadian habitant a holy day of solemn religious import.

The lowering mood of the night was in striking contrast with the scene of revelry in Farmer Crepeau's cottage; through the quaint dormer windows a score of couples were seen dancing joyously in the great kitchen, while, at short intervals bursts of merry laughter were heard even above the voice of the storm. In one corner of the room, near the glowing box-wood stove, sat the entire orchestra of the district—Fiddler Jean Rousseau. Although fourscore years of age he fiddled with the vim of a man half his age. On every face shone perfect enjoyment.

In a little bedroom, off the kitchen, a different scene was being enacted. On her knees, before a crucifix—on each side of which were lighted candles—was a woman far past middle age. A strangely apprehensive look shone on her face. She prayed feverishly counting her beads with quick nervous energy and gazing imploringly at the holy emblem above her. There was but one burden to her prayer; that all evil influences, of the Prince of Darkness, might be kept from her home, and especially from one most dear to her.

As she ceased her devotions and rose to her feet, the door opened and her husband, Jules Crepeau, entered. Sixty years of tilling the earth had left their marks upon him ; his shoulders drooped perceptibly and his face was deeply lined ; yet withal his eyes were still bright and the expression of his countenance pleasant. As he noted the worried, almost haunted look in his wife's face, a troubled expression came into his eyes and stepping quickly to her side he said, soothingly : "There, there ; how foolish of you to be so afraid. Have I not promised that before the stroke of twelve the dancing shall stop? How then, wife, can there be danger? The blessed church (here he crossed himself) allows us to be merry on Shrove Tuesday; for to-morrow, the beginning of Lent, there will be forty days of fasting and penance."

Madame Crepeau looked at him with troubled gaze for a moment, and then said, in a voice that faltered with fear: "Yes, I know the church allows us to feast and be merry this day; but, Jules," she laid her hand imploringly on his arm, "it is always dangerous to keep the merrymaking and dancing up too late. Suppose there should be a mistake and that the dance should not stop before twelve, then—then—"

She drew nearer to him in fear, her face turned towards the window, as though she dreaded some evil influence without.

Her husband's arms were now about her: "It is but a tale, wife," he said uneasily, "and the Evil One cannot do injury to us should the dance, by accident, chance not to stop at the dawn of the holy day."

"Hush, Jule, hush!" she placed her hand quickly on his lips to stop further words. "You know," she went on vehemently, that it is not a tale; it is true, true as the blessed church itself. You remember

*[This story is founded upon a weird French-Canadian legend still widely believed in by habitants in the Province of Quebec.]

twenty years ago to-night," her voice sank to a whisper, "when Narcisse Durand kept up the dance into Ash Wednesday——"

"Wife, wife——"

Ah, you remember and fear as I do. It is now in your memory that at one o'clock in the morning, when Narcisse left the dance to go and bring in wood, he never returned to the house again alive; he was found near the wood-pile, dead, a look of horror on his face." As she ceased she wrung her hands in keen distress.

Her husband stood in silence at her side, uneasily pulling at his unkept beard.

With an impulsive gesture his wife turned quickly to him again. "Somehow, Jule," she broke out breathlessly, "I dread for our daughter Marie, to-night. The others that were born to us are now all married or dead. She is the only one left. Yesterday she was nineteen. Would to the Virgin she were married to her lover, Paul Dumochel." Here the mother sighed, and continued. "Poor Paul, how she tries him with her winsome changeful ways—even more, Jule, than she does us." Again her tone changed and she said with apprehension: "What, Jule, if Marie should insist upon continuing the dance for a few moments after midnight. Oh, I dare not think of it."

She was now weeping on her husband's shoulder in poignant distress.

In a strangely subdued way old Jule sat down and drew her to a seat by his side. With his arm about her they sat listening to the sounds of merriment in the room beyond, and to the riotous cries of the storm without. An unusual depression crept over them as the minutes sped by.

"Come," he said presently. He drew her gently to her feet, and then, silently, side by side, they entered the great kitchen where the dancing was in progress.

"Tak yo' partners fo' de nex' dance," came in quaint broken English (there were those who did not speak French) from Jean Rousseau as he twanged the strings of his ancient fiddle in the forlorn hope of getting it somewhat into tune.

In a twinkling all was commotion, and there was a scurrying round for partners.

Paul Dumochel, true as the needle to the magnet, strode towards where Marie was sitting—she was to be his life partner and his devotion to the wilful winsome maid had for long been a theme of comment in the village.

And of a truth any maid might have been proud of such a lover. Even in his homespun suit he was a striking figure. Six feet two in height he towered perceptibly over all the other guests. His great strength was known for miles around. If somewhat rugged his features were well modelled; courage, and joy in his young manhood, shone in the quick glance of his dark eyes.

In a corner of the room, somewhat apart from the guests, sat the object of all his hopes and ambitions—Marie. Standing in front of her was a young man; from his gestures he was evidently asking her to be his partner in the dance about to be formed. It was on her lips to explain that she had promised the dance to Paul Dumochel when she chanced to glance down the room and saw the anxious Paul striding in her direction with a haste and concern on his face that amused her. In an instant the spirit of mischief took possession of her, and rising impulsively she took the arm of the young man who desired her for the dance.

The next moment the orchestra broke into a droning waltz, and just as Paul reached her side she was being whirled away. Her bright witching brown eyes flashed into Paul's for a moment and then she was gone.

From where she sat the anxious mother had noticed her daughter's wilful action, and in some unaccountable way it accentuated the depression she had no longer the power to throw off.

Poor wounded Paul!

He stood where she had left him, an angry bitter feeling filling his heart. For the first time in his life it came to him that there was something painfully inharmonious and out of tune with the playing of Fiddler Rousseau. After a time he sat down and gazed with rebellious spirit at the floor.

Several times she passed him, and had he looked up he would have seen her roguish

face turned somewhat penitently in his direction; his thoughts, however, were engaged with a plan that was to work deep sorrow for them both, and so he saw not the mute appeals for forgiveness.

Never during the years he had known her had he flirted with another girl in the village. Why not now pay her back in her own coin? Might it not cure her of her propensity to flirt—a failing of hers that had caused him unnumbered heart aches.

Before the dance had ended he had mapped out an unusual course to pursue during the remainder of the evening.

"We now tak time for eat some refreshment."

The fiddler, without warning, abruptly laid down his instrument as he called out the welcome announcement. The whirl of figures ceased; a buzz of voices mingled with laughter was heard through the room, and soon the men were carrying refreshments to and fro.

Among those who assisted was Paul Dumochel. First to one shy Miss, and then another, he hurried with a load of good things, his merry laughter and handsome face being welcome everywhere. In some perverse way, though, he never seemed to reach the place where Marie, attended by the young man she had danced with, was sitting. Presently Marie covertly noticed that Paul was paying marked attention to a young woman of the village, of Juno-like figure, whom she had long suspected of having a covert liking for her lover. And now Marie's heart rose in hot rebellion. If she had ever flirted in her life before she would do so now! Ample opportunity was about to be given her.

At last the refreshments were cleared away, and then the voice of the aged floormaster and fiddler rang out again:

"We now have de dance some more."

Sounds of approbation greeted the announcement, but before anyone could rise, the attention of all was turned curiously to the door. There had suddenly rung out, even above the roar of the storm, the distinct ringing of sleigh-bells. The ringing ceased abruptly and then followed a knock at the door. At so late an hour and in such a storm the incident was unusual.

Farmer Crepeau strode quickly to the door and opened it. A young man, apparently about twenty-five, entered.

"I am afraid I have lost the road," he said in cultured French, "and so I made bold enough to knock."

With true French-Canadian hospitality Farmer Crepeau bade him enter. Without hesitation the invitation was accepted.

As the stranger divested himself of his great coat it was seen he was faultlessly clad, and that his station in life must be much different than the simple folk whose hospitality he had sought.

As host and guest walked down the room there was complete silence. With high-bred courtesy the stranger in gracious condescension bowed, first to one and then to another. Just as he was passing where Marie was sitting his dark brilliant eyes caught hers, and he paused for an instant as though surprised. No one save Paul noticed the sudden flush which rose to Marie's cheek.

"Come, come; de dance, de dance."

The orchestra was getting impatient. The fiddler's voice broke the peculiar stillness that had settled down upon the dancers.

In the search for partners which ensued the stranger for the present was forgotten.

Standing between Madame Crepeau and her husband, the wayfarer conversed pleasantly, watching, however, with some interest the different young men, as one after another they selected partners. But his most keen interest, and covert glances, all the while where centred in the direction where Marie sat. With true feminine quickness Marie noted this and her heart beat rapidly. Never before did she remember seeing one so distinguished and stately in her father's home. Despite her interest in the new arrival, however, she waited somewhat anxiously to see if Paul would come to her for this dance after her slighting of him.

But Paul, as yet, had no mind to be in a very gracious mood; and soon to her dismay she saw him go to the centre of the room with the buxom maiden he had been waiting upon. With anger still more intensified against him she involuntarily rose, and scarcely thinking what she did, walked

to where her parents and the stranger were conversing.

She was about to speak to her father when turning to the stranger her father said: "This, Mr. Vaillaincourt, is my daughter, Marie."

The face of the guest beamed with pleasure. "I am an uninvited guest," he said, bowing and addressing Marie. He paused and went on with flattering earnestness, "but I should dearly like to take the privilege of an honored guest and plead with Mademoiselle for this dance."

In a quiet way he turned and looked for assent at Farmer Crepeau.

"My home, Monsieur," said Farmer Crepeau quickly, "would be honored."

Marie's countenance lit up with pleasure.

As the guest and her daughter turned away and joined the dancers Madame Crepeau glanced uneasily across the room at a small clock, with exposed swinging pendulum—the hour was 11.30. "Would to the Virgin," she whispered under her breath, "that twenty-five minutes more had gone, and it were time to stop the dance!" Again she arose and went to the little bedroom off the great kitchen; and once more her husband followed her, depression and unrest stealing over him.

* * * *

What strange temper had come over the dancers? As the minutes sped on and on, and one dance quickly followed another, a very spirit of madness for the dance seemed to possess them. Even Fiddler Rousseau seemed tireless. His withered hands handled violin and bow with an energy unknown to them for a quarter of a century.

And Marie! She was like one enthralled. She seemed veritably to be treading on air as she sped round and round with the distinguished stranger, who had come so unexpectedly among them. But, with all her waywardness, she loved sincere earnest Paul Dumochel; yet had she never known him she could not, in some unaccountable way have so suddenly ceased to think of him. The stranger attracted her as never had man before; about him there was a personality that absorbed her with wondrous witchery. All the time they danced the rich melody of his voice sounded in her ears. He was telling her of himself; of wondrous countries visited; of beauteous lakes mirroring towering mountains; of valleys clothed with tropical flowers and domed with glowing skies. Anon, in the same subtle monotone, he told her of grand palaces and castles where ladies—not so beauteous as she—reigned supreme over unnumbered hearts; gold, jewels and costly raiment about them on every hand—such might be the lot of the one who would become his wife.

Thus she continued to dance, absorbed in the strange new world being opened up before her mind's eye.

But all the time he talked and danced the eyes of the stranger were restlessly seeking the face of the little clock whose tiny pendulum was slowly but surely counting off the remaining minutes that yet separated night from the dawn of the holy day which was of such great import to every heart present.

Presently, as if fatigued, the stranger as though by chance, stopped close to the timepiece. He was still talking; and with bent head she continued to listen, her breath coming and going rapidly. None paid heed to them; the excitement among the dancers was visibly increasing with the approach of midnight.

With tense face Fiddler Rousseau was bent over his instrument, his eyes closed, his lips colorless; the bow was flashing with unabated vigor.

In the scene now revealed in the room, there was that which was both distinctly weird and uncanny.

Had Marie been less enthralled she would have seen the stranger, with a covert deft motion, touch the pendulum of the clock and stop its industry.

The hands pointed to *fifteen minutes of midnight!*

A moment later the stranger's arm was about her again and they mingled with the dancers once more.

Poor Paul. Morose, and with bitter jealousy tugging at his heart he sat apart, he, alone, apparently unaffected by the unnatural excitement about him. Suddenly he started and looked up. Marie and the stranger had just sped by him; to his astonishment he had distinctly heard the stranger

ask his fiancee to cast away the little cross suspended from the beads about her neck.

What did it mean? Paul rose mechanically to his feet, a bewildering dread at his heart. In vain he strove to fathom what motive might underlie the dread request. In his trouble and great disquiet he seized his cap and strode from the house into the storm.

* * * *

In the little bedroom Farmer Crepeau still sat with his wife. But few words had passed between them. The tempestuous night continued to deepen the presentiment of approaching evil which now so thoroughly mastered them.

Twice his wife had asked him if the fingers of the clock did not yet point to five minutes of midnight; and each time her husband had opened the door and peered out through the maze of dancers at the diminutive face of the time-piece. But the burden of years had made his gaze uncertain; he simply saw the minute hand had not arrived at the point so momentous to them. It never, for a moment occurred to him that the clock might *not be going*.

Thus they sat on.

At last he could bear the tension no longer, and was just about to rise and proclaim to the dancers that the merriment must cease, when his attention was attracted to the vibrating and piercing neigh of a horse.

Madame Crepeau sprang nervously to her feet and clung to his arm. The sound had filled her with extreme terror.

Pointing in the direction of the window she said in a hushed, awed voice: "It came from that direction."

With his lips tightly set, and with nerves strung to their utmost tension, he took the lamp off the bureau and walked to the window. Reaching it he drew the curtains aside, and holding the lamp high above his head peered out into the evil night. For a moment nothing was revealed; but moving the lamp so the rays fell in the direction of the house door there was brought to view the horse and sleigh belonging to the stranger. A whispered exclamation of astonishment fell from Farmer Crepeau's lips; the animal, long ago, had been taken to the stable and divested of its harness. How did it happen that it was back in the sleigh again? Had the stranger suddenly decided that he would go on despite the storm? Utterly at sea he was about to turn away from the window when, to his greater astonishment, he saw Paul approaching the animal in a manner that evinced both profound surprise and growing alarm. Again the lamp was held high above his head and he looked nervously on.

A few steps more and the watcher saw Paul reach the animal's side. Then a mysterious and strange thing happened: Paul was seen to throw up his arms in a very paroxysm of dread, and there burst from his lips a cry of mortal horror and fear. Turning he fled towards the house as one possessed.

As the cry reached the little room Madame Crepeau sank on her knees, caught up the cross lying on the bureau and began hysterically to call upon the saints to protect them this terrible night, from the evils without. Between her prayers she besought her husband to cease looking out of the window and hasten to her side.

With ashen face her husband had just heeded her prayers when the door of the little bedroom was thrust suddenly open and Paul staggered in.

Crucifix in hand Madame Crepeau rose to her feet and looked at him in dazed alarm. Paul paid no heed to her. Almost running to her husband's side he seized his arm: "Come, come with me quick, quick!" he cried in an awed voice.

For a moment Farmer Crepeau hesitated, then, without questioning, he followed Paul from the room. A stifled cry of distress from Madame Crepeau reached them both; but they did not pause.

Regardless of the guests and their maddened dancing, the two men glided swiftly to the street door, opened it and passed out.

A little distance from the door the horse and sleigh loomed faintly up. The fury of the storm was now at its height, and as its many menacing voices fell on Farmer Crepeau's ears he drew back as though dreading to go on. The old man made a spectral figure with his long grey hair, beard tossing in the wind, and set white face.

Feeling him draw back Paul grasped his arm, and for a few steps drew him on by sheer force. "For the love of the Saviour hasten," he cried.

With a whispered prayer for heavenly protection Farmer Crepeau went forward.

A few moments more and they were at the side of the sleigh. Then, suddenly pointing at the ground where the horse was standing, Paul cried in quavering voice: "See, look, look!"

For a space Farmer Crepeau saw nothing strange in the gloomy uncertain light, but taking a step closer to the animal and stooping towards the earth the dread and unnerving mystery was revealed to his sight. For a score of feet, about where the animal was standing, the deep hard snow had been melted entirely away—the bare earth, in this spot alone, was distinctly revealed.

With a gasp the old man sprang back. He would have fallen had not Paul caught him. Even in the numbness of his terror it was all clear to him now; the animal belonged to the Fiend of Darkness; and the Evil One, himself, was he, the stranger, they had welcomed and were harboring within—and this, too, at the dawn of holy Ash Wednesday!

As they turned to flee to the house the wild, gruesome neigh of the horse again rang out above the storm. Burning now in Farmer Crepeau's distraught mind was one frantic desire: to stop the dance before midnight arrived; this but accomplished, all machinations of the Evil One must come to naught.

Had the dancers not been under some unnatural spell they must have noticed the abrupt noisy entrance of the two men; but again none paid the slightest heed.

Like a drunken man Farmer Crepeau, with Paul at his side, stumbled to the corner where the little clock stood. As the old man's eyes turned to the face of the clock he uttered a low cry of thanksgiving. Pointing at the time-piece he said huskily: "See, Paul, see, it yet lacks fifteen minutes to midnight. The Blessed Virgin be praised!"

But Paul stood like one stricken. He tried to speak, but no words came. Raising a shaking hand he pointed at the pendulum; it swung to and fro no longer, and instinctively both knew that the midnight hour had come and gone.

The piteousness of it was too much for his years and the tension he had endured: with a choking sob and in suffocating terror Farmer Crepeau, helpless as a child, sank to a chair. His gaze wandered down the room and there, close to the door, was his daughter and the stranger.

Leaving the helpless old man Paul sped across the room and again abruptly entered the little room where Madame Crepeau still waited.

She was before her little shrine again, the cross clasped tightly to her bosom.

As coherently as he could Paul unfolded his direful story, expecting to see her sink to her knees in terror, and as incapacitated to act as the aged sobbing man in the room beyond.

But he realized that a strange thing was happening: instead of tears and cries of terror he saw a wondrous courage and religious enthusiam slowly dawn into the mother's face.

'Ere he had quite ceased, she swept past him, threw open the door, and with the cross extended before her, entered the big room where the dancers were now profaning the holy day. For a moment her excited gaze flashed around the room at the wild scene of revelry, and then they rested on the face of the one she sought to save.

The dread situation was clear to the mother's mind in an instant. The stranger, with Marie at his side, had partially opened the door leading to the road. In Marie's hand was the small crucifix which, at last, she had unclasped from the beads about her neck, and which the stranger, with impetuous pleading, was begging her to cast out into the snow. With this accomplished the mother knew that nothing mortal could save her from the clutches of the Fiend; for all knew that with the blessed cross between him and the object of his evil intent no harm could possibly prevail—hence it was that Marie was being urged to cast away that which stood between her and her soul's salvation.

With a cry that rang through the room, and with the cross high above her head, the frantic mother sprang forward.

For an instant there was a tiny gleam be-

fore the mother's eyes—it was the direful flight of the cross, from Marie's hand, into the night.

And in that instant a dreadful laugh was heard, and Madame Crepeau then saw Satan, himself, standing where the stranger had stood, his gruesome hands outstretched to seize her child.

Truly the prayers of the mother must have counted for much, and the powers of heaven intervened; for just as his hands were closing about Marie another cross pressed to Marie's bosom by a thin wrinkled hand, flashed between the Evil Spirit and his prey.

"Begone! Begone! The cross of Christ separates her from thee!"

The frenzied mother screamed the words in frantic distress. Then, in the abandon of her fear, she struck the Foul Fiend with the holy emblem.

Instantaneously, with the touch of the cross, the spell, which had been cast over the girl, and the hapless dancers, was broken. For a space it was as though the very realms of the lost was let loose in the cottage; for legend hath it that sounds, never heard by human ears before, echoed through the room; that sulphurous fumes choked the air, and then, with blasphemous utterances the Fiend fled before the power of the cross of the Redeemer.

* * * *

There is but little more to tell. Jean Rousseau, the fiddler, lived but a few days after the dreadful night. The evil influence of the spell cast over him, coupled with his age and mad fiddling, had been too much for his strength.

And Marie?—It was months before she recovered from the terror of the night and married faithful Paul Dumochel.

As for Madame Crepeau her wondrous deed, in striking the very Fiend himself with the cross, is repeated even unto this day by the devout French-Canadian habitant.

OLD MISSION IN CALIFORNIA

A FEUD IN THE GREAT SMOKIES

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE.

THIS lamentable episode in the lady-conquering career of Clayton T. Spriggs, Adonis of the sample-cases, had its prologue the day after Thanksgiving. Young Joe Rutherford was coming back from Asheville in an accommodation smoker, and Spriggs and another "commercial gentleman" were occupying the seat in front of him; before long their conversation began to enter interestingly into the ears of that seventeen-year-old son of the mountains.

"Mind, it's a different proposition from handlin' *men,* Willie," Clayton T. was explaining; "I can size a man up at the first look, while I got to *study* a woman. But once I have studied one,—does she begin to come my way?—Well, it'd make you *laugh,* sometimes!—I presume, though, it's just one variety of hypnotism."

"So?" said Willie, without enthusiasm.

"Well, that's the only way I can explain it. Now you say there's a back-county peach sittin' by herself in the next car. And I say again, I don't know how I'll do it; but —just to show you that it can be done,— I'll go in there, and I'll lay you the *perfectos* that if you take a look through the door in another fifteen minutes, you'll see me talkin' to her like her uncle from Baltimore!"

Whereupon, to young Joe's astonishment, he did rise and go forward. Willie gave him his fifteen minutes, then somewhat boredly got up and followed him. And when he came back, upon his face there could plainly be read the complete triumph of the Apolline Spriggs!

In another half-hour he returned himself. Sinking into his old place he convulsively worked his fingers into Willie's knee—"a 'peach?' Say, she's a peacherino! If she had that face under a French hat, and that figger in Fifth Avenoo clothes, she'd just about,—she'd pretty near—!"

"Well, Claytie, I guess you ought to be a judge!"

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe,—maybe!—And say, talk about them bein' easy! *So* far she's only told me that she lives at Poplar Gap, about twelve miles over the Mountain from Great Smoky Station; her name's 'Bessa Matilda,' and Jesse Barton's her father,—'Little Jesse' the boys call him—"

Young Joe sat straight up. These were home affairs with *him!*

"'I guess you-all have heard of dad.' Spriggs continued to quote,—'he got the post-office last year. But he just won't attend to business, and never seems to think of doin' anything but go huntin' after coon and wild-cat!'—Willie, my boy, do you know what I'm goin' to do?"

"Go huntin' after coon and wild-cat, too?"

"That's right!—I'm three days ahead of skedyool now, and as soon as I get back from Henryville—!—And she says she knows dad would just love to have me!—Well, she'll be gettin' off pretty soon, so I'll have to go and buzz some more to her right now." He got up, then turned back and leaned over his fellow ecstatically.—"Willie, just let me whisper in your ear: three days of a certain gay-cat from Waterbury,—and I can just see her chasin' him with letters and turnin' down the local Reub for all the rest of her life!"

Now young Joe had aways felt that Miss Bessa Matilda was, if possible, even more "plum fool" than "Little Jesse" himself. And her beauteousness he privately held to be something flaunting and reprehensible. Nor did he altogether realize that Mr. Spriggs was a "mucker," and a "mucker" of a peculiarly nauseating order of mud. But what he had spoken was scathe and insult to all the Great Smoky section, which was enough. And that night it went before the youth of the "Station."

Now the youth of Great Smoky Station were of that type, which has ever been the most deceptive of snares to the outsider.

But perhaps they may be in some part understood when one remembers that from the mountains of the middle South went the men who gave the West both its dialect and its attitude towards intruding tenderfeet. These young men were of bucolic leatherness of countenance, but they were not simple of heart. Thy were slow of movement, laughed but rarely, and had the mountaineer genius for silence, but they were not stupid. And they possessed a sense of humor so *hungarily* excessive that only by the most frequent charivaris, whitecappings, darky-chasings and rail-ridings could it be in any way appeased! And, that Clayton T. should fall among them, better were it for him that he should experience unnumbered hotel fires and railroad accidents!

They did not speak hostilely regarding him, but rather as those who yearned to have him come and make them entertainment.—"We could fix up to do for *him* what we'd laid out to do for that lightnin'-rodder who was so mighty funny about the Baker-Howards," said George Wilkes. And if ever Mr. Spriggs had been horoscopically warned to beware of a dark-eyed man, indubitably to that earnest-faced manager of Great Smoky enterprises, did the augury refer.

"Nothin'd be easier, now," said 'Bub' Devanne. "We could shore give him the time of his life!—But I don't guess, though, that there's a chance he'll come." He added it wistfully. "Bub" was one of those "local Reubs" who, in the glittering advent of Clayton T., were to be ignominiously thrown down. He was also Wilkes' most trusted lieutenant.

"No," said Jeff Clarkson, "I'm a-feared not.—Not when he's had three or four days to forgit in."

Yet they licked their lips like wolves without the fold, and trusted, even against all probability that the lamb might wander.—And, by that balance of chance which ever tips towards folly, the man from Waterbury, *fata profugus,* did wander!

About half-past five in the afternoon of the following Wednesday, overcoated in a jaunty tweed cravenette, carrying his pumpkin-colored suit-case and a canvas-covered gun, he stepped lightly from the accommodation. Almost all Great Smoky Station was as usual on the platform,—and young Joe swiftly made the identification.

The Clarkson boys, "Port" Rutherford and Nash Yancey waited only long enough to hear the stranger ask how he could get out to Poplar Gap; then they melted away through the freight-shed. Five minutes later they were pelting up the trail to Poplar Gap themselves. And they halted their ponies only to gather recruits.

In the meantime, Wilkes, Andy Moore "Bub" Devanne had approached Mr. Spriggs with some rural diffidence and were deponing that a "wheeled rig was somethin' he couldn't no ways git; but the ridin' over the Ridge was a good three-mile nearder, and just as it happened, too, *they* were goin' back to the Gap that night,—only they couldn't get away before moonrise"—"If you-all could only wait, now, we-uns could pick ye out a good mount, and show ye the road."

It did not need their "we-uns" and "you-all" for the acumen of a Clayton T. to size up the three as regulation mountaineer "chaw-bacons"; and he was again reminded of the fascination which the man of urban culture possesses for the hopeless waybacker. But it was a chance for company, and he accepted it with an impressive flourish of politeness.

They got him supper, chose him a mount over at Cap Blackall's, and, with the rising of the moon, set forth.—This is where the story begins to be heartless and cruel. It also here begins to be one more warning that things are not what they seem, that the ability to carry through pooled enterprises is not confined to Wall Street, and that the dramatic instinct does not walk only on New York's Rialto.—As for "Bessa Matilda" and "Little Jesse," of them there is no more to say.

II.

The four had clambered and slid some six miles up and down one of the worst bridle-paths ever checkered by the glimpses of the moon, when, just where the trail hung over a two-hundred-foot drop, there rose up before them a man with a gun!

The three "chaw-bacons" were not startled, however. Apparently they recognized him; for they quieted their beasts and spurred hastily forward. The man with the gun excitedly said something, they all began to whisper together nervously, and then Wilkes and Moore lifted their hands and drove their ponies ahead into the darkness again at break-neck speed.

As for Devanne, he stopped only long enough to beckon to Spriggs to make the best time *he* could also.

"What's—what's the matter?"

"We don't know as *anything's* the matter —*yit!*" He jerked it over his shoulder.— "The McAdden boys batches about a mile furder on down in the Bowl. We'll mebbe know for certain when we git thar.—I reckon we-uns better pike it, now!"

He lay over his pony's neck, and Spriggs followed him, stumbling and plunging down the spur. The "Bowl" was well named; it must have been two thousand feet to the black bottom of it, and the moonlight was now almost shut out by the thickest of oak and chestnut bush.

They clattered into a little clearing on the lowest ledge. Around the larger of the two shacks,—it was the stable,—the man from Waterbury thought he could make out a score of hovering shadows. But it was Wilkes who stopped his horse, swiftly lifted his gun and suit-case from the saddle-horn, and helped him to dismount.

The cabin door opened, and two young fellows appeared; both were carrying rifles. —"These is the McAdden boys," said Wilkes,—and then, with a certain discomforting reticence: "We-uns don't guess you'd better try to go much furder tonight."

Clayton T. started to speak, but he was already being led in. A blanket had been hung over the window, and the table was littered with cartridges.

"The boys is willin' to put you up in the room thar above," said Wilkes again, and pointed to the ladder which obviously led to it.

"Well, *say*, now!—" began Spriggs, again.

"You-all don't think we-uns is aimin' to hurt ye?" asked his guide, with reproachful honesty, and went stolidly ahead.

Spriggs followed him through the trap-door. The garret had no window, but a snuffy dip, stuck on a joist, dimly outlined a shake-down in the far corner.

"I guess you-all could make out to sleep thar, *somehow*, now?"

"Why, blast it, I suppose I could, but I'd just like to ask you—"

"Now don't you-all go and *skeer* yourself.—But what—what kind of a gun might you-all be a packin'?"

The eyes of the man from Waterbury began to goggle. "It's a repeatin' shot-gun. But, by cripes—"

Wilkes took down the dip, crossed the room and indicated a sort of leather-hinged pannel-plug in the gable end.—"You-all 'll need to open that for air, I reckon. But I wouldn't open it while you have the candle burnin', nor yet if you fix up to smoke, neither.—Nary good makin' yourself the *bull's-eye* of the target!"

Spriggs gaped at him.

—"For I'm a-feared," he confessed it with apologizing deprecation. "I'm a-feared we-uns are goin' to have a little trouble around here to-night."

"A little trouble?"

"I'm a-feared so. We-uns have been give the word that the Guilfords are a-comin' down."

"Well, *I* don't know who your Guilfords are, do I?"

"The Guilfords are some folks up on Hawk Branch that ain't been downright friendly with we-uns for the last four or five year'."

"It ain't—It ain't a *feud?*"

"I reckon that's what you-all would call it, North. But don't you get worryin' yourself, now."

"And you went and let me come right on into it with you,—after you got the warning, too?"

(About the foot of the ladder there were now silently crushing the whole Great Smoky company, and their ears were rapturously open.)

—"Well, we understood," the leader was continuing, "as you-all were sort o' bound to

get up to the Gap to-night, we reckoned you had most urgent business thar away." Across his Indian-like mask there shot a transient and unkind flicker.

Spriggs observed it. "Damn it!" he burst out, "I believe the whole thing's a josh! I believe it's a put-up game to—to *get* somethin' out of me!"

"We-ell," responded Wilkes, with generous suavity, "if you-all 'll sleep better to think so!—And I'm afeared we *will* want your gun. One of the boys—Port Rutherford—has been caught kind o' shy in the weapon way.—But mebbe you-all are some on the shoot yourself?"

"I never fired a shot-gun in my life!—And I ain't *in* this, anyway! You know I ain't!—This gun's one I just rented up at Henryville."

"Oh, well, that bein' so—Did you-all say your ca'tridges was in the valise, thar?"

Spriggs balked for a moment, fairly beside himself; but in the end he flung open the suit-case, and handed out a box of "six's" and another of "seven's."

"Not much for distance, but just about the right thing if it comes to close work," said Wilkes, and meditatively possessed himself of the armament.—"Mebbe, though, now," he finished comfortingly, "there won't be no trouble *after* all."

He dropped down the ladder, and the trap-door fell behind him. The conquering squire of dames above stood choking,—hot with rage, cold with fear, and still making a last stand on the incredulous.—Almost within the minute there was the sudden horrid jar, and the booming reverberation of a gun-shot up the "Bowl!"

III.

Another shot followed it, and another. Spriggs dashed out the candle. From the room below there was a surging rush of feet. The cabin door crashed behind them. But an instant later it was burst open again, and someone was running up the ladder. In spite of himself the captive yelled, and yelled again.

"It's only we-uns;" once more it was the voice of Wilkes.

"Bub" Devanne mounted swiftly after him. "By the livin's," he panted, "if you go by the sound of it, the whole Branch is down!"

"I *reckon!*"—Wilkes jerked the 'window' open.—"That's shore vicious shootin'!" He turned to Clayton T. "We might be able to spare ye a gun yit!"

"I ain't *in* this, I tell you! And, by Gee, I want you to *remember* I ain't!"

"Well, now, I don't know," said "Bub" unpleasantly, taking an ear from the window.—"I don't know about that at all! From what we-uns hear *now*, mebbe you-all are in it a lot more than you think for!"

"I'm a-feared that's right!" asseverated Wilkes.

Spriggs stared from one to the other, torturedly, open-mouthed.

"Yes," Wilkes explained, "Old Grandy Middleton was down at the Station this afternoon,—(he'd been down near every day sence harvest, and nobody a-tetchin' him)—and when he seen you-all, he just piked straight back for Poplar tellin' everybody that you were a marshal that we-uns had brought in!"

The shooting had started up again, more fiercely than ever. But Devanne, in his turn, gave his attention only to Spriggs.—"And I tell you now, that *would* mad the Guilfords,—we-uns bringin' in a marshal, when it was we-uns got the last *man!*"

"But I *ain't* any damn' marshal,—*you* know I ain't!"

"Oh, as fur as *that* goes, I don't guess the Guilfords is anyways sure ye are, neither! But if ye were, they'd want to get ye before ye had a chance to show your paper; for then they could swear before the law that they didn't know ye were one!"

"They're a—they're—" he struggled to get fitting words, but gave it up, and mopped at his misery with his coat sleeve.

"But we'll do the best we can to keep them from gettin' ye," added Wilkes, feelingly.

—"Unless o' curse," said "Bub," "unless they ketch one of our boys and force us to a trade."

For some minutes the firing had been desultory. Now there was a second rush of feet across the clearing and into the cabin. The smell of powder came saltily up through

the open trap-door.—"You-all thar-above will need some more of us now, won't ye?" shouted the incomers.

"No," replied Wilkes, emphatically; "it'd only worry our friend here. You-all get back to your places. We've nothin' to do here ourselves, and were just a-comin' down."

But they regarded Spriggs lingeringly; and at that moment, from half way down the "Bowl" there crashed out such a series of explosions as might have come from a whole battery.

"By Judas, I know *that* trigger-work! It's Devil Jim,—and out for blood!" (He was entirely wrong. It was a certain repeating shot-gun being pumped from Echo Rock by the lightning fingers of Andy Moore.)

They tumbled down the ladder. And, on the instant, the firing seemed to leap out below the cabin as well as above it. And now the bullets came from every side. The Guilfords had out-manœuvered them. The McAdden place was surrounded.

Spriggs flung himself at the "window" and drove it to. But even as he closed it, in a dozen places he saw the darkness stabbed with fire. Nor could anything shut out the blood-curdling horrors of the pandemonium which followed. The crash upon crash of single explosions grew to one deafening bellowing roar. Just outside the gable towered a big sycamore; a ball took it with a thud that jolted Spriggs' very soul. And over the roof-tree, back and forward, came dozens more, in yarring, squalling succession.

Yell followed yell,—oaths, screeches, curses of defiance. Never were heard cries of a malevolence so utterly diabolical, nor wails telling of such death throes!—

"Take *that,* will ye!"

"And you-all take *that,* too!"

"Die, you devil, die!"

And, high over all,—"Where's your marshal?"—"Bring out your marshal?"—"Wait till we-uns get your marshal!" . . . In the McAdden garret, that "marshal" was acting like a caged squirrel having a frenzy in its exercising wheel.

But it was evident that slowly, but surely the Guilfords were being driven back to the "Knob." Once more the firing by degrees fell off. There were a few more wails of unprecedented agony, a sickening splash in the creek below, another half dozen parting shots,—and the defending force began to return to the cabin.

"Well, they got Jim," somebody said; "but we'll squar' up when they come back!"

—"They've made out to fetch away their own killed, too!"

—"And Andy,—pore Andy! Did you hear how they throwed him in?—They didn't even wait till he was dead!—This has been an awful bad night for we-uns!"

The man from Waterbury leaned over the trap-door and called quaveringly down, —"But they didn't catch any of youse, did they?"

There was a sudden silence. Then Wilkes answered him.—"Not *yit,* they haven't; but they got we-uns outnumbered. I reckon though, they'll keep nearder the Gap for the next hour or two!"

Spriggs' heart leaped within him.—"Then what's the reason I couldn't make a—make a break back for the Station now?—It might just stop the trouble altogether, if I took that risk,—mightn't it?"

There was another silence. Then Wilkes replied again. "I'll have to talk to the boys about that; and some of them's stayed up the trail a piece."

After endless minutes he returned. Well, they *do,* most of them, think you-all'd be nigh as safe to go as to stay on *h'ar.* It's just possible you might be fired at, a-goin'; but I don't guess you'd get hurted much, if you only piked it fast enough."

"I will," said Spriggs, "I will!" and feverishly descended the ladder. "I won't try to take my suit-case. It'd only be a handicap."

"Bub" Devanne came in from the darkness. "I'll be gettin' out his beast," he said, and disappeared again.

Wilkes rubbed his chin in gloomy thought. "You-all been mighty wise not to let out your name or business to nobody down here. For when the law sharps takes hold of to-night, they'll want to know who was the cause of startin' the trouble again. . . . And what about you-all bein' seen goin' back with a gun, now?"

"I'll leave it, too!"

"Well, I reckon no use you-all advertisin' yourself.—And you might be able to fix ye up so as nobody'd recognize ye on the road again.—When you-all packed in, now, you were wearin' a sort of slicker overcoat—"

It was one of Clayton T.'s dearest and most fetching articles of raiment, but—"I won't take it, either," he said, in tones that would have brought tears to the eyes of any but the most hardened.

"Oh, well, I reckon there'll be nothin' to keep ye from comin' back for it,—*some* time."

"Bub" had brought up the pony.—"And *I* just been a-thinkin'," he came in, "that he'd better leave off that grey wideawake. You could see it a powerful long way. Try on this h'ar, now." He set on his head a primeval, green-brown, stable slouch, which was flapping in two pieces.

Spriggs looked at them haltingly from under its brim, and moistened his lips.—"Where,—where's the rest of the crowd?"

"They allowed they'd better scatter up the Bowl a little, and sort of hold things till you got through," Wilkes answered; "They're mighty good-hearted boys, now."

"And with Jim layin' like a log up thar and Andy in the Creek—!" added 'Bub'; "you-all have brought a heap of trouble on we-uns!"

For the hundredth time the afflicted Lothario from Waterbury wiped the sweat from his jaws, and tried to express himself, and could not.

"But I don't guess you meant no harm," said Wilkes, forgivingly, and pressed the ancient head-piece down on his neck till one ear came through below the band.

They lifted him into the saddle.—"It's a bad trail, but you-all 'll be safe to leave it to your beast." And he was off.

* * * *

Incredible as it may appear, he was fired on from behind before he had gone a hundred rods,—and not once, only, but again and again! For the first two miles it was as if Guilfords had gathered to head him off at every pitchy turn and abysmal "cross-over"! A dozen times he escaped their murderous fusilades only by the plunging of his beast! His pursuers were altogether bloodthirsty, absolutely implacable. Fiends would have relinquished the chase far sooner!—

But he shook them off at last. About four in the morning he once more entered Great Smoky Station. He aroused the agent. An express went through at five-fifteen, and it was flagged.

* * * *

He was still attempting to adjust the battered tile so as to keep both ears inside it when the blinking conductor got around to him.

"*Spriggs!*—of *all* people!—And my Lord, you look as if you'd just got off a rail!"

The reply was awfully hurried and muffled. "There *has* been a little trouble, McCue. I wasn't in it myself, though—I swear to God I wasn't!—But if you could just see it not to know me till we're well out of here, now—?"

"*Hm-hm!*—haven't been enjoying the mountain country, eh?"

"Look here,—I'm not talkin' rash, now,—I'm not blowin' off,—but I wouldn't go back into that *this-and-that, so-and-so* country,—no, not if they'd give me all North Carolina!"

Meanwhile, around the McAdden fireplace at the bottom of the "Bowl," some fourteen irreconcilables were fighting over again the most desperate battle which had taken place in that section since the war. And if the fourteen were not taking their pleasure sadly, they were taking it with that gravity and earnestness which distinguishes their peculiar kind.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued.)*

The grim matted forests begin to claim attention. The monster trees red-barked, and of enormous girth, are foliaged scantily in comparison to their trunks. These trees that were baby plants in King David's time, storm up the mountain sides in numbers no arithmetic could tell. The timber limits are of inexhaustible extent. Of a truth this is the new "Land of Promise." Speaking long ago of Canada, Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, said, "Canada is Egypt, India, and the Mississippi valley in one." "Fine writing," said the Republic to the South, "but what fiction." Is it? The coast line of British Columbia alone is more than 7,000 miles. The inshore and salt water comprises 15,000 square miles, and the fresh water 36,350 miles. In twelve years the salmon catch in this Province amounted to twenty-one million dollars, and it is hardly exploited yet. We need a new Moses to stand and say to the Canadian people, "Ye shall bless the Lord your God for the good land He hath given you."

We would like to stop and tell about Kamloops, the wonderful Thompson River, the fat grazing lands and fruit-growing areas, about Mount Baker, a rocky tooth that we descry towering up 14,000 feet, fifty miles to the south in the State of Washington, and of our first view of the turbid Fraser, and how it is throttled in Hell Gate, but here we are at Port Moody, just pulling into Vancouver, and we must take up our belongings and walk.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE TERMINAL CITY."

We had not to walk either. A young Manitoban, whose people had been good to us in Winnipeg, met us at the station, and saw us safely to "The Oaks," on Burrard Street, our quarters for the next three weeks.

Sixteen years ago there was no Vancouver; now it is a prosperous city of nearly 30,000 inhabitants. It is quite different to any city in Canada. The population is an agglomeration of various nationalities. On the streets, every second person is someone you have met "back home"—the other person is a foreigner. You will meet the Frenchman, with his racial shrug, which means all things from total ignorance to infinite understanding, the "Flying Dutchman," the sallow, all-pervading Chinaman, and the polite Japanese matron, with her comely winning face and picturesque attire. It is a queer medley of people, too, that lands from the *Empresses,* red, white, yellow, and black are they, with all the intermediate tones. Just now *The Empress of Japan* has brought in any number of princes, ambassadors, officers, and troopers from India, China, and Japan, all bound for the coronation of *Edwardus VII., Rex et Imperator.* The pleasant way in which they fraternized caused us to wonder, if, after all, the blood of the British subject was not thicker and deeper than either caste, color, or language. Ram Lal good-naturedly posed for amateur photographs, and although like the Chuzzlewits, a descendant in the direct line from Adam and Eve, he was not too proud to shake hands with the Canadian girls, nor too sedate to single out the prettier ones for his particular attention.

The Empress of Japan is a well-found ship, and luxurious with marble baths, rich panelling, sumptuous brocades, polished brasses, inlaid floors, and all else that a long purse can supply to make it a veritable Castle of Indolence. From the upper deck one may watch the firemen eating rice and greens. They lift the bowls to their mouths and push in the food with a chop-stick. It is not a pretty performance, and recalls the

quaint old saying, "Man is an animal, disnice and unneat."

John is a clever fisherman, and dexterously draws up crabs on the deck. His companions scramble for the prizes like children after sweets. De Quincey said, "The young Chinese seem to me like an antediluvian man renewed." It is not a good comparison. The antediluvians should be serious. These "hands" get $15 a month from the Steamboat Co., and their board. While on this side the Pacific they are not allowed to land, the fine for so doing being $100.

Side by side, in Burrard Inlet, lie vessels from almost every country in the world. There are passenger boats, mercantile, and "tramp" ships. The tramp will likely have brought coal from Wales to Hong Kong, has come into Vancouver with ballast, and is here lading with lumber for Australia.

The scenery at Vancouver is a symphony of rock, verdure, forest, mountain, glacier, and water. The public buildings are substantial and worthy. The people are homed in shining bugalows that climb skyward out of silky lawns and swooning gardens.

Stanley Park has a sound suggestive of something different to what it actually represents. It is not a place of free entertainment and freer picnics, with their wake of greasy papers and empty pop bottles. On the contrary, it is an almost tropical forest, that has had its hair judiciously combed. You will take the five-mile drive in the park —everyone does—and will gape with wide-eyed interest at the big trees, with long streamers of grey moss hanging from their limbs, the gigantic ferns, the bewilderment of *riant* verdure, and the high shrubs aflame with burning scarlet flowers, each branch a chandelier lit up with blossoms of fire. If you have brought a camera and want your photograph taken, the driver will back the carriage into a burnt-out tree that is 60 or 70 feet in circumference. You do your best to "look pleasant" in this black novel chamber, *this one-log house*. The Vancouverites are very proud of these patriarchal pillars of state. You would almost think they had planted them. When the trees are felled, and squared, they are placed on trucks, and make their journey East, flaringly labelled as "British Columbia Tooth-picks." It is not often that business makes an attempt at being funny.

The drive *is* pleasant, but not comparable with an afternoon's stroll over the same area. Down full-foliaged avenues, where on the soft, plushy sod, is never a single footprint, you will find fallen trees covered with blankets of mosses as compact as thick fur. Perhaps, this is why they call British Columbia "the Wooly West." Where the light shifts through the trees, it dapples the shrubs with fawn, and lights up the floor with mellow patches. The branchless, columnar Douglas fir, with its knotted arms is ribboned with creeping plants, and there is a breathing in the pines, and a foamy sound in the aspens. If Nature abhors a vacuum, she feels even worse about haste. She is shy and not talkative, but if you are friendly, she will reciprocate, and will lead you with soft-stepping feet into charming surprises, will distil for you from her most exquisite odors, and, in the deep shadows, will lull your fancy with delirious themes.

Out on the edge of the forest grow ruddy clusters of salmon berries, sweet and thirst-quenching. The fruit is nearly an inch in diameter, and grows so plentifully that the heavens might have opened and rained them down in showers. The flowers, which grow side by side with the ripe berries, are white and almost as large as wild roses.

There are other berries, too. One is the gaultheria, which has a number of *aliases*. It is sometimes known as the checkerberry, the boxberry, or the partridge berry, but it is really the wintergreen. The Indians call it sal-al. Another berry is its cousin, the Uva-ursa, or bearberry, or, to call it by its Western name, the Kinikinic. Although it grows to the dimensions of a small tree, it belongs to the heath family. Its branches are twisted and zigzaggy, and the wood is hard and unyielding. The berries, which are about the size of coffee-beans, are red and pleasantly acid, but half their bulk is made up of seeds. I am told that the Indians, birds, and bears, live on them for months.

In the open, tropical flowers spot the

ground with fire, gold, and blue. You may gather all you care to, and ruddy-hearted roses as well, or the graceful, swinging, rock-loving Columbine.

In the West, business qualities will have a large field for action. Manufacturies of all kinds are needed. Intending immigrants should be prepared to take nearly any kind of work that presents itself. In the East, a specialist succeeds, but here, one must know how to do many things. A young girl came to Vancouver who could speak fluently four languages, and was also a capable stenographer. She was obliged to take a position as waitress at $25 a month. As a stenographer, she would have received $5 a week, and it would have taken every cent to pay her board.

On the Pacific Coast, one meets many miners. It would be bootless to ask whence they came. There is some odd timber among them, too, men of culture and good family, who have come here attracted by the loadstone of wealth, hoping to "strike it rich." Most of them, in the end, will be classed as "the bitten," and will run through the regular degrees of comparison, "mine, minor, minus." True, there are golden accidents of fortune, but who can tell the story of the heartbreak, the unrequitted suffering of multitudes around whom delusive Hope has blown her golden bubbles. But, if the rainbow recedes as the gold-hunter approaches, and if the pursuit of the strangely-exciting, wondrous, yellow metal is often a false grail, yet are society gainers, for miners are the advance-guards of the army of material progress. They are the modern crusaders, the martyrs for gold, over whose bodies we march to victory.

At Mission City, across the Inlet from Vancouver, there is a settlement of Squamish Indians. The men, as a general thing, are wooden-faced, low-browed, and stolid-looking. Many of them are pock-marked, and their nostrils are broad almost to deformity. When old, the women degenerate into frowsy hags, with faces like withered prunes. In appearance they are not comparable with the prairie Indians, yet these British Columbia tribes will probably survive the others. The advent of the white man has not robbed them of their means of livelihood—fishing. On the contrary, they have learned better methods of catching and preserving their fish, and may also earn good money in the salmon "run," and by working in the canneries. Hunting, agriculture, logging, hop-picking, the lading of vessels, the raising of live stock, and many other pursuits, are also open to them. At Mission City, the school is under the charge of the Roman Catholic Church. The children receive religious instruction between 5 and 5.30 in the morning. It makes one sleepy to write of it, and even my pen drops black tears.

The Indians are preparing for the Passion Play, which takes place next week. The scenes will centre around the great Crucifix that marks the village green.

More than any other land, Canada lies under the shadow of the Cross. Travel anywhere from coast to coast, or from the Arctic Ocean to the Southern boundary, and you are never from under its outstretched arms. On the prairie, in the forest, in sunken gravyard, anywhere, everywhere, the lonely grave is marked by a stark cross of wood, iron, or stone.

The cross forms the ground-plan of our churches, and tops our altars and spires. The crucifix is placed in the hands of nearly half our children who die. The sign of the cross is made millions of times daily, and among the Roman Catholics, the best-loved devotion is the Stations or Holy Way of the Cross. It is not, then, a wonder that it has cast a heavy spell over the simple-hearted Indian folk. We do not join with the thoughtless or bigoted who jibe at their lowly adoration. To them, the cross is a ladder which links their mean lives with heaven, while angels pass up and down.

This spell of the cross is one that goes back through the night until it is lost in the blackness of obscurity. When and where will it end? Osiris, by the cross, gave light eternal to the spirits of the just. Beneath the cross the Muyea mother laid her babe, trusting by that sign to secure it from the power of evil spirits. Among the Scandinavians, Thor was the thunder, and the hammer was his symbol. It was with this

hammer that Thor crushed the head of the great Mitgard serpent; that he destroyed the giants; that he restored to life the dead goats that ever after drew his car. This hammer was a cross.

Nearly every Canadian wears the cross in some form or other—the Cross of St. Andrew, the Latin Cross, the Maltese, the Victorian, or the Cross of the Crusaders. The white cross is ever the emblem of purity, the red cross of succor. The cross of iron stands for fortitude, and the cross of flowers breathes a hope of resurrection.

And Canada may be called "The Land of the Cross." Other nations lie under the symbol of the lion, eagle, leopard, or bear. Who can suggest a better symbol than the cross?

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW WESTMINSTER.

An electric road runs from Vancouver to New Westminster, the former capital of British Columbia, which is situated on the Fraser River, ten miles from the United States boundary line. It is in a most advantageous situation, affording perfect drainage and splendid building sites.

The town is an outgrowth of the gold excitement of 1857-8. In 1898, it was consumed by fire, but the town is really in a more solvent condition. The former buildings were erected in a boom, and were too large for the needs of the place. With the insurance money, the citizens have rebuilt on a scale commensurate with their prospects. It is also the centre of the canning industry, and the market town for the New Westminster District, the richest farming area in the Province.

In the canneries, nearly all the employees are Chinese. They seem to work with the continuity and monotony of well-regulated machines. Neither do they quarrel, drink, or go on strikes. Three years ago the canning industry was almost paralyzed by white labor unions, but the Chinaman keeps right at his work. The world owes him a living, and he does not wait for the world to pay it at leisure. He does his best to collect it.

Holy Trinity Church at New Westminster, was built and endowed through the munificence of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and thereby hangs a tale. The Baroness, when a young woman, lost her heart to a clergyman, named Hills, but, unfortunately for both parties, the clergyman's love was but modestly clothed with this world's goods, and, in consequence, the Coutts family frowned upon his aspirations. It may be they heard a sound of metal in "the old sweet song." To prevent the match, they had Mr. Hills appointed the first Bishop of New Westminster, and his lordship was shipped off to the Pacific Coast in a sailing vessel, *via* Cape Horn, a journey which, in those times, took long weary months to accomplish. It has been said that "a bishop without a sense of humor is lost." That his Lordship was not lacking in this faculty is evidenced by his eventually turning up at his new diocese full of energy and plans.

There is also very tangible evidence that he still held sway over the susceptibilities of Miss Coutts, for that lady straightway proceeded to pour out her golden treasure on his diocese. For one object or another, she gave close on $250,000. Among other things, Miss Coutts sent a chime of bells valued at $10,000 to be erected at the Cathedral Church in New Westminster. Now, just here, it may be seen how detrimental it is to any church to be entirely propped up from outside, for this richly-endowed congregation was never willing to erect a tower for the bells. Not only that, but, with a dog-in-the-manger spirit, they refused to sell. When the town was destroyed by fire, the chime of bells were molten, and eventually disposed of as old bell metal.

One could have wished a happier ending to the story. Miss Coutts might easily have donated funds for a suitable tower, and the bells once hung, there was no reason why they should not have rung out the nuptial gladness for a "Hills-Coutts" affair.

As a matter of fact, what did happen was this: Bishop Mills made a "second brew" on his affections, and married a most charming lady. We saw her photograph at the home of Mrs. Robertson, in

Victoria, and do not hesitate in saying that in looks at least she carried off the palm from her queenly-hearted rival.

For many, many years, Miss Coutts remained "an unappropriated blessing," and then, as if anxious to test the truth of the adage, that makes a rude remark anent "old fools," married a man young enough to have been her son. What an ancient humbug is love!

The Episcopal chair in this diocese is now filled by Bishop Dart. His home is in New Westminster, but, as he was absent on a confirmation tour, we did not see him. Four years ago, I was introduced to his Lordship in England by Mr. Bevan, the London banker. In manner, the Bishop is affable and without any trace of "side." Although there have been troublous times in his diocese, he has proven himself a capable administrator.

CHAPTER IX.

VICTORIA.

As we passed through the Narrows, we had uninterrupted view of the Siwash Rock, the great "Medicine Stone" on which the Indians made their sacrifices to Manitou. On the right of our vessel lay the mainland, to the left English Bay. The course ran on towards Bowers Island and Howe Sound. Ahead, loomed up the mountains of Vancouver Island, and it seemed as if we were making straight for them, when the vessel took a sudden turn southward across and down the Gulf of Georgia, passing on the left the lowland lying at the mouth of the Fraser River, with Lu Lu Island dividing it in twain. Through a maze of verdure clad islands, we entered Plumper's Pass, and voyaged on between San Juan and Sidney, passing Chatham and Discovery Islands.

The scenery is little short of sublime. Here is simplicity, vastness, magnificence. Never have I seen a more beautiful sight than the serrated snow-white peaks of the Olympian mountains, as they cut into the clouds like the sharp teeth of a saw. The shores along which we pass are haunted by devil-fish, medusæ, and richly-colored jelly-fish. It was on this trip that I heard for the first time the "conk" of wild geese, and, looking up saw the black specks of that adventurous triangle winging its rapid flight northward.

Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, is situated on the Island of Vancouver. It has a population of 21,000. Here, they say, climate lasts all the time, and weather only a few days. Last "winter," plants as tender as verbenas lived in the gardens. Holly and laurel grow better than in England, and it is worth the whole journey to see the wondrous blazing hedges of yellow broom. The whole city seemed swathed in its riotous fertility.

Victoria will always be associated in my mind with the mingling of musky odors, the overpowering scent of roses, and the wilting of huge flowers as languorously gorgeous as any fairy tale. Life seems to "fair dawdle," and one wishes to tarry here indefinitely. It may be that the luxuriance of Nature, the midsummer night dreams, the sweetness of the climate, and the balmy air, with its faint velvet touches that loiter in from the sea, enervate and lull the senses.

And the people understand to perfection the art of "idling with all their might." They reverse matters, in that they scorn laborious days and live delights. And why not? Are not the Chinese coolies here to sweat and frizzle for them? We cannot believe that only yesterday we listened to a tirade on "the yellow peril." Ah, John! may your shadow never grow less in this beautiful city by the western sea.

The lively marines from His Majesty's men-of-war that lie in the harbor at Esquimault, lend an air of old-worldism to the streets. And Jackie loves the Canadian Nancy Lee as ardently as her English sister. Bold Jackie! If he is not ruled by love, neither does he love by rule.

There are no lack of Indians either, loutish "fish" Indians of no very agreeable physiognomy. The upper part of their bodies are well-developed, but their legs are stunted and ill-shaped. It is a mistake to call the Siwash Indian "the noble red man." He is not noble, and looks competent of smashing to smithereens all the Ten Commandments, except the one that says some-

thing about doing no manner of work. He is not red either, for his skin is the smoky tan of a kippered herring. I cannot deny the fact that he is a man, but more often his woman is the better man. As for the "reserve of manner" which is so often accredited to the Indian, the only Reserve the Siwash possesses is the one staked out by the Government.

Victoria is particularly infested with "remittance men" — young Englishmen who have the softest of soft times, with heads to match. Most of them have left home for their family's good. These men are accustomed to speak of Eastern Canadians as "Canadian Chinese." Their pet aversion, next to the C.P.R., is Vancouver, the presumptuous Vancouver that was made out of a rib of Victoria while she slumbered and slept.

The Parliament Buildings at Victoria are the finest in Canada. The grand staircase is lighted by stained windows, which bear mottoes that the Province may well be builded upon: "Without economy none can be rich. With it none can be poor;" "The virtue of adversity is fortitude:" "Industry hath annexed thereto the fairest fruits and highest awards."

A motion regarding the registration of trade unions was before the House when we visited it. Not knowing the men or the factions represented, the arguments lost much of their point for us, but it was, nevertheless, interesting.

Mr. Speaker, with his bald head, long white beard, and an hour glass by his side, looked for all the world like Father Time. The honorable members applauded by pounding the tables, just as the undergraduates at Cambridge say grace. On the whole, they are a fine, well set up body of men, who look as if they had come to Parliament to do the business of the country, and were doing it.

The unbending dignity of these gentlemen, is well substantiated by an incident which was related to us by Bishop Perrin. His Lordship, accompanied by an eminent American, attended a session of the House. One of the members was very drunk, very talkative, and very funny. That the other members felt the pain and disgrace of the scene is borne out by the fact that they one and all listened very politely, and with rigidly-set faces, as though totally unaware of any irregularity. The American expressed himself as deeply impressed with the good form and gentlemanly conduct of these Canadians. In his own country, they would, he said, have either publicly disgraced the man by expulsion, or have made merry at his expense.

The Government Museum at Victoria should not be missed. The collection of animals is very fine. Hanging on the wall are the skeleton heads of two male deer, who, in a wrong-headed paroxysm, had fought each other. During rutting season, the males engage in fierce encounters, and the antlers of these two combatants had become entangled in a "dead-lock," so that they had perforce to lie down and become living prey to carnivorous animals.

A small table inlaid with 2,910 pieces, gave us an excellent idea of the beauty and variety of native woods. They were poplar, arbutus, cottonwood, guilder rose, cedar, ash, elm, oak, alder, plum, maple, pencil cedar, dogwood, thorn, holly, bearberry, willow, spirea, yew wood, and spruce.

An interesting relic is the stern-board of the Hudson Bay Company steamer, "Beaver," the first steamer to enter the Pacific Ocean.

The Government have made an excellent collection of Indian curios. To understand the heraldic symbols carved or painted on the totem-poles belonging to each clan, one must know something of Indian mythology. An Indian of the Pacific Coast will tell you that: "In the beginning there was nothing but sky and water, in the sky, a moon. A bird came out of the moon with a small ring in its mouth. On coming to the water, it got on the back of a large fish. There was no earth. The fish got into shallow water with the bird. The bird dropped the ring from its bill, when a large toad came and swallowed the ring. The toad soon became impregnated, then a child was born from the toad. It was a girl. The bird took it to feed it, and by the time it came to maturity there sprung up out of the water

a beach with thick woods. The bird left the girl on the beach, and went off into the woods to seek food for it, then a bear came out of the woods, and went to the girl and hugged her, and from her was the first man born." This is the ancient Indian account or legend of the creation. In consequence, they consider themselves descended from bird, fish, toad, and bear, so each family take one of these as their crest.

These crests define the bonds of consanguinity, and persons having the same crests are forbidden to intermarry; that is, a whale cannot marry a whale; a frog cannot marry a frog; but a frog may marry a wolf; or a whale may wed an eagle. All the children take the mother's crest, and are incorporated as members of their mother's family. Nor do they regard their father's family as relatives, and, therefore, an Indian's heir or successor is not his own son, but his sister's son. It can thus be seen that there is no need for the "new womanhood" among the Pacific Coast Indians. The males are not so astute as the "mean whites," and do not know about the Edenic spare rib; are not aware that woman was only a lucky afterthought of creation.

The totem-poles are of all sizes up to 100 feet tall, and are in one piece. An Indian can read the history of any pole. All the totemic devices are indicative of the jumbled eccentric minds of their designers. The human face is weirdly introduced with, perhaps, the enormous beak of a bird. For grotesqueness, nothing in civilization so closely approaches them as the "poster" figures.

DOCK AT VANCOUVER, B.C.

A STYLISH COSTUME

A STYLISH COSTUME

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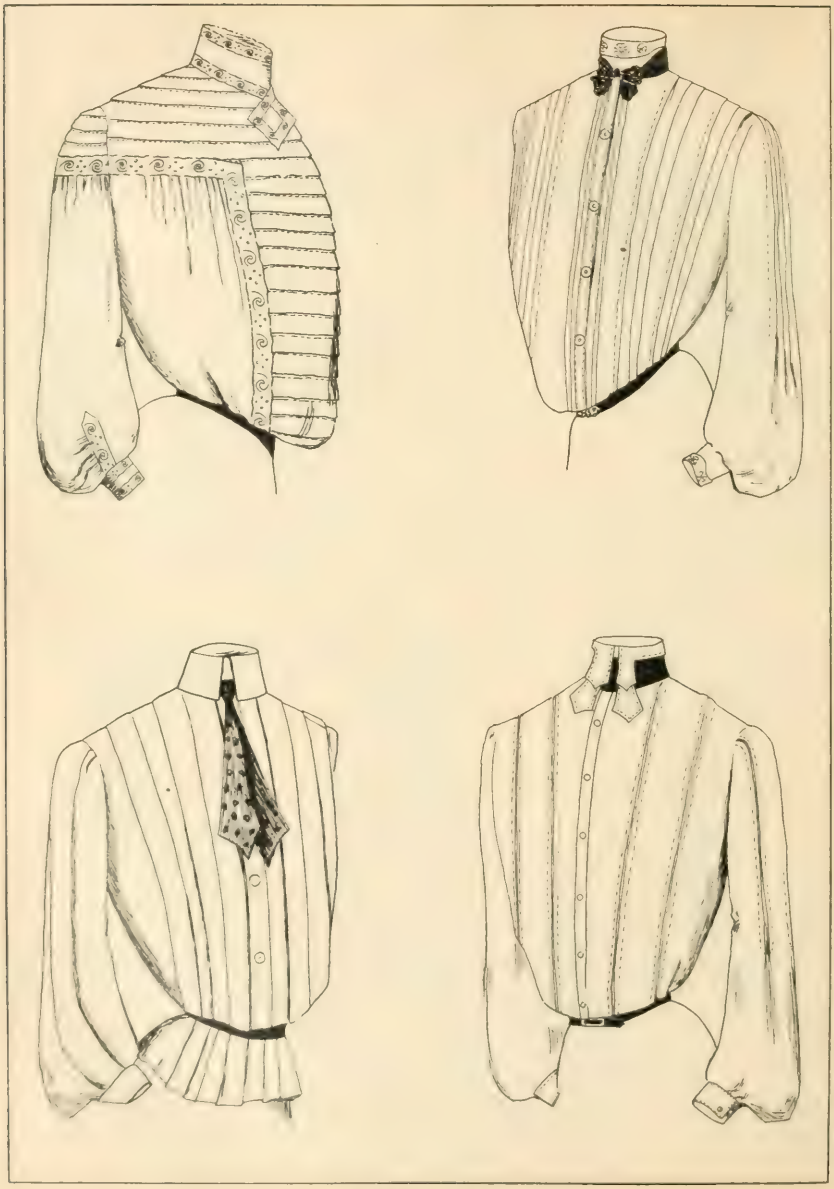
A STYLISH COSTUME



SHIRT WAISTS

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

LETTERS FROM AN AUNT TO HER WIDOWED NIECE

MY DEAR MARGARET,—Indeed, *ma petite,* you have been living in weeds far too long, and 'tis high time you moved into clover.

Are you not tired of being a "relict?" 'Tis a most offensive term—almost identical and certainly synonymous with "relic."

You will remember that I, myself, was a widow for three awful years, and so speak of that whereof I am not ignorant.

Strange, too, isn't it, how other women dislike young widows? But people are so nasty: they never will think or say what we want them. This is particularly so if a widow puffs her hair, and wears a modish gown. And should she be indiscreet enough to don "tempestuous petticoats" of silk, then may the kindly fates protect her name and fame.

Even very good people will sometimes ruffle their feathers when a pretty widow enters the company. I asked our Rector about it, and the dear fellow owned himself quite at a loss to account for such irrationality. He said it was truly remarkable, when, in the Bible, *le bon Dieu* was always partial to widows, and laid nearly all the intrigues and naughtiness at the door of married women. Eve, Sarah, Sapphira, Herodias, and Jezebel, were wives, while Ruth and Naomi were widows.

Now, this explanation on the part of the Rector was really very clever, for it was only a prelude to an address wherein he expressed his entire willingness to give the lie to public sentiment by marrying me himself.

And my answer would have been in the affirmative, for I really love every man who says beautiful things to me, but—I had it just now, the reason, but it has escaped me.

He declared that the widow was just so many years superior to the maiden as she had been years married, that is, if she is not over forty.

Ah! now I recall what it was that made me hesitate— his ease of utterance. His proposal was too correct, too elegantly phrased. He called me his "soul-mate" with as much unction as if he were reading *Pearson on the Creed.*

I could easily have fallen in love with his strong mind, handsome face, and ripe graces of scholarship, but someway or other, I have an idea that a man should not be able to express his love in well-turned, elegantly phrased sentences. Once the sudden tides of passion are touched in his inmost being, a man's words will be tipped with fire. And a woman will understand, for the flames will reach out and will move her blood like a bugle-call.

But how my silly pen rambles off! I really meant to give you some much-needed advice about this lover of yours, and here I have simply been proving myself to be well over the meridian, for it is only when a woman is at least forty-five, that she opens her heart without reserve on her *affaires d' amour.*

Don't you see, my dear Margaret, that the position you are assuming in this matter is entirely unreasonable. The fact that your first husband treated you badly is not a sufficiently weighty reason to prohibit your taking another hand in the matrimonial gamble. Cupid may cut the cards better this time. All men are not bad. Indeed, there are *some* really half-nice ones, but you just happened to get one who was wholly bad

Of course, I would not have you enter the bond "lightly or unadvisedly." There is much wisdom in the French proverb which says, "When you are dead it is for a long time." Bright people, these French! The proverb is levelled at would-be suicides. It might be modified so as to suit persons about to commit matrimony.

But don't be too cautious, Margaret. You had better hold a committee-meeting with yourself. Write out the pros and cons, and then take your vote on it. You know, the act can be vetoed later should occasion demand it.

Write soon and tell me all about it, for I am quite a-tiptoe for developments.

Always your affectionate old aunt.

My Dear Niece,—And why not a college professor? You say he is absent-minded and untidy. All the better! Men are more lovable on account of their little failings and imperfections. Do we think a bit less of the dear big bookish fellow because he sometimes forgets to order coal, or absent-mindedly sits down on our tea-set instead of a chair? Not a bit of it. We scold him, to be sure, and laugh at him, too, and sometimes even slyly bite him, and then we run for our lives.

Really, dear one, you are most fortunate to have captured this college man. From what you tell me he is not likely to be the kind of a bachelor who has a mistress to portion off from your dowry.

And depend upon it, every man has some vagary. He is poetic, overly sensible, brusque, shy, stingy, jealous, or selfish. Or he may be a composite with wonderful kaleidoscopic possibilities that are only seen under the white light of matrimony.

Before marriage, man is a fascinating novel with the pages uncut, and you never know exactly how they are going to read, but therein lies the chief fascination. That reminds me of a conversation I overheard the other day on the train. "I have been married ten years, and cannot understand my wife yet," said one man. "That is no cause for complaint," replied the other—a bored-looking chap. "I have been married for ten months, and I understand mine *perfectly.*"

Indeed, Mr. Paul Blouet's opinion is quite right. To be happy in married life, he says, is not at all a question for husband and wife to remain young and handsome, but to remain interesting to each other.

Don't linger longer on the bank, Milady, taking tea and good advice, as the poet puts it, but plunge in at once and try your power. —Ever your loving aunt.

My Dear Margaret,—Felicitations! Here I throw a metaphorical shoe after you, and no end of rice down your back. *May all your cares be little ones.*

Some hints matrimonial! Certainly, my dear!

Remember:

That not one woman in a hundred knows that her best weapon is her weakness. You may be the hundredth.

That when a man loses his temper, you should gain the advantage.

That no man is an angel, as is shown by some of his tastes and nearly all his pleasures.

What is good enough for "company" is not too good for your husband, be it courtesy or the silver tea-pot.

That "a baby in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."

That a man reflects to an astonishing degree a woman's sentiments for him.

That men sometimes have "nerves."

That every well-regulated house ought to have a Blarney Stone which should be kept shining with lip-polish.

That in matrimony, as in valor, discretion is the better part.—Ever your affectionate

Aunt Janey.

LUCK

"The heaven-seekers who know just how,
Can almost find it here and now."

THE calculus of probability has destroyed the fates. There is no such thing as luck—no inscrutable fatality which coerces the history of the individual.

In mathematics luck is classified in the Calculus of Probabilities. A nobleman who

was a gambler asked Pascal what were the chances of turning up a black or red card in cutting a pack a given number of times. Pascal replied that as all the cards were either red or black, the chances would be expressed by the formula $\frac{x}{2}$, by which statement he meant that when two events were equally probable, they will occur equally in the long run.

Now, in life, we cannot know whether things are equal or unequal, and so assume them to be equal, which means that in the end our haps and mishaps will balance each other.

What we call our luck is not the blind happening of fate, it is the result of certain causes or events. Luck is often another name for the unexpected. We receive an unexpected legacy, but it has likely been left as an acknowledgment of a kindness.

Even in gambling houses there is little, if any, luck. The cards are stacked, the dice loaded, and the balls weighted so that "luck" falls more often to the banker. Only "flats" believe that the "sharps" are fair.

People who are nimble-brained are apt to be more lucky than dullards. History gives no more striking instance of this than the case of William of Normandy, who tripped and fell on the sand as he stepped on the shore of England. He had come to conquer the British, and his followers held this fall to be an evil omen, and so they shrunk back in terror. But the intrepid Norman seized a handful of clay, and cried, "Thus I grasp this earth, and by the splendor of God, I shall keep it," thereby turning the dark augury into one of promise.

Charles James Fox, the inveterate gambler, said once that "the next best thing to winning is to lose." And he was right. What is called "a run of good luck" has been more disastrous to men than a sequence of misfortunes, because loss and uncertainty of the future are the goads which stimulate them to exertion and greater heights.

There are some folk who are always talking of their bad luck. The burden of their conversation runs along the line of the old negro song, "I'm a-rolling through an unfriendly world, I'm a-rolling, a-rolling." They think Providence has not done the square thing with them. Like Louis XIV., when he was defeated in Flanders, they secretly murmur, "Has God forgotten all I have done for Him." Melancholy marks them for her own, and all the rest of us avoid them as far as is compatible with the dictates of politeness.

We have noticed that the person in "bad luck" all his life, is generally an eye-servant, one who is afraid of giving a dollar's worth of work for fifty cents.

The fifty-cent man is always whining about the luck of the dollar-man. He will tell you that the other fellow had a "pull." Of course he had, but it was a long, strong pull, one that included courage, civility, and hard work.

While the fifty-cent man was waiting for something to turn up, the dollar-man was turning up his sleeves. The dollar-man didn't believe in being the sport of Destiny. He was Destiny himself. He didn't lie in bed in the mornings wishing the postman would bring him a legacy. No, sir! he turned out at six o'clock, and with heavy anvil or rapid pen, laid the foundation for a competence.

Fifty-Cents whines: Dollar whistles.

Fifty-Cents relies on chance: Dollar on character.

Fifty-Cents slips down to indigence: Dollar strides up to independence.

The dollar-man is always "lucky." He has a way of turning the inevitable to his own advantage. He would not trade off his circumstances for anybody else's circumstances. He treads on many sharp thorns, drinks from many a nauseous cup, looks into many dark skies, but all the while he plucks roses from thorns, extracts sweet from bitter, and sunshine from the storm.

He knows that Fortune always has something up her sleeve, but that it has to be shaken down.

He knows, too, that something is waiting just round the corner for the man who goes ahead—and he's going.

And should he, once in a while, turn a corner and run up against a loaded gun, well, he takes it philosophically, for he knows it is just as painful to be shot in the back, and doesn't look as well.

WHAT A YOUNG BOY OUGHT TO KNOW. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

THIS is a book that has come to stay, because it supplies a want. Indeed, its value cannot be overestimated, and every father who has a growing boy should put its well-considered pages in his hands.

In the past, foolish and illogical prudishness has led to the corruption and ruin of body and soul of many lads, for nothing aids vice so much as ignorance. The asylums and private retreats of our country bear witness to this fact. It is deplorable beyond measure to see in "strait jackets" and cells, numbers of young men who are hopelessly imbecile because they were neither forewarned nor forearmed.

Dr. Stall handles the subject with good taste and good judgment, and there is not to be found from cover to cover a prurient or suggestive word.

The book, which belongs to "The Self and Sex Series," is highly recommended by Edward W. Bok, Joseph Cook, Anthony Comstock, John Willis Baer, Lady Henry Somerset, Bishop Vincent, Theodore Cuyler, Mary A. Livermore, and others.

William Briggs, Toronto.

ABOUT MONEY. Talks to Children. By Perry Wayland Smith.

"THINK as we may," says the author of this book, "money is the ruling force of this age."

In view of this fact, every parent should see to it that their children have right principles, and correct notions regarding money.

Most children have little idea of it except as something to squander. With them it is a case of "come easy," and "go easy."

These talks "About Money" cannot fail to be a great help to any youth who will peruse its pages. They will find the book readable from end to end, for the instruction throughout is joyfully insidious.

The chapters are entitled as follows: Getting Money, Spending Money, Sharp Bargains, The Poor Poor, The Poor Rich, The Rich Poor, and The Rich Rich.

We would particularly commend to the consideration of parents the good, hard, common-sense contained in the following extract: "The second round in the ladder, whose top leans on wealth, is saving habits, or economy of one's earnings. We would make the emphasis upon the 'habit' of savings, rather than upon the amount of one's savings. As it is minutes that make the hours, so it is the cents that make the dollars. Take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. In like manner, take care of the cents and the dollars will not need special care. A person who spends as much money as he earns every week will never become rich by such a process. But if a person manages to keep back or save something every week, no matter how small the amount, the beginnings of his fortune are already made. 'The beginning of a deposit, however small, in a savings bank' is the statement of one of our thoughtful men, 'may be regarded as the crisis of many a moral destiny.' If a person manages to save back something from what he earns, and puts it where it will earn more, he will, in time, be well-to-do, will have money with which to do good."

It is a book you ought to have in your home.

Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, New York, Toronto.

THE GREY CLOAK. By Harold Macgrath.

THIS is by a long way the best novel we have read for many a day. We do not hesitate to rank the author with men who hold niches in our Temple of Fame as "standard authors."

It is a daring story of warring passions, rife with power, and told with masterly

cleverness. The situations are thrilling and intensely dramatic.

There is a remarkable character in the story, Father Jacques, a Jesuit priest. He was the illegitimate son of the Marquis de Perigny by Margot Bourdaloue, a beautiful peasant, whom the Marquis deserted before the birth of the child. This child devoted himself to the priesthood, in order that he might be with his father to refuse him absolution on his death-bed.

The startling denouement is well-planned and executed, and we turn the last pages with regret that we cannot begin it all over again.

Thomas Mitchell Pierce has, in the illustrations, aptly caught the ideas of the author.

Bobbs-Merril Co., Indianapolis.

LYRICS AND SONNETS. By Thomas McKie.

THE author is a barrister, or, to use the old-world expression, an advocate.

Do not leap to the conclusion that the profession of law is incompatible with poesy, for even so great an authority as Whittier held to the contrary. He says of the Judge in "Maud Muller:"

> "Then he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
> And his mother, vain of her rank and gold;
> So closing his heart the judge rode on,
> And Maud was left in the field alone.
> But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
> When he hummed in the court an old love tune."

And this Scottish barrister sings love-songs, too, and songs of nature and human life. He is an apostle of no school, either philosophic or fleshly, but touches the simple themes that lie close to everyday experiences, and that are full of sunshine as well as shadow.

Mr. McKie lives in a sweet atmosphere, and is keenly sensitive to the beauties of nature. His verse is highly-finished and melodious. Of a surety the poems are well worthy "the perpetuity of print."

We congratulate the publishers on the letterpress, and the tasteful style of the edition.

David Douglas, Edinburgh.

NATURE THOUGHTS. By Richard Jefferies.

FROM the finest of Jefferies' writings, Thomas Coke Watkins has selected this nosegay of "Thoughts," and Thomas B. Mosher has turned them into an edition that is a literary gem. It is a book that can be put into a small corner of your satchel when you go holidaying in the country, but one which will take up a large corner in your heart.

It is a relief to turn from the gross meat of naturalism and materialism with which our shelves are heavy-laden, to these sweet, ennobling thoughts on life and light. In them, we find that subtle suggestiveness which allies prose to poetry, for Jefferies was one of the favored few who could see with his heart and imagination, as well as his brain. He had an exceeding delicacy of perception—was a man of "fine antennæ."

The book is full of "quotable" things, so we select at random:

> "My soul has never been, and never can be, dipped in time. Time has never existed, and never will; it is purely an artificial arrangement. It is eternity now, it always was eternity, and always will be."

Or, again,

> "A little feather droops downwards to the ground—a swallow's feather is fuller of miracle than the Pentateuch—how shall that feather be placed again in the breast where it grew? Nothing twice. Time changes the places that knew us, and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables and the road has been widened. Who dares think then? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no consolation."

Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

LIFE AND DESTINY. By Felix Adler.

THIS book is a collection, or rather a selection, from the lectures of Dr. Adler, which covered a period of twenty-six years, since the inception of the Ethical Society in 1876.

The most notable features of the book is the amount of solid thought in it—thought that is instinct with life. The messages are for the heart as well as the understanding. They are terse, clear, and straightforward, and will bear to be read and re-read. It is a book one might aptly present to a friend.

In the chapter on "Moral Ideas," Dr. Adler says:

> "In the great Academies of the Middle Ages there were four faculties, from at least one of which a student must graduate before he could claim the title of Doctor, or

'Learned One.' So, likewise, in the great university of life there are four faculties, each having as its head a great professor. The name of one professor is Poverty; of another, Sickness; of another, Sorrow; of the last, Sin. In one of these faculties we must be inscribed, the searching examination of one of these teachers we must pass before we can obtain our degree of Learned in the Art of Life."

McClure Phillips Co., New York.

THE ALCOTTS IN HARVARD. By Mrs. Clark.

IN this winsome volume, Mrs. Clark has given us her reminiscences of the Alcott children—of their school-days, their home-life, parties, hardships, and vagaries. Louise, the author of "Little Women," is portrayed as a live, life-loving, and altogether charming girl.

Mrs. Clark tells us, too, in an interesting, chatty manner, something of the life and philosophy of Alcott *pere*, whom Emerson described as "a tedious archangel," and "a nineteenth century Simon Stylites."

The book is tastefully made up, and is profusely illustrated by photographs.

Thanks, Mrs. Clark, for this delightful gossip on our old friends!

J. C. L. Clark, Lancaster, Mass.

THE CONJUROR'S HOUSE. By Stewart Edward White.

THERE is nothing of the faint heart about the hero of this romance, *Ned Trent*, and, accordingly, he carries off the proverbial fair lady.

In this character, the author has drawn with vivid, subtle strokes, the portrait of a man of daring soul, callous nerves, a mind inaccessible to fear, and impervious to the mere calculations of personal prudence. This character he sets against the marvellously enticing background afforded by the feudal power wielded, in its zenith, by the Hudson Bay Company, in that lone, barren land, where "the shadows fall crimson across the snow."

The Conjuror's House is a powerful drama of human passions, and is told with a very full understanding of the human body and soul. It is strong, fresh, absorbing, and instinct with life, warmth, and color. By all means read it.

McClure, Phillips and Co., New York.

SUPPLEMENT

of The

NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

GURNEY FOUNDRY COMPANY.

AS a general thing, most of us are lamentably ignorant regarding Canadian manufacturing resources. Politicians have talked so much of "our infant manufacturies" that we have learned to think along that line. We forget that they cannot very well remain infants for twenty years, and that most of them have already come of age.

Indeed, some of the infants have even passed the meridian of life, and in the case of the Gurney Foundry, the baby begins to show an occasional grey hair, for it has reached the ripe age of sixty. Of a truth it might be called old, but not old in the sense of decrepitude, but in the spirit of maturity and strength.

The Gurney "infant" was born in Hamilton, in 1843, and the present foundry at 434-500 King Street, W., Toronto, is its son—an independent son, of course—but, nevertheless, a son.

And his mammoth business has grown so rapidly and spread so extensively that branches have been established at Toronto Junction, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal, Boston, and New York. After all, Canadian industry and pluck is as good as the best.

The aim of the firm is to live up to Dr. Arnott's definition of ideal heating. "It is," he says, "to obtain everywhere on earth at will the temperature most congenial to the human constitution, and air as pure as blows on a hill top."

Now, warmth and ventilation are in some degree antagonistic operations, but the popularity of the Gurney heaters shows that the firm have successfully realized the ideal. In other words, *their stoves are ideas dressed up in iron.* They are thoughts that stand for ventilation, economy, warmth, utility, and neatness.

A walk through this enormous foundry will reveal the fact that the firm does not confine, its energies solely to furnaces, boilers, or steam-appliances, but manufacture also laundry-stoves, steel ranges, carving-tables, blue flame oil stoves, street-car heaters, clothes-dryers, sanitary dish-washers, plate-warmers, steam-roasters, urns, hollow-ware, gas-heaters, and all sorts and conditions of broilers.

Formerly, large government institutions were obliged to send to New York for these special domestic furnishings, but now are able to secure as good articles at a smaller expenditure at home in our own country.

We congratulate this mammoth firm on its energetic management, remarkable record of growth, and solid prosperity.

SCALP AND SKIN

IN old times, saints used to soothe the body by prayer and fasting. The modern way is by prayer and bathing. And a Turkish bath such as you get in this day of grace, will do it in the very best style. If you are mentally overtaxed, if your nerves are jarred, or you are physically exhausted, these baths will quicken the skin, stimulate the liver and kidneys, and will open the way for the elimination of impurities which clog the system.

Being somewhat troubled with a heavy cold, a heavy head, and a heavy pen, I wandered recently into the Pember establishment on Yonge Street, and requested them to do their prettiest for me. This meant that

I was led into a sanctum, stripped, and bravely attired in the dress mentioned by Rabelais as "nothing before, nothing behind, with sleeves of the same." Well, not *quite* that, but within two ounces of it. Of a surety, the Turkish bath fashion returns to the fig-leaf, to the little cloud no larger than a man's hand.

Gracious me! What a rubbing, scrubbing, and sousing Madam gave me. What muscles she had in her arms! They were tough as green sweet briar. *The Village Blacksmith* was not in the running. And how soft her hands were! I thought of a lot of similies, but discarded them all as falling short of the mark.

Presently, all the drop-down-deadtiveness that weighted me had fled, leaving behind a merry madness in the veins. I was rejoicing as a strong man to run a race, and mentally resolving to take a Turkish bath at least once a week (oftener, my bank-book willing) for the rest of my mortal life.

A walk through the shop, and a peep into the cupboard convinced me of the fact that grey beards and bald heads need not exist a day longer. Pembers keep everything in these cupboards but Bluebeards. There are pompadours made on springs, pins, and combs, and all of them light as air. There are bangs, switches, coils, waves, and toupees. One need not waste time, gas, and patience, curling her wayward locks, when she can buy a pompadour. All she has to do to keep the pompadour in curl is to dip it in water, and shake it out.

And the styles at Pembers are right, which means a great deal, for "that which you place upon your head," says Mme. Marcelle, in *An English Girl in Paris*, "sounds the keynote of the whole personality."

And the prices are right, too. In a novel published recently by I. Zangwill, he tells of two old Frenchwomen who almost starved and froze themselves in order to save money to buy a grey wig of exorbitant price, which wig they were to wear in turn. Critics say it is Zangwill's best story, but he could never have written it had he lived in Toronto, for no such greed exists here in the case of the *coiffeur*.

The Pembers also carry a large stock of miscellanies, such as hair ornaments in jade, jet, and metal; manicure, massage, and chiropodist supplies; skin foods, hair-tonics and dyes. They keep all the Parker-Pray preparations here, and Mrs. Pray's, too, for Dr. Pray and his wife have been divorced, and are running competitive businesses.

It is an interesting fact that the mail-order department of the Pembers has grown so large that they supply goods to Japan, England, and the United States, showing that perseverance and reliability have gone hand in hand to build up this highly successful business.

The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th AnnualReport of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659 08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, } Auditors.
G. A. HARPER, }

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date	Total Assets	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1892	$37 725 86	$3,518 51	
" " 1893	95 693 14	15,566 59	
" " 1894	174 [illegible] 01	43,656 88	$1,000.00
" " 1895	285 [illegible] 97	89,339,27	2,000.00
" " 1897	165 [illegible] 82	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	402 294 91	247,691,87	18,000.00
" " 1899	775 [illegible] 27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1 [illegible] 89	288,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1 [illegible] 26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " 1902	1 572 135.78	736,348.06	55,000.00

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
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V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

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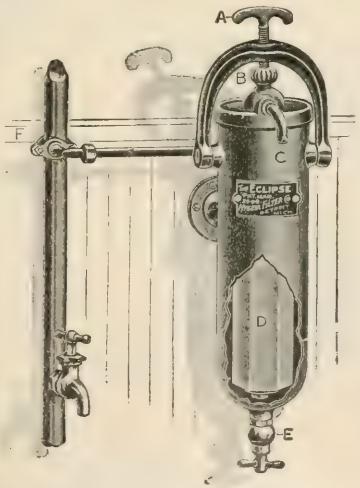

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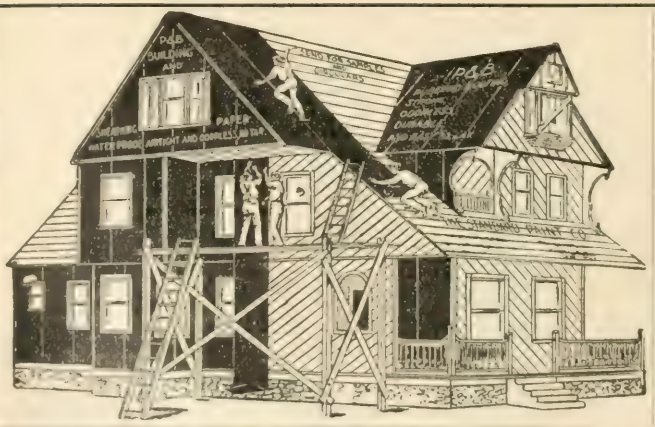

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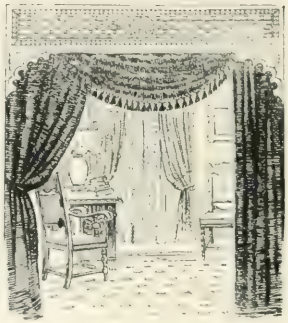

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TO READERS OF THE NATIONAL MONTHLY

THE leading article of this issue deals with the City of Winnipeg. Perhaps no Canadian writer has a fuller knowledge of the manifest features of our cities, and of how they differentiate in manners, commerce, and methods of thought than J. Macdonald Oxley. This may be easily proven by reading his article on "The Characteristics of Canadian Cities" in the last October issue of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY.

His study of Winnipeg, now before us, is well-considered and written in a pleasant vein.

We are pleased to present to our readers in this issue a new serial entitled "Romance and a Dragon," by Theodore Roberts. We consider this one of the best stories that has appeared in THE NATIONAL MONTHLY.

Perhaps the hardest thing that ever falls to the lot of a guardian is to ask a young man his "intention." If you are in any way interested in the subject, don't fail to read the story entitled "Miss Scarpe's Campaign." The author, Mr. Harvey J. O'Higgins, is a Canadian who is at present domiciled in New York.

Colonial effects in architecture are extremely popular at present. The colonial residence on our front cover is a perfect specimen of this style.

A very humorous and very modern story is "Huckleback, the House-Mover." In France they would call it "a slice of life."

Janey Canuck takes us on a lively trip to Chinatown this month, and tells us how it feels to "do" the Kootenay District.

Write and tell us what you think about the Home Department.

"Wood Folk at School," which is reviewed in literature, has been the subject of much comment in the American journals.

Almost every day brings us evidence that "Current Comments" are extremely popular with our readers, particularly with the gentlemen. Our aim is to present, without fuss or feathers, the leading questions and topics of the day. Two of the most interesting items in this issue are "Negroes as Immigrants," and "The Protection Argument in Brief."

Most of the photographs reproduced in this issue are the work of Steele & Co., Winnipeg, and speak for themselves of the excellent work of this firm. We also wish to thank the Canadian Northern Railway for the numerous views they forwarded to us.

Apart from the regular subscribers in Hamilton, 4,000 copies of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY were sold in that city last month. Well done, Hamilton!

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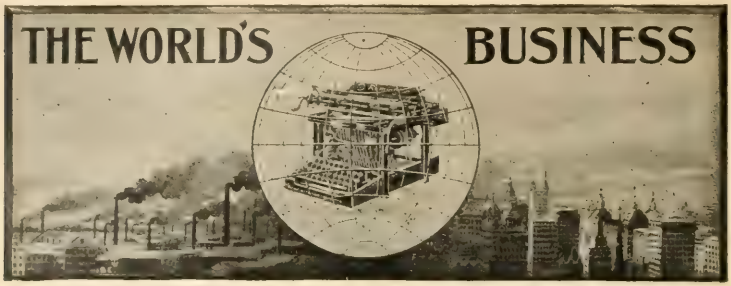

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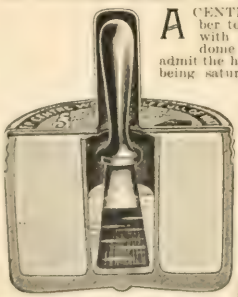

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THE
NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

VOL. III TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1903 No. 4

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Protection Argument in Brief

IN the face of all the free-trade theories which are heard from time to time, there are some facts concerning Canada and the effect of the present tariff that remain indisputable. It is possible to lose sight of the important point in a maze of argument, but the strength of the protectionists lies in the simple fact that under present conditions Canada is getting much the worst of it in her trade relations with the United States. It needs but a very few figures to show why a more adequate protection is required.

Last year Canada imported from the United States to the amount of $129,794,147 and exported to the same country only $71,197,684. Of this latter amount, $66,607,784 was home produce, while of the total imports over $114,500,000 was produce required for home consumption. It is very apparent that in this Canada gets the worst of it. This is an agricultural country, and should export largely; yet the actual facts are that we buy from our American neighbors almost twice as much as we sell, and of produce that we ought to grow ourselves. The greater part of our exports are raw materials, such as the products of our forests and mines; and here again we are doing ourselves an injustice, for this raw material should be manufactured in our own country.

Of manufactured products, Canada imported in 1902 from the United States to the value of $69,536,000, while she exported only $6,024,373. A proportion of the imported manufactures were made of Canadian raw material, Canada thus buying back her own at a heavy advance in price; while a very large part of the total amount could be profitably manufactured at home if the tariff permitted. The entire question of tariff reform—whether or not there shall be protection for our own national industries or continued generosity to another country—thus reduces itself to the simple question of buying things from outside producers that we ought to produce ourselves, and selling them our raw material, or developing our own country by producing and manufacturing at home, and by exporting rather than importing.

What Transcontinental Railways Cost and Earn

THE discussion which has arisen over the Government's railway policy draws attention to the magnitude, in political, mechanical, and financial respects, of modern railway building. The immense proportions of an enterprise such as the proposed new transcontinental railway are hardly grasped by the casual reader. A probable total cost of $110,000,000 is what the Grand Trunk Pacific means financially.

an estimate based upon the mileage, and subject to the final details of the route. Mr. McCarthy, M.P., who introduced the bill, estimates the cost of the prairie section at $20,000 a mile, and the mountain section $50,000, or a total of $17,000,000, and $25,000,000 respectively. The eastern section, from Winnipeg to Moncton, will cost $50,000,000 at $30,000 a mile. In addition to this will be the cost of the various branch lines; but, on the other hand, it is claimed that the estimate is already much too large, actual construction being now in progress by the Canadian Northern at half the figure. Rolling stock for the whole line is named at $20,000,000. While the policy adopted by the Government is a vigorous one, and, in most respects, favorable to public interests, there is an indefiniteness about the cost, engineering conditions, and even the route itself, which make a careful investigation desirable.

Costly as trancontinental railways thus are, they are as certainly profit-makers. The total net income of the Canadian Pacific for the year ended last June, was $17,123,058, of which over $9,000,000 was available for dividends. The splendid position now held by the C.P.R. in the world of finance is due in part to the able management of the road, but its first success is in the resources of the country which it has opened up, and this success will be repeated by the new line, opening up new districts from West to East.

A Law to Make Men Vote

A MEASURE introduced in the House by Mr. John Charlton seeks to make voting compulsory on penalty of forfeiture of the franchise. Mr. Charlton believes that such a law would discourage bribery, as those who put a price upon their vote could no longer hold off for the highest bidder. That this is a very real evil throughout Canada there is no question, and compulsory voting would undoubtedly do much to remedy it; but for several reasons it is not a practicable remedy.

It is not likely that compulsory voting would be more acceptable to the liberty-loving Canadian than would compulsory abstinence, which many look upon as an interference with personal rights. A man may have the best of reasons for not voting, reasons altogether independent of personal gain or selfish interests. Religious scruples or conscientious objections to men or measures may deter him from voting "yea," and yet he may not be prepared to vote "nay." Under such circumstances a man cannot justly be disfranchised, and compulsion might thus result in winnowing out many of the most desirable class of voters in the country. Some provision would also be necessary for cases of sickness, and pretended ills would become an easy escape for the tricksters. All in all, while Mr. Charlton's proposition aims at an admitted evil, it is itself open to so many objections that its enforcement would be a doubtful expedient.

A nother Successful Tour

THE recent visit to this country of a party of British journalists added one more triumph to the credit of Canada. Like all the other delegations that come this way, they were surprised and delighted with what they saw and heard, and have gone home fully convinced that the half has never been told concerning the greatness and the beauty of the Canadian colony. So far they did not differ greatly from other tourists, but their visit and their impressions were especially noteworthy since they were men whose position enables them to effectually spread the news after their return to England. No one sees so much and so correctly as a trained journalist, and these British newspaper men will do much to advertise Canada by telling their readers of what they saw and what they thought. We are accustomed to hear our visitors say pleasant things about our country, but there is a better chance than usual for something to come out of this journalistic tour.

Fairly typical, in a nutshell, of the British editors' opinion of Canada is what the representative of Reynolds' great publishing house said before leaving for home: "I have had many years' experience in agricultural life, both in Ireland and in England, but never have I seen finer land,

finer crops, finer cattle, or finer people than I have during my tour through Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. One of the most curious and striking things I have met with is the amusement with which these people here regard the British dread of the Canadian winter."

Government Salaries

THE question of increasing the salaries of the members of Government, and those holding the more important Government positions has been mooted more than once during the past few years, and has been revived again in connection with the appointment of the Railway Commission. The Chief Commissioner is to receive $10,000 a year, and his two colleagues $8,000 each, a remuneration that would appear to be ample and even generous. It is in fact higher than the salaries paid even to ministers and judges, and the common people will consider the new offices quite well enough rewarded. When it is remembered, however, that the position is one which calls for expert knowledge, and that the men who have this knowledge, and are thus best fitted to be of service to the country, already hold business positions that are more profitable, the offer made to them by the Government loses something of its generousness. Sir William Van Horne declined the chairmanship of the Commission because his business duties would not leave him the necessary time; it is quite well understood, although he did not put it so bluntly himself, that Sir William Van Horne's time is worth more than $10,000 a year, and that he could not afford to sacrifice his personal interests to such an extent, even for the good of the country. The money value of ability must be recognized.

It is becoming more generally believed that the Government ministers and the judges of our courts are underpaid, and that the whole system of salaries needs revision. The Premier of Canada, the chief Government official, receives a salary far short of the value of his services, a mere $8,000. The expenses necessarily involved in the higher positions make heavy inroads upon their allowances, and it is a matter of fact that statesmen usually die poor. In comparison, the leaders in the business world are much better remunerated. As chairman of the C.P.R. managing board, Sir William Van Horne receives $35,000; Mr. Hays, manager of the Grand Trunk, is said to have a salary of $40,000; the president of the United States Steel Corporation gets $75,000, and the manager of the Soo industries $50,000; several of the banks pay their presidents from $20,000 to $30,000. Government is more arduous than ordinary business, and should be at least equally remunerated. There are still, it is true, what are sometimes called "Government snaps," with which more or less abuse of political privileges is usually connected, but the positions of real importance in the government of Canada mean a great amount of work and only a comparatively small remuneration.

Negroes as Immigrants

THERE is said to be some likelihood of an influx of negro immigrants into Canada from the Southern States. A negro organization known as the Order of St. Luke has been seeking for years to remedy the wrongs of the race, chief of which are the numerous lynchings and the unjustifiable suspicion with which the blacks are looked upon by the whites. The Order has devised a way of escape from these evils, namely, to migrate to Canada, and there make negro settlements, where they may be at peace. Branches of the Order are to be organized in a number of Canadian and American cities, and a mutual benefit system will be inaugurated to transport and settle their brethren in the Canadian west. The scheme has fair chances of success, and will probably be set in operation very shortly.

Canada can absorb nearly all classes of people, except bad people. There is some doubt, however, whether the experiment of negro colonies is one which it is desirable should succeed. Separate colonies have heretofore not been fully successful, and in any case the aim of the Canadian immigration policy is not to establish separate settlements, but to make Canadian citizens

of our immigrants, and absorb them into the national fabric. Now it will never be possible to so absorb a colored population; the race feeling may be reduced to its lowest point and the friendliest relations may exist between the blacks and the whites, but the two races must always remain separate. Moreover, negroes are not, as a rule, possessed of that industry and forcefulness which are so necessary to the Canadian settler; only now and then have they proved themselves equal to the duties of real citizenship. And so, while our sympathies are with the oppressed negro in the South, the idea of any extensive immigration of colored people into Canada is not one which commends itself.

The World's Shipping

AT the present time the shipping of the world consists of 29,943 steamers and sailing vessels, the steamers exceeding the vessels by 5,500. The days of the sailing ship are rapidly passing, and more and more the steamship is taking its place. The total shipping for 1902 shows an increase of 315 vessels, but this was entirely in the steamers, as there were fewer sailing vessels built than in any year in the history of shipping. Modern traffic of the sea is nowadays a matter of steam-power, and no longer of Nature's winds.

Of the total tonnage in the world, nearly one-half is British-owned. For the first time the British Empire possesses shipping exceeding sixteen millions tonnage, and the next closest is the United States, with three and a half millions. Nearly all of the British shipping is steamships, which thus adds to the superiority over that of any other nation or of the nations collectively. Great Britain has ever had a deep and justifiable pride in her merchant marine, which has indeed given her supremacy quite as much as her navy. England is a shipbuilding country, and island as she is, it is fitting that she should lead the world. Her colonies might follow her example more closely with profit. The eastern provinces of Canada have exceptional advantages for shipbuilding, and there is every reason to believe that the steel ship-yards that have been proposed in Nova Scotia for the past two or three years would be successful. In the United States great progress has been made within recent years in the way of ship-building, but the industry is still in its infancy, and the American merchant fleet is as yet small. The six leading ship-owning countries, in order, are as follows: Britain and her colonies, United States, Germany, Norway, France, and Italy.

From Lake Huron to Lake Ontario

A PROJECT has been under way for several years by which Lake Huron is to be connected with Lake Ontario by way of the Trent Valley route. This route is two hundred miles in length, a saving of some two hundred and fifty miles on the present Lake route, and therefore an important factor in the business of transportation. Of these two hundred miles, about twenty miles are canals, and the rest is a natural system of lakes and rivers, the greater part of which is already navigable. The advantages of this route, as a short cut through the heart of Ontario, were recognized some years ago; a Commission was organized to promote the interests of the Trent Valley waterway, and Government assistance has been liberally given.

The system of lakes which forms the essential part of the route is known as the Kawartha Lakes, whose highest level is six hundred feet above the level of Lake Ontario. This necessitates a series of drops at the eastern end, the heaviest being at Peterboro', where a drop of sixty-six feet has been overcome by the construction of the largest canal locks of their kind in the world. Vessels will be raised or lowered this distance in two immense pontoons, operated by hydraulic power. These locks, which are somewhat of a triumph for Canadian engineering, represent an expenditure of $1,000,000, and are now just about completed. The other canal locks in the route are of ordinary proportions, and portions of the work at both ends of the route are still under construction.

Whether the Trent Valley route will ever play a leading part in the transportation of western produce to the seaboard has

been made a matter of considerable political discussion. It is a crooked route, and its navigation will necessarily be slow; yet it will greatly shorten the water haul, and will put freight from Georgian Bay termini on the St. Lawrence in quicker time and at less expense. How great a factor in freight-moving it will be, time will tell. In any case, the opening up of the route will be of great benefit to the country through which it passes. Large quantities of grain and lumber are produced in the outlying districts, and shipping facilities are at present inadequate. The canal will thus have a very considerable business independent of the through freighting from the West.

The Tourist Business

EACH year increases Canada's popularity with the travelling public, on account of which the tourist business has grown from a very little to proportions that now rank with the most important of our industries. Of late years, special attention has been given, both in the east and the west, to the attraction and entertainment of summer travellers, and how well the movement has succeeded is proven by the reports from scores of seaside resorts, country towns, and leading cities. So quickly has the tourist business grown, that there are to-day not a few subsidiary industries that are very largely dependent upon the tourist traffic, which many towns look upon as their chief mainstay. There may be some doubt as to the permanent value of such an industry, since it operates during only a portion of the year, and is at best uncertain; but it is at least a valuable addition to the industrial activity of the average community, and its profits figure largely in local revenues.

It has been computed that one thousand tourists spend $300,000 per month, and there is more than one city in Canada that either surpasses that figure, or very closely approaches it. The great numbers of people who spend several weeks or months in country villages or at popular resorts, live more cheaply, but aggregate an equal expenditure for the season. Complete estimates of the tourist business in Canada would be as interesting and valuable as almost any in the blue-books. The State of Maine estimates its tourist revenue last year at $12,400,000, while one little town in California clears nearly $7,000,000 annually. One thing Canada must learn, however—not to depend upon the beauties of nature alone, but to improve the quality of the entertainment. The tourist business is worth cultivating.

Affairs in England

THE British Parliament prorogued in August, after a sitting of more than usual interest. It was marked by, perhaps, as much as anything else, the remarkable way in which Premier Balfour was able, despite predictions, to hold the Government together and harmonize the opposing factions. It is believed, however, that general elections will be held before another session, and that a new campaign will be inaugurated this fall. Mr. Chamberlain's tariff propaganda has acted somewhat as an explosive, and while the protectionists are steadily gaining, there will be long and arduous fighting before England will give up her long-cherished free trade. Mr. Chamberlain is receiving the usual unfavorable compliments of those who cannot see the force of his argument, and the inevitable success of his policy; but Mr. Chamberlain is to-day the chief statesman of England.

The most important measure passed in the recent parliament was the Irish Land Bill, which was referred to in a previous issue. There is every reason to believe that it will work out successfully, and the Irish people have accepted it as a relief to their misfortunes. Another wise move toward conciliating the Irish was the recent visit to Ireland of the King and Queen, which more than any amount of parliamentary eloquence has smoothed down the Irish temper, and elicited warm expressions of loyalty. It is believed by many that the worst of the trouble with Ireland is over, and that the Land Bill has introduced a new era.

The King has the happy faculty of making friends. The national advantages of

this fact are apparent in the improved relations between England and other countries that have followed the recent state tours. The most significant of these tours, perhaps, was the visit to England of President Loubet, which has been followed by a remarkable improvement in English and French relations. M. Loubet was received right royally, and the whole French nation has responded to the good-will shown their President. Possible difficulties have been headed off by cordiality. Herein lies one of the most important offices of modern monarchs, one that very democratic people may deprecate, yet is nevertheless more than mere sentiment.

The Trade Congress in Montreal

THE Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire, held in Montreal, was in every way a success, and was undoubtedly one of the most important business conventions ever held. Delegates were present from nearly every part of the Empire, to whom their Canadian colleagues played well the part of host. A great number of topics were discussed in the congress, and resolutions passed that, as reflecting the opinions of the business men of the Empire, will be of value to future legislators. Some of these topics were imperial defence, steamship service, tariff, immigration, commercial relations within the Empire, bankruptcy laws, etc. For the discussion of these and other questions of vital importance there were men of as much ability as in a Parliament. One dominant note ran through all the discussions—the advantages of imperialism as applied to the practical life of the British world, and the mutual benefits that would follow closer relations between the colonies.

The most significant thing about the Congress was the fact that such an assemblage was possible. Its transactions were important, but it was in itself the strongest testimony to the spirit of progress in the present age. Modern methods have changed the face of the business world, and the fact that several hundred men of affairs from all parts of the Empire will get together and talk over matters of imperial interest is a striking evidence of twentieth-century development.

Tramps and Labor

THE tramp is still with us. In hard times or in good times, the country has its vagrants, for whom there seems to be no excuse, yet whose presence in our midst must be recognized. The plea which these parasites upon society were wont to make—that they could find no work—has been most effectually demolished during the past season. All over Canada there has been a pressing demand for laborers, and important industries have for months been undermanned. Yet there are still tramps. Some Ontario farmers expressed their willingness to pay the fines of certain vagrants who had got into trouble, a few weeks ago, if they would come to the farms and work. In one case the experiment was actually made; but after a few days of steady work in the harvest-field, the ne wfarm-hand disappeared, and the farmer was out of pocket to the extent of the fine which he had paid. In the Western States, also, urgent means are being adopted; short-handed farmers are stopping trains, and searching their passenger lists for possible harvest helpers; yet in Kansas recently, no less than 200 tramps were ejected from a train during a single trip of a hundred miles.

How are these tramps to be made to work? They are somehow making a living, and at the expense of honest people who would be glad to pay them for their services. Work, however, they will not, and the pictures in the funny papers represent them very truly, after all. They are, moreover, not only idlers, and hence a loss to society, but they are a constant danger as well. Nearly every day there comes news from some quarter of the country of outrage or threat at their hands. and thefts are not the least of their crimes. A very strict hand needs to be carried with these wandering idlers, and at the best, they constitute one of our social problems.

Public Ownership is Gaining

THE idea of municipal ownership is steadily gaining in favor throughout Canada. The success which has followed the experiment in other countries is being repeated in many cases in our own country, and the further acquirement of public franchises is now being more widely considered than, perhaps, any other item of municipal business. One of the most interesting experiments that has yet been made in Canada, is reported from the city of St. Thomas, where the public ownership of the street railway system has resulted very satisfactorily from every point of view.

The St. Thomas railway has been under the city's management only six months, being then taken over as a broken-down concern, in debt and badly-equipped. Under its new management, it has paid running expenses, including the cost of repairs, added more cars, given a better service, and thoroughly reorganized. With all this, the price of passenger fares has been reduced very considerably. The people of St. Thomas are naturally well pleased with the results of their experiment in public ownership, and while this is the only case of a public-owned street railway in the Dominion, the incident is of value to other municipalities in which similar questions may be under discussion.

To show the extent to which the movement is gaining ground, it may be mentioned that in seven towns in Ontario the lighting service is under public control and ownership, while four other towns are considering similar action; six towns own their system of waterworks, and as many more have waterworks proposed; and one of the largest towns in the province is proposing to purchase its street railway.

THE CITY OF WINNIPEG

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY

A VISIT to the capital of the Province of Manitoba is apt to remind one irresistibly of that famous passage in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":

"Boston State-House is the hub of the Solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crow-bar."

Since if you substitute Winnipeg City Hall for Boston State-House and Winnipeger for Boston man, you come pretty near to representing the profound conviction of the people of the most bustling and fast-growing of our Canadian cities.

"The Heart of Canada," "The Nerve-centre of the Dominion," "The Chicago of the North-West," and so on, in language vibrant with high hopes, and sanguine expectation, do they talk who speak in Winnipeg's name, and certainly, if exhaustless energy, splendid enterprise, and sublime faith in the future constitute in themselves sufficient guarantees of realization, then none of these eloquent expressions is misapplied.

But in order to a full appreciation of the wonders of the present, it is necessary to take a brief retrospect of the past, and, although the prairie capital may not boast of so lengthy and romantic a history as grey old Quebec, for instance, still she has a story of her own, the details of which have been lovingly preserved by Mr. Charles N. Bell, F.R.G.S., the erudite Secretary of the Board of Trade.

More than two centuries and a half have elapsed since a party of French adventurers, under the renowned La Verandrye, arrived at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, and there established a trading post which they called Fort Rouge. They made little effort to extend their occupation, however, and when in 1763 the conquest of Canada by Great Britain changed the ownership of the whole territory, no progress had been made towards opening up the country.

Fifteen or twenty years later, fur traders from Eastern Canada began to make their way into the North-West to barter for peltry with the Indians, and by the close of the century a number of posts had been established on the upper waters of the rivers.

About the year 1803, Alexander Henry, of the North-West Fur Company, which was already becoming a serious rival to the great Hudson Bay Company, being in charge of the Red River district, built at "The Forks," as the junction of the two rivers was locally called, a small post, afterwards named Fort Gibraltar.

Although consisting at first of only a couple of log-houses this was really the foundation of the future capital, for ever since their trade has flourished within what are now the city limits. That the situation was early recognized as a central and convenient one for the distribution of commodities is shown by the practice of the traders of landing here to assort and repack their outfits for distribution east and west.

Early in the century, the Hudson Bay Company, which had hitherto confined its operations to the more northerly districts, began to push southward, and to compete with the Canadian Fur Company in their own field. About the year 1811, Lord Selkirk, who had a large interest in the former company, secured from it an extensive grant of land along the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and thereon established the famous Selkirk settlement.

This precipitated a struggle for supremacy between the two fur companies, both of them claiming exclusive rights in the Red River region, which resulted in destruction of property, and shedding of blood upon more than one occasion, and finally culminated in a fierce fight within the present limits of Winnipeg, when Governor Semple of the Hudson Bay Company, and a score of his men, were slain by the North-Westers.

The tragedy brought about the coalition of the two companies in 1820, and there was then established at "The Forks" a fort and stores to supply the settlers, traders, and Indians with goods, peltry being taken in exchange. Fifteen years later, Fort Garry, of which only the ruined back gateway now remains, was built by Governor Christie, and this ensured the importance of the position, and may be said to be the foundation of the future city.

The growth of the settlement was retarded by the difficulty of reaching it, and by various troubles which beset it, whereof the Riel Rebellion was the most serious, and by 1870 there was only a village consisting of about thirty log huts, and containing a population not exceeding 200 all told.

But from this time dates the influx of settlers, and in 1874, there was incorporated the city of Winnipeg, the name being taken from Indian words signifying "muddy" or "cloudy water."

Five years later a line of railway reached up from St. Paul below the boundary, and then the real rush into the country began, bringing about a "boom" that grew into a perfect epidemic of speculation all over Canada. By the spring of 1881, when the Canadian Pacific Railway commenced active operations, the population had risen to 20,000, and Winnipeg bid fair to parallel Chicago in rapidity of growth.

But the inevitable reaction ensued. The boom burst with disastrous consequences. A period of depression followed, the effects of which were felt for many years after, and then Winnipeg, having learned her lesson so well that no repetition of it is likely ever to be needed, entered upon a course of sound, solid, steady growth, which has brought her into the first rank of Canadian cities, and opened up before her possibilities of future development whose limits not even the shrewdest of prophets would now venture to assign.

The geographical position of Winnipeg is such that she must always be the strategic point in the vast system of communication and transportation that will ere long traverse the North-West region. Situated at the junction of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, she is only sixty-six miles north of the international boundary line, and forty miles south of Lake Winnipeg. As it has been aptly said: "Winnipeg is the neck of a double funnel whose mouths gather the traffic of an empire, and three oceans, the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Great Lakes. With the growth of the West, and the ever-increasing wants of the East, who will set a limit to prairie products when the iron, coal, salt, and other products of near tributary districts are developed, and the fertile Province of Manitoba be under grain and cattle?"

To the east are the mining and timber districts of the Lake of the Woods; to the north and north-west the mineral deposits, timber areas, and great fisheries of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis; to the south the fertile lands which stand unrivalled in producing that finest of all wheat, known to the market of the world, and the true keystone to the Province's prosperity, viz., No. 1 Manitoba Hard. Thus it will be seen, says Mr. Bell, that independent of the fact that Winnipeg is the great central mart for Canada between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, within the limits of a circle described at a distance of 150 miles from the city, she is the objective point for all the trade arising from the development and cultivation of varied industries, and natural productions.

In the all-important matter of railway facilities, Winnipeg has good reason to be proud and content, for it may be said that the entire railway system of Western Canada radiates from her, and so strong is her hold on the routes of commerce, that even the Grand Trunk Pacific scheme, originally planned to go well to the north, had perforce to be modified to include her in its system.

Beginning with the single track of the old St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba line, which proved such a gold-mine to its far-seeing promoters, there followed in due course the Canadian Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and various smaller systems, until now at least a dozen roads run north, south, east, and west, and there are more to come in the near future, including the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Canadian Pacific has announced its purpose of making vast additions to its present inadequate terminal facilities, the programme comprising a palatial passenger station with a splendid hotel, a quadrupling of the freight terminals, and an immense extension of the shunting yards, the whole scheme calling for an expenditure of quite three million dollars, and removing for ever from the city the reproach of its present unworthy and inconvenient terminals.

In order that the rapid growth of Winnipeg in population and wealth may be appreciated, we must give a few figures that speak for themselves. When incorporated in 1874, the citizens numbered only 1869, and the total assessment was only $2,676,000. In 1881 there were 6,245 people and $9,156,000 to be assessed. The next year was the beginning of the boom, and the figures rose with amazing rapidity to 15,000 and $30,000,000. In the following year they were 20,000 and $32,883,000. But then the boom burst, and they fell to 16,700 and $27,000,000, and although the population soon began to increase again, the assessment of 1890 was only $18,600,000. Thenceforward, however, things steadily improved until in 1900 the population was 42,534, and the assessment $25,000,000, and for 1903, so far as can be estimated, the total will be 70,000 and $36,231,000 respectively.

It need hardly be said that for rapidity and solidity of growth no parallel to this showing can be found in Canada, and one must look to the United States and the records of Chicago, Seattle, or Los Angeles.

A very significant token of the commercial development of the city may be found in the bank clearings. The Winnipeg Clearing House was established in 1893, and the total clearings for 1894 were $50,540,000. By 1899 they more than doubled that amount. In 1901, they reached $134,200,000, and in 1902, they fell but a little short of $190,000,000, thereby bringing Winnipeg into third place among Canadian cities, only Montreal and Toronto surpassing her. There are no less than thirteen chartered banks, with a combined capital of $50,000,000, doing good business in the city, and the confidence of these institutions in the future is conclusively shown by the splendid structures they are acquiring, or constructing for their own use.

Besides the banks, a large number of English and Canadian loan and investment companies, representing in the aggregate an enormous amount of capital, and most important operations have general agencies in the city, and when to these are added the various trust companies, and the fast multiplying land companies, the total financial transactions of any one week or month assume astonishing proportions.

Merely adding by way of concluding this necessarily imperfect exhibit of the financial size and strength of Winnipeg, that since October, 1902, permits for 482 new buildings, to cost over two million dollars, have been issued, and that the total expenditure on buildings for 1903 will reach $6,000,000, let us now pass on to consider the other aspects of the city's life and achievements, for mere material prosperity is by no means the sole object of her existence.

The government of the city is in the hands of a mayor and twelve aldermen, who are elected entirely independent of party politics, and the official heads of departments hold their positions practically during good behaviour, some of the most valuable having been in the city's employ for nearly twenty years.

The policy of successive councils has tended towards municipal ownership with very satisfactory results, Winnipeg has her own water-works, street lighting plant, asphalt pavement plant, and stone quarries, and a recent comparative statement by the city engineer of Buffalo shows that out of a list of forty-four cities in America, Winnipeg lays its asphalt pavements at the lowest cost. The municipal management of the water-works and street lighting have been no less gratifying, the cost being materially reduced, while a much more efficient service has been given.

Mr. John Arbuthnot, the present mayor, is now enjoying his third term in that distinguished position, a fact which affords the most conclusive evidence of his eminent qualifications.

In the matter of educational equipment,

Winnipeg shows herself to be thoroughly in accord with the spirit of the time. The school system is governed by the Manitoba School Act of 1871. The system affords every facility for the education of the young, and liberal sums have been spent in the erection and furnishing of suitable buildings. The schools are surrounded by large playgrounds, which serve an important part in furnishing recreation room and prospective breathing-spaces as the city becomes more densely populated.

The schools are open to all over six years of age. There is an eight years' course of study before the high school is reached. A strong feature of the work is the attention given to moral training. A course of manual training is also provided. The high school or collegiate institute furnishes optional courses for preparation to the university, teaching, or business life.

There are three denominational colleges, also a medical college and college of pharmacy, all in affiliation with the University of Manitoba.

Winnipeg is not only the commercial capital of the vast extent of country lying between Lake Superior and British Columbia and north of the international line, but it is the centre for the federal offices situated therein. The head immigration, lands and timber offices of the Dominion Government for the West are located here. The principal custom house, registry of shipping, excise, weights and measures, food products examiners, coal oil, electric light and gas inspection, post office inspection, grain, flour, and hide and leather inspection, intelligence office, receiver-general, government savings banks, and other offices for the Canadian North-West are placed in the city on account of its importance and central position. Winnipeg is also the provincial capital, and, in consequence, the Manitoba Legislature, Government departments of agriculture and statistics, attorney general, public works, treasurer and provincial secretary, with the registrar-general of lands, have their official headquarters within the city limits.

The superior courts are held here, which entails the attendance of the principal barristers and attorneys of the province. With other government institutions is the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

The regular troops on duty in Manitoba are in barracks in the city; and the volunteers having their headquarters, cover corps of cavalry, field artillery, and the line. The head offices of the Hudson Bay Company (in America), the great land companies, and in a word, all the great corporations doing business in this country, find it not only convenient, but necessary, for the proper transaction of their affairs, to have their chief offices in what has been termed by a governor-general, "The Heart City of Canada."

The Winnipeg General Hospital is an institution which the city may well be congratulated on maintaining, for the great part, by her own contributions. The poor and suffering coming from any part of Mantoba receive here the most careful and humane treatment in well-appointed buildings, at the hands of skilful and experienced medical men and nurses. There is also a large and well-furnished hospital, managed by Grey Nuns, in St. Boniface, across the Red River from Winnipeg. A maternity hospital and training school for nurses are attached to the parent institution. The Children's Home, and other kindred institutions, are worthy of all praise.

The Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition, a public institution, held annually in the month of July, is the great agricultural and stock show of the western half of Canada. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars have already been invested by the association in buildings and improvements to the ninety acres of ground utilized for exhibition purposes.

Although the years of the young capital of the west are so few, not yet totalling a quarter of a century of actual growth, there is nothing "wild and woolly" about her from the social point of view. It has been her good fortune to have had associated with her development men of well-ordered life and high ideals. At no stage of her history have the revolver and bowie knife been the instruments of justice and order Her citizens have ever had respect for the

sanctity of life, and the protection of property.

Not only so, but they have been of the best blood of Eastern Canada, the United States, and the Mother Country, and they have brought with them an atmosphere of education, travel, and refinement that, combined with the bright, breezy sanguine spirit of the prairie, has produced a society whose charm can only be appreciated by personal acquaintance with it.

Let no one suppose that in going to Winnipeg to improve their fortunes they are leaving behind them the attractions and advantages of civilization and culture. For those qualified by birth and breeding to move in it, the society of the city is altogether delightful, and as wealth increases the evidences of appropriate luxury multiply. Facilities for healthy sport and pastime abound. There are cricket clubs, lacrosse clubs, base-ball clubs, golf and tennis clubs galore, and the Winnipeg Rowing Club has on more than one occasion won international championships.

In fact, to sum up the matter in a single sentence, the capital of Manitoba is one of the brightest, healthiest, most prosperous, best governed, and most attractive cities on on the continent, a vast credit to herself, and an object of pride to every loyal Canadian.

THE OFFICE BOY TO S. E. KISER.

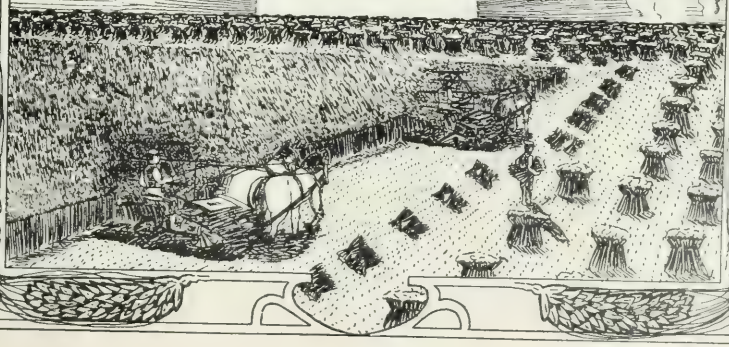
Say, don't you tink you're smart me buck?
I bet you tink you're pretty fly, you do.
Your songs about my love affairs ain't true.
I will admit you're right this far, I'm stuck—
But on a kid, whose dad he drives a truck,
And furdermore, me steady's name is Sue—
She has me heart, she'll get me verses too.
You're just about the nerviest I've struck,
Dis writin' about other fellers' gals,
Won't do old man, you'd better cut it out,
It's somethin' I won't stand—not from me pals.
It ain't my wish to raise no bloomin' shout—
Quit mixin' up my name with that there gal's,
An' sellin' them old verses all about.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST

HON. R. P. ROBLIN
Premier of Manitoba

THE GRANARY OF THE WORLD



MAIN STREET—LOOKING NORTH FROM PORTAGE AVENUE—WINNIPEG.

WINNIPEG—LOOKING NORTH

MAIN STREET—LOOKING NORTH FROM CITY HALL—WINNIPEG

WHOLESALE SECTION—WINNIPEG

DOUKHOBORS AT IMMIGRATION HALL — WINNIPEG

GODDWAY AGENTE — WINNIPEG

This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto

ARRIVAL OF HARVESTERS' EXCURSION—WINNIPEG

RESIDENTIAL STREET—WINNIPEG

IN ONE OF THE CITY PARKS—WINNIPEG

ST. BONIFACE

SOUTH-WEST CORNER BROADWAY AND KENNEDY STS.—WINNIPEG

ASSINIBOINE RIVER

COURT HOUSE — WINNIPEG

[illegible] — WINNIPEG

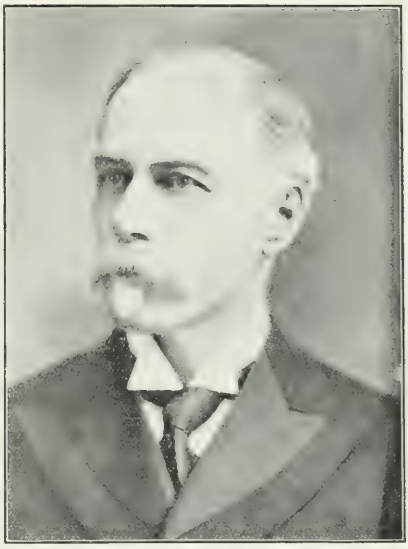
CITY HALL —WINNIPEG

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—WINNIPEG

HUDSON'S BAY CO.'S STORES—WINNIPEG

ARMORY AND DRILL HALL—WINNIPEG

J. ARBUTHNOT, MAYOR OF WINNIPEG.



SIR D. H. MACMILLAN, LIEUT-GOV.

CHARLES N. BELL, F.R.G.S.

HON. HUGH JOHN MACDONALD

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

FARM RESIDENCE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

BARN IN MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry.

WHEAT CUTTING—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry.

BARN IN MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

THRESHING SCENE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

HARVESTING SCENE—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

A GREAT FIELD—MANITOBA
On line of Canadian Northern Ry

HUCKLEBACK, THE HOUSE-MOVER

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

THE three-legged chair was tilted up on two legs. The one-legged man was seated thereupon. His one leg and his one wooden peg were thrust across the window-sill. He sat in silent contemplation of his boot. The boot was very large and very dirty. The man was not large, but, in other respects, he resembled the boot. Of the two, the boot was the pleasanter object to behold. Having examined his boot from every practical point of view, the man glanced sullenly at an old sign that hung across the alley. It bore the following inscription in much faded lettering

P. HUCKLEBACK,
RIGGER AND HOUSE-MOVER.

It was with an evil eye that P. Huckleback regarded this unoffending sign. "Hang it," muttered he, "there ain't no money in this business—not no more. Folks moves into a house and out of a house, but they won't move the house itself."

His uncongenial reverie was disturbed by something that fluttered through the window and struck him in the face. He caught a passing glimpse of one of Uncle Sam's public servants, and he maligned him in a manner entirely satisfactory to himself. The postman merely laughed and retorted in kind. Mr. Huckleback finally stooped over and picked the letter up. It bore an English stamp.

"Some double-derned demand from some o' my old creditors, I s'pose," he muttered. "Thank the Lord I'm over here, instead o' there." Then he opened the enclosure, and stopped short, for there was that in it that took his breath away. What may have been the nature of its contents is best surmised by a perusal of the issue of any Bellport paper of June 3rd, 1902. An extract from *The Bugle* will be sufficient :

ONE-LEG GETS LEGACY.

Huckleback, the house-hustler, is the lucky man. He gets a cold $100,000 from rich English relative by will.

There's the whole story. Make it $10,000 instead of $100,000 and it will be in strict accordance with the fact. Strike out the will, also, for no living man or woman —or dead one, either—would think of leaving $10,000, or even $10 to Mr. Huckleback. Substitute for the will the fact that the decedent had inadvertently forgotten to make a will and cut off Mr. Huckleback, who had swindled him out of a few hundred pounds some years before—and there you are. The letter was one from a firm of London solicitors, who begged to advise P. Huckleback that one Thaddeus Huckleback, a distant relative, of Clapham, S.W. London, had departed this life, without other relative than Mr. P. Huckleback, and that they would be charmed, if agreeable to him, to act as his attorneys, for the trifling sum of £200 to be retained by them out of the small fortune due him. Mr. Huckleback, little knowing that all the solicitors did to earn their money consisted of the very arduous labor in writing to him, readily assented, and waited patiently for his money. It came, after some months, and amounted in all, to the sum of $9,253.66.

Now, $9,000 is not a fortune, but it has within it the makings of a fortune. Mr. Huckleback, though an Englishman by birth, was a Yankee at heart. So day after day, up to the time that the crisp English draft lay within his palm, he sat on the three-legged chair contemplating the future and his sign.

"By George!" he would exclaim hopefully, "there's money to be made in this

business—there is, and legitimate, too. Folks needn't come to me to move houses if they don't want to. I'll buy a house of my own an' move it, see if I don't."

In great cities the beggar lives next door to the baron—the palace looks upon the hovel. This was true to some extent of Bellport, a city which often admitted to itself that it pushed New York close for second place. But there was one resident district in Bellport that was immaculate. There is no handsomer or more fashionable district in the world than Chestnut Square in Bellport. There was nothing poor, or mean within half a mile. Even the vacant lots were neatly turfed and exhibited no unsightly signs "For Sale."

Mr. Huckleback, the house-mover, when he had changed his English into American money, and had safely banked it, went down to look at vacant lots in Chestnut Square. There was a small lot fifty feet wide that took his eye. It lay between the handsome residences of P. D. Haggerty, the silk man, and Mrs. Cradlebaugh, the relict of the railroad man—each of them millionaires. Mr. Huckleback found that it could be bought for some $10,000. He figured that he could get it for about $9,000, or even less. He employed one agent, who employed another agent, who employed a very high-toned agent, who finally secured the property at about that price.

But Mr. Huckleback did not lose sight of the fact that he was still a house-mover. As nobody employed him to move a house, he proceeded to move one of his own.

And it was after one particularly dark, damp, foggy night, that Millionaire Haggerty rose from his couch and rubbed his eyes and gazed out upon the vacant lot next door. And it was upon the same morning that Mrs. Cradlebaugh did much the very same thing. The vacant lot was there all right—it was all there, and something more besides. That something was the house that Mr. Huckleback had moved upon the lot that he had purchased. It was not a large house. It was, perhaps, one story high, no more. There was no attempt at style. It was just a plain, simple, ordinary everyday affair. And upon the front of it, just above the door, there hung a simple, unassuming sign :

WING SHEE,
LAUNDRYMAN.

This sign, perhaps, would have attracted but little notice in any place but Chestnut Square. But in Chestnut Square the sign looked bigger than the house. The manufacturer of a new cereal with a new name, but made of the same old stuff, would have been in ecstacies could his expensive ads. have occasioned the excitement that did this modest inscription.

And the sign was not mere airy persiflage, by any means. Wing Shee was a real Celestial. He could be seen at work. He could be heard humming his wierd Oriental melodies. And it seemed that the house was a bit too small for Wing Shee. Therefore, he placed his tubs and he did his washing outside. A pleasant sight it was to see him do it. And after the washing comes the hanging out. So Wing Shee rigged him up two poles and hung out his wash. And the garments—and they were of all kinds—made merry in the breeze.

The news of Wing Shee's removal to more roomy quarters soon spread and drew a crowd composed largely of those from his own neighborhood. They lent greatly to the picturesque character of the scene—so did their language.

"Yeh," Wing Shee would reply in his soft accents, to anxious inquiries. "Yeh. Plentl loom here. Wun leg Plete my landlady. Play no lent here."

A generous landlady, indeed—one-legged Peter Huckleback. With his rent free, it is no wonder that Wing Shee was pleased. And he smiled upon the crowd that came and went all day long. He did not confine his salutations to the lowly. He smiled also upon the rich residents of Chestnut Square as they strode past purple with indignation.

"Yeh," Wing would call to them in a neighborly sort of way by which he intended

to convey to them that they would always find him pleasant and companionable on all occasions.

For some reason or other his rich neighbors did not at once patronize him. A week went by—then ten days—then two weeks, and not a sign of collar or of cuff from the occupants of his contiguous mansions. Wing was unprepared for this. Down where he had come from men never wore a collar more than a week at a time, and cuffs seldom went beyond ten days. And yet, these rich men kept on wearing them—perhaps a month at least. But then, he reasoned with himself, they wore their collars until they took a bath. So he concluded that he had two more weeks to wait, and he waited patiently.

It must not be supposed that all this time P. Huckleback was idle. Not that he was actively hustling around himself, but he sat on his three legged chair and watched red-faced millionaires make futile efforts to disturb his calm and move his feelings. They did neither.

He suggested mildly to the gentlemen that the lot belonged to him, and a man had a complete right to do with his own just as he pleased. This argument was completely insurmountable. They consulted counsel at some expense, but without result. The counsel were compelled to agree with Mr. Huckleback.

When the cash offers of the millionaires reached twenty thousand, Mr. Huckleback's eyes glistened. But he still remained unmoved. Wing Shee continued to wash and iron and hang out. On Sundays his Chinese friends visited him in hordes, and held tea parties on Wing Shee's lawn. They did this for but two Sundays and then Wing Shee's neighbor, Haggerty, could stand it no longer. He went down to Huckleback and offered him thirty thousand for his land, provided he would take his old laundry off the place. Huckleback closed at once. He signed a deed, took his pay in bills, and rigged up his moving apparatus in front of Wing Shee's place.

"It's a dern good thing," muttered Huckleback unto himself, "that I've got some place to move to."

He considered that it was so derned good that he couldn't keep it to himself. Therefore, he hung out a little sign below that of Wing Shee

> REMOVAL.—This Laundry on and after this date will be removed to No. 55 Chestnut Square, half way down the block. Have your house or laundries moved by P. Huckleback, 3 Dubb's Alley, Bellport.

It was too true. For Mr. Huckleback, with a deep-laid purpose, at the same time that he had purchased the first lot, had also purchased another lot further down, and paid, not money, but a mortgage covering the former. Now to avoid complications, he at once paid this mortgage off, and thereupon became the owner in fee of the second lot, without any incumbrance of any kind against it. And the only difference between the vacant lot, No. 55 Chestnut Square, and the lot he had first purchased, was, that whereas the first lot was surrounded by millionaires, the second was surrounded by multi-millionaires, that's all.

If millionaires will pay thirty thousand, what will not multi-millionaires put up? So reasoned Mr. Huckleback. But he reasoned to some extent without his host. Chestnut Square boasted of some considerable influence with the city government, and in fact one of the greatest of the city's officials lived in the immediate vicinity of Wing Shee's new abode.

The next day a man in a blue coat tapped on Wing Shee's door. "Yeh," said Wing Shee, "what nlow. Clollah of cluff. Lent flee. Yeh."

"You come with me," exclaimed the official. Wing Shee went.

At headquarters he was informed with much ceremony that he had violated the building laws because he was not connected with the sewer; and the fire laws because his building was a frame one within prohibited limits. In other words, it was up to Wing Shee. He was cast into a cell. Huckleback arrived and went his bail. Wing Shee was free for the time being. The next

day Mr. Huckleback, with a smile upon his face, paid Wing Shee's fines, and started the erection of a brick laundry with sewer connections. The laundry was to be a two-story affair, and yet it was small enough to be built in a few weeks. During the course of its erection, Huckleback marched up a negro family of goodly proportions, to see how they liked the second floor.

Bellport had never had a case of smallpox. But one day two or three ambulances drove up to the home of Wing Shee and of Washington Johnson, the negro, and the health officials discovered that which they had suspected, that the whole crowd had developed smallpox. It was true that Wing Shee and the negroes never showed it. But the negroes were black and the Chinaman was yellow, and the symptoms under such circumstances are not so readily apparent. The city officials though usually timid about contagious diseases, handled the afflicted crowd apparently without fear, and bundled them off to the hospital. There they were kept for an indefinite time; for officially they had the smallpox.

Mr. Huckleback, hearing of the seizure, immediately drove up to his new brick building, and entered it. Having entered it, they had him—for the time being. The officials fumigated the place with the nastiest fumigator known to science, and they fumigated him quite as much as they did the place. Then they locked him up and kept a guard outside.

But Huckleback won out, after all. So they had to buy him out again. He would not agree not to set up in the same vicinity, but as all the property owners had withdrawn their vacant lots for sale, it was a sure thing that he was done for this time, though at an enormous expense. Now Mr. Huckleback had a large amount of cash, and a brick building on his hands, but he sighed for other worlds to conquer.

The pocketbooks of the denizens of Chestnut Square had been severely taxed. The great official who had concocted schemes considered that it was up to him to get even. Mr. Huckleback was no lawyer. He knew nothing of title searches and investigations and records and all that.

In a dingy tenement in Bellport there was a man named Updegraff. Updegraff was not his real name, and he did not belong in Bellport. He was a New York man. There were a few men in Bellport who knew that Updegraff was there, and also that he had no business there. The great official was one of these few men. He called upon Mr Updegraff with an armed force of police. Mr. Updegraff, shocked and surprised, made overtures. The great official countered with a proposition of his own. Mr. Updegraff joyfully assented to the great official's proposition.

"What I want," said the great official, "what I want, Mr. Halloran—"

The other man held up his hand. "Updegraff," he insisted, in some alarm.

"Updegraff," corrected the official, "what I want is to get my money back. The rest can go hang. Understand."

Mr. Updegraff smiled once more. He understood.

But it must not be assumed that P. Huckleback, Esquire, had permitted his busy brain to remain idle. His original great idea had become a passion with him. There was a big, vacant corner tract of land on Chestnut Square that he long had envied. He knew that if he could get that and make it the abode for most of the Italians and Chinamen and niggers in town, his fortune would be made. But he gave it up because nobody on Chestnut Square was selling lots.

What was his surprise, therefore, one day to run across this advertisement in the daily paper:

> For Sale.—Ten vacant lots on Chestnut Square, corner of Walnut Terrace. Terms cash. XYZ, this office.

He answered it at once, and was invited to call upon the owner in one of the prominent office buildings of the town. He did so. The owner occupied a luxurious room. He was a pleasant sort of gentleman. He did not seem to know Mr. Huckleback, and Mr. H. did not know him. He explained to the one-legged man that he lived in another part of the town. Huckleback chuckled.

He did not haggle over the large figure demanded by the man, but went out and drew all his available cash out of the bank, gave a small mortgage for the small balance due from him, took his deed and went on his way rejoicing.

The next day he ushered a small army of the descendents of Ham, Shem and Japheth up to the lots. They went on the land and squatted there.

They squatted for just about five minutes. For a large army of policemen and other well armed citizens, stepped out from behind the mansion of Heinecker, the railroad president, on the the opposite corner. And they drove them off unceremoniously.

Heinecker appeared. "How dare you," he cried in rage. "How dare you bring this rabble upon my property. Get out with you." He drove down upon Huckleback as though he would do it single-handed.

Huckleback drew himself up. "This is my property," he replied.

"What," roared Heinecker, "what do you say, you thief. It's my property." And without more ado, he knocked him down. They took Mr. Huckleback down to headquarters, which was just what Huckleback wanted, for he desired a chance to exhibit his deed to the Court. The judge looked at it. It bore the name of Albrecht Heinecker. Albrecht Heinecker was the owner it was true. But when they compared the signatures of Albrecht Heinecker as he usually wrote it, and that upon the deed, there was some trifling difference. It was a forgery.

"A forgery," gasped Mr. P. Huckleback, "a forgery. Then I've been swindled." He started to rush out. "Where are you going?" they asked him. He said he was bound for the office of the man who had swindled him. They took him thither. The office was empty and the bird had flown. They brought him back.

By that time the great city official was there. "By the way," he suddenly exclaimed, "was the man that got your money a smooth-faced fellow with gray hair?"

"That was the man," assented Mr. Huckleback.

The great official with one hand raised in holy horror, and the other grasping tight in its clutch a roll of bills that just made him whole, no more, no less, gave vent to a whistle of astonishment.

"Why, great heavens, man!" he exclaimed. "I thought I saw that man myself. And I've seen him once before—over in New York. Why, that fellow—"

He paused and glanced, with commiseration written on his face, at the hapless Huckleback.

"Who is he?" demanded Huckleback, "he's got my money."

"Exactly," returned the other, dryly, "and what's more he's very likely to keep it. His real name is John R. Halloran. He's the greatest forger in the East, and he just broke jail last week. I guess he's gone for good." He took another firm hold on the bills inside his pocket.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Huckleback, for you," he said. "But let's change the subject and talk about something else. How, for instance, is my old friend, Wing Shee, the laundryman. We miss him very much in Chestnut Square."

Mr. P. Huckleback still sits on his three-legged chair with his one leg on the window-sill, contemplating life in general, and the house-moving business in particular. The letter carrier passes him almost every day. But no more letters with a foreign stamp have come. And if they did, it is safe to say there would be no more $10,000 legacies inside.

For Mr. Huckleback has had his day in Court. He has had his little flyer, and is through, for good and all.

ROMANCE AND A DRAGON

By THEODORE ROBERTS

CHAPTER I.

In the Fog.

THE fog lay cold and heavy upon the town and harbor. It blanketed the lights of the crooked streets and clustered shipping. Above the gateways of the opulent the big lamps were but yellow blurs in the mist.

Farley sat by the fire in the club reading-room. He was still dressed in the suit of rough tweed in which he had made the trip from New York. Most of the men who passed through the room or turned over the papers on the table, glanced at him twice. His size, for one thing, drew their attention. If a new ship had been in they would have placed him for a navy man at once, by his clean-shaven face, attitude of assurance, and single eye-glass. But no new ship was in, and every wardroom and gunroom officer of the *Diana* was familiar to the club. Sir Hardwick Brice, Secretary to His Excellency the Governor of the colony, watched Farley over the top of the *Weekly Times*. Brice had a way of watching people without exciting their anger or even attracting their attention. This stranger interested him. The patch of gray hair near the left temple seemed strangely out of place above so smooth and unlined a cheek. The anxious and somewhat nervous glances which he lifted, ever and anon, toward the clock, contradicted the message of the firm chin and untroubled brow. The left hand, which held up a copy of a review, was muscular and large. Across the back of it sharp eyes, like Sir Hardwick's, could detect the white and lifeless scar of some desperate wound. After a final glance at the clock, Farley got to his feet and left the club. At the entrance he paused just long enough to light a cigarette. As the wax match flared, illuminating every line of his face, young Burton passed him, entering from the street. Farley, with his coat-collar turned up, hurried eastward. The fog seemed to cling to the lights and the shop windows, and wayfarers slipped and grumbled along the unpaved streets. Farley strode along like one who has his bearings well in mind. Upon reaching a quiet and almost pitch-black part of the city, where big houses stood back behind high walls, his equilibrium of mind seemed to desert him. For a few yards he strode ahead at top speed. Then he consulted the watch on his wrist, by the light of a match, and the spurt was followed by half a block at a snail's pace. At length, breathing heavily, he turned in at a white gateway, and started slowly up a tree-lined drive. He had not gone more than twenty yards when the long lights of a doorway and the round lights of a carriage shone dimly ahead of him. He stepped to one side of the road and waited. The door ahead opened, and the sound of voices came to him. The door of the carriage slammed. Hoofs crunched, traces rattled, and the wheels grated on the drive.

"Now may Heaven keep her brave," cried the man's heart. His lips did not move. The carriage approached slowly. When it was alongside, Farley moved forward, and in the space of a second had put out his hand, felt the edge of the open window, and touched another hand. The hand trembled. His letter was taken and another was slipped into his fingers. He put it quickly into his pocket and going noiselessly beside the carriage, felt again for the hand at the window. It, too, seemed to be feeling for something. At the gate he bent forward and kissed the unseen hand. There was a scent in the carriage like the spirit of all the gardens of romance, faint, piercing, and comforting. To his ear came a whispered word—to his cheek a touch of lips. Then the carriage quickened its pace and

Farley was left alone in the fog by the white gate.

Inside the carriage sat a girl and a young man. They were brother and sister.

"What are you trying to do, Catherine?" enquired the man.

"Nothing at all," replied the girl, slipping Farley's letter into the bodice of her party gown.

"I thought you were trying to climb out," said her brother.

"Can't you sit still?"

"I can, but I do not choose to."

"Oh, well, hop about and whisper to yourself, if it amuses you."

"I certainly intend to."

"What a sweet creature you are, Kitty. Won't he be a lucky chap who marries you?"

"Do not call me Kitty, if you please, and do try to talk of something besides marriage. Do you think of nothing else?"

The young man blessed the darkness, for his blush was sure and deep. His sudden silence brought the girl away from her own reflections, for a moment. She leaned toward him. "Forgive me, Bob," she whispered, hardly above her breath. "Certainly," he replied, good-naturedly, and patted her knee in the dark. He found her woefully quiet for the rest of the drive.

The dance to which Mr. Robert Prendergast and his sister Catherine were driving, was the "Bachelors' 2," held in the assembly rooms of the old Colonial Play House, on Marine Hill. All the youth, beauty, and fashion of the town were there, and as much of the blood as could put foot into dancing-pump, together with eight midshipmen, several naval lieutenants, a paymaster, and a bearded commodore; also fifty or more persons who were neither fashionable, beautiful, nor yet naval, but who had party gowns and evening clothes—and invitations.

The men crowded around Catherine Prendergast—black coats and blue and the scarlet of one lieutenant of marines—in unfriendly mixture. She showed no partiality in giving her dances. She had one dance and a bewitching smile for each.

"Barker, you cheeky kid, does the padre know you're out of bed?"

"That's my foot, Harris, when you are through with it."

"Does Ballymore think this is a rugger match?"

"Only one? Ah. Thanks awfully."

"What a strange crowd."

"I beg your pardon, sir. Thought it was Hicks-Joyce I was kicking."

"After you with that card, Mr.—ah—Burton."

"Control yourself, you silly bounder."

Bob pushed through to his sister. "Have you kept the first for me?" he asked.

"Yes, and please take what are left, if you are not too busy," she answered. Bob eyed her quizzically, and agreed. The twelve men who had besieged Miss Prendergast now spread themselves about the room, seeking other and less desirable partners, and still letting drop fragments of conversation after one another.

"How foolish most men are," said Catherine to Bob.

"For scrambling after you—well, rather."

Her smile was beyond his comprehension.

"Perhaps you think the cleverest chap in the world might do that," he said.

"I wonder why he does?" she sighed. Bob grinned.

"Was he in that bunch?" he asked.

"No, and he would not scramble, anyway," she replied; "but of course I am only making believe."

"Oh, come now, I know you are rotting me," said Bob, "but I'm not inquisitive. Wouldn't blame a chap at all for scrambling after you—that is, a chap who has not had the opportunities that I have for viewing you under trying circumstances."

"Bob, you are not kind."

"So help me, Kitty, I did not mean to be a beast—I never do."

"You never are, you dear baby," she replied.

Just then the orchestra struck into the first waltz, and he slid his arm around her waist and piloted her into the open space beyond the bunches of dance seekers.

Slowly, couple by couple, and then in braces of couples, all the dancing folk went into action. The midshipmen pranced. The lieutenants stalked. The civilians glided. The solitary marine raced up and down the room. The commodore picked out a square yard of floor and there span like a great top, the while something small and pink clung to him frantically. Bob steered cleverly, saving Catherine from many a bump. Catherine was even more quiet than usual. Her small head was not held back with its old air of fearlessness. The white, dimpled chin touched his arm, light and fragrant as a flower. Her eyes looked across his shoulder, unseeing. Farley had once described her eyes as blue, with a blue clearer than the tinting of any sea or any sky, and with a fire in them like the heart of a melting berg. But to-night that inner flame was clouded with the pain of longing.

"Are you tired, little sister?" asked Bob.

"Not of dancing with you," she answered, "but I think I am tired. Were you ever lonely, lonely, lonely, right in the midst of a hundred people you know?"

He glanced down, in wonder and some awe, at the soft coils of brown hair and span of white brow. His boyish face took on a new and unaccustomed air of seriousness. The color paled in his round cheeks, from sheer embarrassment.

"Yes, yes," he whispered, untruthfully, "and I'm dashed sorry, Kitty."

CHAPTER II.

The Letters.

Jack Farley left the white gate and returned to the club. He found the rooms deserted. Even Sir Hardwick Brice was at the ball. The markers dozed in the billiard room. Buttons read an illustrated paper in the hall. Farley drew a chair close to the reading-room fire and lit a cigar. By the exaggerated slowness of his movements he showed that he was holding himself in hand. Presently he drew Catherine's letter from his pocket. With his pen-knife he opened the envelope. A fit of trembling washed over him like a wave and he sprang to his feet, remembering nothing but the touch of her lips on his cheek. A servant entered and looked at him with wonder. He reseated himself and turned an untroubled glance upon the servant.

"Did you ring, sir?" enquired the man.

"Yes. Bring me a scotch and soda," said Farley. Then he read the letter. The man brought the drink and stood it at his elbow. There it remained for two hours, while Farley read and re-read the five pages and mused in his chair. The lightest and shortest word in that dear message thrilled his heart abrim with tenderness; and yet the very wonder and joy of those gentle confessions and assurances of love pointed out the bitterness of his path. For so many years life had seemed a rare thing to Farley—a play well worth taking part in—light opera, full of gay costumes and catchy songs, valor free of scars and love without pain. Now he saw the tears and the mockery of it—the sores beneath the fairy's silk, the paint on the cheeks, the frozen grins, the dingy dressing-rooms. Love wept in the wing. Hope wore but a mask of expectancy. Valor had a wooden sword, and only Hate, Pride, and Injustice played their true parts. Farley, from his comfortable chair, looked out upon it with burning eyes. Pulling his wits together, he glanced again at the letter. After pressing it lightly between his palms for a moment, he returned it to his pocket. Then he left the club and the slim glass untouched upon the corner of the table.

Catherine Prendergast sat by the fire in her bed-room until dawn. She pressed Farley's letter to cheek and breast. Here were love and devotion to light the world for a lifetime—but she wept. When she went down to breakfast it was close upon ten o'clock. Her father had gone to his office and her mother had taken the carriage to some impossible part of the town, bent on a mission of charity. But Bob was there, smiling cheerfully and smoking a cigar. He poured coffee for her. He even kissed her for good-morning.

"Do you remember Jack Farley—the chap we met in New York a year ago?" he

enquired, contemplating the table cloth. She glanced up quickly and as quickly down again. Did she remember! ! "Yes,' she said in a voice that strove to sound unconcerned. "We were rather chums, Farley and I," continued Bob, "but the mater and the governor—but perhaps you remember that, too. They were not over polite, anyway, and all about that dashed silly affair in Barbadoes. Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the grandchildren should be left to the Lord, say I."

He looked shyly at his sister, but her face was bent above her plate and she made no reply.

"Farley has a jolly motto, and thinks no end of it," remarked Bob, after a short silence. Catherine looked up.

"'Expectans' — something or other," she said. Then she blushed furiously. But Bob was considerately knocking cigar ashes into his cup. "'Expectans equito'—'waiting, I ride,'" he explained. He yawned and left his chair to pace up and down the room. "It was two o'clock before I got to bed, and I was up again at six," he said. "Someone gave me the tip, last night, that a friend of mine was in town, and that, though he arrived only last night, that he was leaving for England this morning, on the *Dahome*. So I went aboard, for old sake's sake. In return he fagged me like a nigger. He even chased me ashore to buy flowers for some bally girl he happens to be smashed up on." He went over to the sideboard and from behind a silver tray took half a dozen roses. He brought them over to Catherine and left the room. A few moments later, Simpson entered with a fresh-boiled egg. He found Miss Prendergast leaning forward in her chair, with her face hidden among scattered roses on the table. He paused, gazing in wonder. He saw the dainty shoulders quiver. A sob, very low and pitiful, reached his embarrassed ears. He tip-toed forward and placed the egg upon the table. Then, with fearful, backward glances, he stole from the room. He was a good servant, but upon stumbling into the cook, he cursed like a trooper. "Holy St. Peter save us," cried she. "I beg your pardon, mem," said Simpson, "but something 'as disturbed my customery good-nature." Sighing, he passed on. "Lord, if I were one of her own kind," cried his honest heart.

Bob, after leaving the dining-room, retired to his own den at the top of the house. He lit a rank pipe and flung himself full-length upon a couch.

"What an ass I am," he muttered. "I might have known she was done for, too. Poor little girl—and poor old Farley. What rot it is—and they have the gall to name it family pride. Such tom-fool selfishness must stink to heaven." He sucked vigorously at his pipe. "Once upon a time a Farley happened to shoot straighter than a Prendergast, and now Catherine has to suffer for it. By gad, I thought the pater was a sportsman," he said. For several minutes he lay quiet, scowling at the bowl of the faithful pipe. Then, with the ingratitude of his kind, he threw it on the floor. It is doubtful if Bob Prendergast had ever been in a nastier temper.

"Farley is the right sort," he continued, "and I hate to see him downed like this. He asked me to try to keep her from troubling about him, but to draw her attention to that motto 'Expectans equito.' Hope she can find comfort in it, I'm sure." He arose and straightened a blue-print above his table. It was of a drawing of his famous pulp-wood barker, invented and patented a year ago. For all his high collars and round cheeks, Bob was no fool. The winning points of his invention had come to him at a tea at Government House, while he was talking about Mr. Watson's poems with the governor's sister.

"You needn't take off your coat to use your brains," he once said to Burton.

"What's the thing worth?" Mr. Burton had enquired, with an eye to inventing something himself, or perhaps borrowing a quid or two. Bob had replied that the barker was worth enough to go on with.

Bob Prendergast was Catherine's senior by two years. His age was twenty-five. His smile, complexion, and lisp, would have been creditable to a school-boy of sixteen. His elder brother, who was an army surgeon in India, had named him "Mary" the last time he was home. Bob took two things

seriously, the jolly side of life and his pulpwood barker; but for all that, he was junior partner in the long-established mercantile firm of Prendergast and Dalton. He had a fair head for business and though the romantic side of the work attracted him—the bearded sea-captains, the "fish" for Spain and Brazil, the molasses from the West Indies for the Northern trade, and the adventures of the sealing fleet—he gave most of his time to social functions, athletics, machinery and snipe-shooting. All this rather unusual mixture of interests he hid safely behind a pair of kindly eyes, a placid brow and an amiable grin. Clifton had been his school. This den, at the top of his father's house reflected something of his life. Things were mixed up in it, but in an orderly sort of way. There were two scrap-baskets in the room. One of them was used as a scrap-basket should be; but in the other he kept—except when the articles were in use—his shooting leggings, a flask in a leather case, two pipes and a cartridge belt. Woe to the servant who would have it otherwise. If Bob were in a hurry to get after the snipe he would rush to the basket, and in a very few minutes he would have the leggings buttoned on, the belt under his jacket, one pipe in his mouth and the other in his pocket, and the flask safely stowed. Flask and cartridge belt were always kept filled. Upon the walls were photographs of girls, tennis champions, and dogs of many breeds, and drawings of useless looking machines. All the chairs in the room were deep and easy. The couch was long and soft. The table was covered with papers and books. There were three sets of bookshelves, and between the windows a glazed gun cabinet. A flute usually lay on the floor beside the couch. The head of a stag caribou loomed above the door-way. One could always find a cigar somewhere, and maybe a decanter not far off. It was a delightful room, despite Mrs. Prendergast's assertion that it was hardly respectable.

Amid these familiar surroundings Bob gave his mind to his sister's affair. When his third pipe was smoked to the heel, his brow cleared.

"A row would make it all the harder for them," he said, "so I must keep quiet. Good old Farley, with his 'expectans equito' will win out somehow, so now I'll just cheer Kitty up a bit."

He took his flute from the floor and went downstairs in search of her.

CHAPTER III.

Harking Back.

I must do you a chapter out of the Past, whether you like it or not. I owe this much, at least, to two of my characters, Catherine's father, the Hon. H. Hyde Prendergast, and (as will appear later) Jack Farley's uncle, Col. Montgomery Farley.

Mr. Augustus Hyde Prendergast was the third son of a baronet of exceeding ancient lineage. By his mother he was given a fair fortune, and with this and a clean conscience, at the age of twenty-two he sailed for the West Indies. Augustus was none of your brainless spendthrifts, though he could sit at the cards all night with as expressionless a face as any buck of his time. His winning and distinguished presence, his high and merry deportment, and his gallantry and liberality won him a welcome everywhere from the tender and the frivolous. His keen insight into business matters and his unswerving honesty won him the respect and admiration of merchants and officials. Augustus placed his money here and there. In Barbadoes he took to himself the rich plantation of "The Three Kings." In Bermuda he built himself a good house. In Kingston, Jamaica, he had friends and real estate. He bought himself a ship or two, and thereby drew another profit. He voyaged with his husky ship-masters, and though twice and thrice his age, they revered him as a father. The original Danton was one of them. Danton possessed a long head but a short purse. He spoke of trade in a huge, fog-girt island called Newfoundland. Mr. Prendergast filled his purse and sent him up there to do business in the name of God, the King, and Prendergast and Danton. It is little wonder, then, that Mr. Danton prospered amid the fog and fish and good seal-blubber. He was an honest,

sturdy, rough-voiced man, with some good stock generations back of him, a heart for hospitality, and a palate for wines. To the last, even with an English governor and an admiral at table, he remained the outspoken mariner.

Augustus Hyde Prendergast had many interesting intimates of his own station and kind among the islands, for he was the sacred fellowship of caste. His dearest friend was a wealthy young planter of Barbadoes, by name Richard Charles Farley. It was from Farley that he had purchased the plantation known as "The Three Kings." Farley continued to hold lands and windmills near his friend's estate. Farley owned a great house on a green knoll overlooking the sea. In this mansion his parents kept open house. Charles Farley, senior, played the best hand of whist in the island, and because of this and the gout, he had placed all the management of his affairs in the hands of his son. The affairs did not suffer. In Bridgetown there lived a vivacious and beautiful young lady. The devil (who even then paid especial attention to the West Indies) saw her at a dance (to which he had not been invited), and had an idea. The niggers were quiet, but he could stir up trouble among their masters. Like a true artist, he called virtue and beauty to his aid. It was soon the talk of that quarter of the globe. Mr. Augustus Hyde Prendergast and Mr. Richard Charles Farley were both violently in love with Miss Catherine O'Malley. The devil, viewing the state of affairs with satisfaction, left for London, where he had business then as now. Augustus was at this time the Farleys' guest. He felt himself to be in an exceedingly awkward hole, for jealousy was biting into his heart, jealousy of dear Dick, his friend and host. But he did not want to leave Barbadoes. He could not leave the Farley house without causing comment. Give up Catherine?—not he. Dick Farley felt the same way about it, and perhaps with better reason, as he believed Catherine to prefer him to Augustus. So the two young men breakfasted, wined, and rode together, and at every party elbowed each other, and at times almost fell over Miss Catherine's belaced hoops. One would imagine that, in those days, lovers were rather heavily handicapped, and that the tall man with long arms had the best of it. Farley and Prendergast were both of a good height. As the days and the nights wore on, the trouble in the hearts of our heroes boiled more and more furiously, and rose close to their lips. At times it required gigantic self-control to keep it under.

One night the Farley house was lighted from wine-cellar to lumber-room. Thirty saddle-horses switched their tails in the Farley stables. A stag dinner, with cards to follow, was taking place, in honor of the senior Farley's sailor brother, then in port, and the other officers of the ship. Mrs. Farley was visiting friends in Bridgetown, and the master of the house forgot his gout. Songs were sung and toasts drunk. It was late when they left the dining room for the drawing room. Young Farley found himself at a small table in a quiet corner with three others. Opposite him sat Mr. Prendergast. Cards and markers lay on the table. Farley looked at his companions and saw that they were in no better plight than he. All four had taken rum punch after the wines of the dinner. No one knows to this day, how it began, though the Prendergasts and the Farleys have each a comprehensive story. A candle was toppled into the lap of one of the sailors. Everyone swore, except Farley. He, staring at his old friend, said, "I believe you are my guest, sir." The bitterness of his jealousy gleamed through the drunken dignity of manner, and his companions were aware that this outburst was worse than a joke.

"And you are a conceited pup, Mr. Farley, and I'll be damned if I put up with it any longer," replied Augustus.

"Then help yourself, you fool," retorted the other.

"Not so loud, gentlemen," begged Captain Campbell, fearing the interference of some older and soberer member of the party. "We can slide out, one at a time," suggested Prendergast, "if you three are not too drunk to move." They slid out, one at a time, and Prendergast and Farley stood up and popped at each other. Prendergast

stopped a bullet, and Farley cursed, and helped carry the wounded man to the stables.

"Nothing to worry about," said the ship's surgeon, who was anxious to return to the drawing-room. He had left in the middle of a hand.

Prendergast opened his eyes.

"I won't stay here," he said. "By God, Dick, not for a minute." Even the tipsy lieutenants considered this fretful and uncalled for. So he was driven to Bridgetown in the Farley's carriage, and all the way his head rested on Dick Farley's lap. His eyes were closed. The motion of the carriage hurt his wound. Farley held him tenderly, and was in a fair way for a conciliation. Leaving Prendergast in the house of a surgeon, Farley returned to the plantation. First he asked his friend's pardon. Prendergast now played that part of the game which ever after rankled in the Farley breast. He ordered the surgeon to take him to the house of his friend Major O'Malley. There he was nursed by the fair Catherine herself, and he won her heart and hand. No doubt he was a very romantic invalid; and just as surely it was a mean turn to serve his generous rival. However that may be, he chased the image of Dick Farley out of the lady's heart. The Farleys of that generation and the next swore that a gentleman had never before played such a confounded low trick. But then, if you are in love with a girl it is fair, I think, to make even a bullet wound further your ends. Four years later Richard Charles Farley married a New York lady of English parentage. They lived together, lost if separated for a day, and loved one another tenderly for thirty years. Death alone parted them, and then only for a short time. Peace and happiness reigned in their house above the sea. But often, when they were together in Madam's sitting-room Dick would say, "Dearest, I am always thanking God that Prendergast married her, but stab me if I'll ever forget his low trick." Whereat the lady would laugh until the tears flooded her clear eyes, and kissing her husband, would call him a stupid boy.

Both Augustus Hyde Prendergast and Richard Charles Farley left children behind them—Prendergast a couple of sons, and Farley two sons and a daughter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FRAGMENT.

The fruit is ripened by the sun God gave ;
The flowers each eve are freshened by the dew ;
E'en so my heart is now His willing slave,
Since, to my loveless life dear, God sent you.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

MISS SCARPE'S CAMPAIGN

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

MISS Scarpe had written to her brother: "There is nothing else to be done. I *must* force Mr. Kimball to propose to Catherine. And I am utterly at a loss to know whether he cares enough for her to do it,—or she for him, to listen to him. However, it is the trump lead. And if she has even low suit—Oh, how I wish I knew!"

Kimball was lying back in an easy chair by his open window, and the inner ripeness of his content had mellowed in him to a smiling sweetness that was like a bloom on his face. The morning breeze fanned his neck and wrists, rustled the newspapers on his table, and whinnied through the crack of his door. He had his eyes closed, as if he were asleep, but every now and then he chuckled in little splashes of laughter that came up to the surface silence from lively depths.

At a knock on his door, he availed himself of the privileges of his professed indisposition to the extent of not rising from his chair; but when Miss Scarpe entered with a cry of "Oh, you *poor* boy! Not ill again? And on your holidays, too!" he was compelled to smile at the figure of pitiable youth which he made in the light of this exaggerated sympathy. For a "boy," the thinness of the hair over his forehead was impossibly premature; and for an invalid, he was of a plumpness and general well-being that made a robustious burlesque of the *role*.

She came across the room to peer down at him, under her grizzled eyebrows, with the diagnostic scrutiny of a physician. She had a face that always reminded him of a yellow print of Moliere—keen-eyed and long-nosed—and she wore her hair in an old fashion of grey ringlets that hung about her ears like a wig.

Her worried frown smoothed at once when she caught the glow of his good spirits. "Well, you seem to be happy," she said.

"Mere seeming," he complained. "I'm suffering with a chronic tiredness. I was too lazy to get up for breakfast. How are you?"

Miss Scarpe laughed. "I'm miserable," she said.

He replied: "You look it. What is worrying you?"

"Catherine."

"Oh!" He dropped his smile of mockery. "How so?"

She took a chair deliberately. "You spoke at dinner last night—about your holidays—as if you were going away."

He sat up to front her ferreting eye. "But, my goodness," he said, "your niece seems to be in the best of spirits now. I've made one excuse after another for staying here. Don't you think she'll find it peculiar?"

She nodded meaningly. "Suppose she does. . . Supposing she does." She puckered her eyes in a sly insinuation that set him blinking.

"I don't understand," he said.

"Can't you see?" She made a gesture of impatience. "Can't you see that your company is not—objectionable to her?"

While he gazed at her with the same look of perplexity, a suspicion of what she meant sent the blood to his face.

She nodded again. "Why not go ahead?"

His mouth, that had been almost gaping, tightened into a smile. She frowned. The smile broadened until she said sharply: "It's no laughing matter."

"But—but," he stammered, trying to control his lips. It's—she'd"—

"Now, listen to me," she said. "I told you—the day she came—about her father's death."—

Kimball could not trust his lips with speech. He made a sign that he remembered the conversation.

"Well," she went on quickly, "she quar-

relled with him, years ago, about a boy whom she wished to marry—a young fool who went off to the war in Cuba and got himself shot, instead of staying at home and marrying her in spite of all the fathers in the world! And then she refused to marry anyone because she had not been allowed to marry *him*. And her father—her father!" she cried indignantly, "instead of giving her her head, kept up the quarrel between them by continually nagging at her, so that she was compelled to remain single just to spite him."

Kimball's eyebrows twitched at this explanation of a maiden constancy. His mouth was sterner than ever.

"And then, it seems," she went on breathlessly, "he got some crabbed idiocy in his head, about trusting her alone in the world with all this money, to be persecuted by all manner of fortune-hunters, and—and he left a perfectly *preposterous* will providing that she was only to have $1,200 a year until she married a man approved of by his executors!"

"Scott!" Kimball said. "Was he childish?"

"And $1,200 a year, to a girl like that," she cried, "is sheer beggary—sheer, *brutal* beggary. She'll have to pay half of it for her rooms here. And she'll never submit to such dictation in choosing her husband—although my brother writes—and he's one of the executors—that they'd be only too glad if she'd marry anyone. *They* don't care."

She looked expectantly at Kimball. "Well?" he said.

"Well?" she mocked him. "Can't you see? She's too proud to make any attempt to break the will. And she's miserable. And she's wasting the best years of her life. It's a *shame!*"

"Well?" he repeated, doggedly.

"Well!" she cried. "A man of any chivalry would try to save her from herself." She added, in another voice: "I can promise you there'll be no difficulty with the executors. I wrote my brother"—

"But, Miss Scarpe," he protested, "this is absurd. Your niece wouldn't—wouldn't for a moment.—Why, it's absurd! Your niece has no more thought of me—in that way—than she has of John, the waiter."

"No?" she queried coolly. "How do you know that?"

"Why—why. I *know* it!"

She sat back and crossed her hands. "I know better."

He opened his mouth—and shut it in amazement.

"As soon as I saw you going out together on that first Sunday," she said emphatically, "I knew you were *the very man* for her. And I wrote my brother so. I knew that she would never suspect you, or be on her guard with you—as she might with a more striking-looking athletic young fellow.

Kimball squirmed and shifted in his chair.

"And I knew that you would never make any advances to her—and *that* was your very best play with her. I could see that she'd been so persecuted by lovers that you would be a blessed relief just on *that* account. And it would be the very best match for her—to marry a man of business and a man of the world, a few years older than herself, but good-natured and"—

"Oh, Miss Scarpe, Miss Scarpe," Kimball implored, "spare me this unsolicited"—

"That's just the trouble with you," she snapped. "You're too modest. You're so modest you can't even see that the girl's to be had for the asking."

"Nonsense!" he expostulated. "You've been deceiving yourself about this. Absolutely nothing has passed between us but the most impersonal chat."

She stopped him with a raised forefinger. "Do you suppose she wanted compliments? Do you suppose that a man can't make love to a girl by talking to her as if she had brains? Ever since Sunday afternoon. Do you remember at luncheon?"

Indeed he did. He remembered how he had gone down to it, swallowing a yawn, and how he had straightened up like a soldier for a salute when he saw Miss Morrison seated at the table at which Miss Scarpe and he had used to dine alone. It was not only that she was beautiful; she had the bearing of a woman who was of a

mind superior to mere beauty as a physical appeal; and that effect was heightened by the expensive simplicity and quiet good taste of her dress.

She had looked up—when he was introduced—with a smile that seemed to be more a kindness of the eyes than any expression of the lips, more the radiation of some inner acceptance of him as a new friend, than any formal pretence of pleasure in meeting a stranger. It had taken him with the sincerity of a hand-clasp, and warmed him at once to geniality. The memory of it, now, put him in revolt against the way in which Miss Scarpe was speaking of her. "No," he said, "your niece is not the sort of woman that is ever to be had for the asking. She's"—

"She's nothing but a well-bred girl," Miss Scarpe argued, "with no experience of the world outside of home. She has instincts, of course. But you want to make a Pallas Minerva of her—to awe and frighten yourself with."

He got up, red and flustered. "We are the best of friends," he said. "She has no other thought. And neither"—he began to pace up and down the floor rug.

"And neither have *you!*" she cried. "Then it's time you had. Let me tell you something"—

He thrust his hands into the stubborn depths of his pockets, and went on walking up and down, flushed, hot, and impatient.

"Let me tell you," she said, coolly, but with her usual incisive rapidity of speech, "that I made up my mind, last Sunday afternoon, to keep you here on your holidays—and in *her* company. I explained to her that you had been overworked—which was true. And I told her I wanted her to help me cheer you up by getting you out on little excursions with us, instead of letting you go off moping alone to the seashore."

"Why! you asked *me,*" he accused her, "to stay a day or two, and accompany you—and her."

"Exactly," she admitted. "But that was after you had gone out with her Sunday afternoon."

"You asked me to!"

"Certainly, I did. And she enjoyed herself so much that when I went into her room, and saw her taking off her hat before the glass—well, I decided that any man who could make a girl color and glow like that"—

"Outdoor exercise," he cut in. "And the excitement. She's been used to a more formal way of life than ours here. And the ride on the bus-top was something of a joke."

"And she told me," she insinuated, "what you said about the men coming back from their summer holidays with attacks of 'post-vacation pessimism' and a leaning toward the 'political economy of the tramp'—and how"—

He pointed an accusing finger. "Because you cross-examined her!"

She shook her head decidedly. "I did nothing of the sort. She was smiling to herself, and she told me about it to explain."

He swung off again.

"And next day," she said, "after you had come back from the trip down the Bay"—

He turned on his heel. "You purposely missed that boat!" he cried.

"Certainly I did," she confessed, with a laugh of wrinkled gaiety and mischief, "I wished you two to go alone."

"Well," he said, planting himself before her, "will you tell me what instinct this is that turns a disinterested woman like yourself into"—

"My dear boy," Miss Scarpe cooed, "I was doing her a service by giving her an opportunity of falling in love with you."

"Then you failed," he cut her short, and turned away again.

"Did I?" she challenged. "Try her."

"The thing's impossible."

"It is not."

"Absolutely impossible," he repeated violently. "I'd consider it something less than honorable in me if I took advantage of her friendship to any such end."

"Advantage fiddlesticks! It's for her happiness."

"I know nothing about that. I refuse to enter into any such conspiracy against her."

He spoke with so unnecessary a heat that it could be guessed he was not quite sure of himself—that he was arguing with himself as much as with her.

He gave her his back from the window with an air of having nothing more to say on the subject.

"My dear boy," she said, settling in her chair again, "is it possible that you are deceiving yourself? You couldn't be with her a moment without admiring her. You couldn't be with her all these days without —why!" she broke out, "I was in love with her from the moment she spoke to me. And *you* were, too! Do you think I'm blind? What were you smiling at when I came in here? Something about her, wasn't it? Why were you happy? Because you were thinking of her, wasn't it? Hasn't this been the happiest week you ever spent in your life? Of course, it has —and because you spent it with her. Don't you think you'd like to spend the rest of your life with a companion and a friend and a wife like that? Don't be a fool, man!"

He did not reply.

"Well?" she said.

He kept his back to her in silence.

"Turn around to me."

He did not move.

She laughed sarcastically. "Now," she said, "don't let us have any more foolishness. You can't deceive *me*. I want you to come down and play cards with us tonight. I have a caller coming, and I'll slip away and give you your opportunity."

He said thickly: "I'm not fool enough to think"—

"That she cares for you? Well, for the love of Heaven," she cried, "try her and see."

He shook his head.

She stared at him, frowning. "Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm going away," he announced.

"On your holidays?"

"Yes."

"And when you come back?"

She smiled through an interval of silence, but her smile fled when he answered with finality: "I'm not coming back—to this house."

She pressed her lips together to stop a cry of anger, starting upright in her chair. She blinked at him, her thoughts leaping from channel to channel to find all blocked.

"Not coming back!"

"No."

"Why not?" she asked, helplessly.

"I could not go on—as I have been."

Her face had changed. Her eyes narrowed shrewdly. "Do you intend to go off without a word to her?" she said.

She waited like a fisherman for a nibble. He answered, in a moment. "No, I'll tell her."

She smiled—to herself. "What? . . What will you tell her?"

"The truth," he said. "The truth, of course."

He turned around, very pale and determined, and began to walk the hearth rug with his hands behind him. She subdued a secret twinkle in her eye. "I wash my hands of the affair," she said harshly, as she rose. "I'll give you the opportunity of speaking with her to-night, and that's the last thing I'll do for you."

She added, from the threshold, "I thought you had more sense," and slammed the door behind her.

He sat down in his easy chair again, trembling and white, biting his moustache, and staring before him with hot and dry eyes. Miss Morrison and *he! He*—of all men! It was too absurd. He wiped the perspiration from his forehead. It was too absurd! She would laugh at him. No one but an eccentric like her aunt could expect anything else.

And what a fool he had been to go so far without seeing where he was going!

II.

Kimball was not a brilliant card-player at his best, but that night he played like a condemned man who is expecting every moment to be summoned to the gallows. When he was not talking nonsense to keep himself from thought of his end, he sat gazing mutely at his cards without seeing them; and Miss Scarpe, at one moment plying him with conversation—as if it were wine—and at the next, catching the glass

from his lips with a sudden silence and a quick side-glance of reproof, worried him like a jailor.

Miss Morrison sat perfectly at ease, speaking now and then in the low, full voice —a round contralto—which you would expect from such a neck and shoulders, and listening in a sympathetic and alert appreciation that animated her statuesque beauty with a living intelligence. She had a genius for listening, as Kimball had once told her aunt; and even when he was not looking at her, he felt the continual presence of her interest sitting in her eyes. When he met them in the frank encounter of her gaze, there was a play of kindly understanding in them that was better than words; it caught him in the throat, like a child's grief.

He was shuffling for a new deal, when a knock at the door startled him into a nervous twitch of the fingers and a hasty catch at the cards that scattered half the pack into his lap and over the carpet. The old lady rustled past him—in a sympathetic flutter for him—to the door. She whispered there with the maid. "Just wait for me a moment," she called to her niece. "There's someone below to see me."

Miss Morrison was unaware of the little plot and ambush that had been prepared for her. She looked down at Kimball's bulky gropings with a doubtful smile—prepared to enjoy the humor of the accident as soon as he should see it, but waiting for his usual joke before she trusted herself to laugh. He straightened up, very red in the face from his stooping, and unexpectedly solemn about the mouth. He looked up at her with a guilty furtiveness; and, because she had a distrust of her sense of humor that left her warmest moments of amusement exposed to the suddenest chill of suspicion, her smile shrank at his glance.

Kimball saw her change of face. It had always struck him with a sense of pain that a girl of such a stately magnificence of beauty should lack assurance in even so small a conceit of herself. It angered him against himself that he should have made her feel it again.

He fumbled nervously with the cards, unable to speak. It was the first time such a silence had come between them. He raised his eyes to find her studying him in a distressed bewilderment. He went hot with a blush which he could not control.

He tried to reassure her by smiling—rather crookedly—at the cards. "Well," he said, hoarsely, "I've decided to start off on my holidays to-morrow."

She did not speak.

"I've been enjoying myself so much here, that I've been putting it off from day to day."

"We'll miss you—very much," she murmured at last.

"Thank you," he said. His hands were shaking so, he was compelled to put down the pack of cards.

She did not speak. The silence became harder to endure than the sound of his own unnatural voice. "I don't know," he began hastily. "I don't know how I'm—but I feel that I owe you some sort of explanation. I shouldn't have felt it—I could have gone away without—if it hadn't been for your aunt. I thought, at first, that I had better get away without seeing you again. And then it struck me that I would never be able to come back—and I couldn't go away, like that, without—telling you."

"I—I don't understand you," she said faintly.

His lips trembled with the motion of a smile. "No," he said, "I'm—I'm making rather a mess of it."

He thrust his hands desperately into his trousers' pockets, and looked up at her. She dropped her eyes in a manner of defencelessness that made him feel as if his gaze were an unfair espial; and he reached out for the cards again. "It seems," he went on laboredly, "that Miss Scarpe has been playing a—game on us. She has just told me about the provision in your father's will —about your marrying."

A blush surged into her face; she looked down into her lap to hide it.

"She seems to have an idea," he spoke almost bitterly; "an idea that it was fair to put me in a position like this. She calculated, apparently, that if she gave me the opportunity—by allowing me to be so much

with you.—She purposely missed the boat that day, and things like that. And she calculated that I'd do—what I hadn't any thought of doing, I assure you." He hesitated. "Until," he added, "until she came up to my room, this afternoon, and—*vivisected* me—and I found I'd done, unconsciously, what I never would have allowed myself to do—if I had been on my guard."

His voice had faded out to a dry whisper. She had not moved. He moistened his lips. "I found, then," he said, "that it was too late to go back. And I felt that it would be treachery to our friendship for me to go on as we had been. I couldn't see any other honorable way out of it."

He got up clumsily. "I'm—I'm sorry," he said, touched by the pathos of her pose. "You may believe this never would have happened—if I could have prevented it. I had as little thought of it as you had. . . . I couldn't go without saying good-bye—for fear you'd misunderstand. And I couldn't say good-bye without telling you the truth."

She moved her head in an uncertain nod of understanding. "I hope," he said, "that you may never have need of—me—or anyone. But if you ever do, you can be sure"—

He saw that she was struggling against tears. "I beg your pardon," he said. "Good-bye."

She made a motion as if to rise. He turned and hurried out to save her that distress.

When Miss Scarpe came in, she found her seated alone at the table, as if she were reading—one elbow on the edge of it, her hand shading her face from the light, looking down at a card which she was rubbing with the tip of a forefinger.

"Where is Mr. Kimball?" Miss Scarpe cried.

The girl shook her head.

"You didn't let him go away?"

Her niece did not answer.

"Oh, the poor fellow!" she said, in a deep note of pity. "You didn't let him go away?"

Miss Morrison looked up with an expression of tender reproach that would have touched a less motherly old heart than her aunt's. "You shouldn't have said anything to him, auntie," she said. "We were such good friends."

The old lady flew across the room to her. "My dear, my dear," she cried, "you can still be *that.*" She bent down to kiss her, putting an arm about her shoulders. "You can still be *that.* Why! what did he say?" She caught a wavering hand. "Come here to the lounge. Tell me."— The girl rose mechanically. "Tell me all about it. What did he say?"

They sat down together among the cushions, Miss Scarpe's old face twitching with excitement and curiosity, her niece drooping her head in a confusion of tears and blushes. "I—I don't know," she said. "I don't remember."

"Did he tell you he"—

She nodded.

"And you *didn't* say you wouldn't?"

"No," she answered faintly, "he didn't wait. But oh, auntie," she cried, "I can't—I don't know. He's"—

Miss Scarpe slipped an arm about her. "He's the dearest fellow in the world," she pleaded, "the best-humored, the most unselfish, the most chivalrous. He's as tender-hearted"—

"I know, I know," she whispered. "It isn't"—

"Any other man would have gone on without telling you. Only he—he said it would be treachery to your friendship."

"Yes, yes," she choked. "He told me. Oh, auntie! *why* did you speak to him!"

"My dear," Miss Scarpe said, "I did it for your sake. I could see how much he cared for you, and I thought you—you would give him a chance, if he spoke. You seemed so happy with him. And he's so—I don't know! I knew he'd never do it unless someone forced him to it. He doesn't think he's good enough for you. And, my dear, he *is.* He's"—

"Oh, I know," she cried. "Don't say that. Anyone is good enough for me."

"Indeed, anyone is not," her aunt said flatly. "I don't know another man I'd speak for. But if you'll only just not make

him miserable now. If you'll only tell him not to go away. You can go on just as you have been. He has another week of holidays. Let us all go off on an excursion to-morrow. I'll promise not to miss the boat this time."

Her niece looked up at her with a hesitating smile. "He says you did it purposely."

"So I did," Miss Scarpe acknowledged. "I wanted to make you both happy. And you remember how you enjoyed it?" she suggested artfully. "How you told me about the way he got on so well with everyone? He always does, everywhere he goes. It's because he's so jolly and lovable. Do you remember about the captain inviting you to come up on the bridge? He's that way everywhere. Do you know, I think it's the result of that 'philosophy' you spoke of."

"Yes," she said, smiling gently. "I liked that in him. He spoke so wisely about religion, too—on the Terrace."

"I remember," Miss Scarpe said, with a hypocritical note of piety in her voice. (She was known to Kimball as a "delightful old pagan" who had a great contempt for all elderly women that "got religion with their rheumatism," as she put it.) "Oh, dear," she sighed. "He used to be such good company at the table. It makes me feel sick to think of him going off that way."

Her niece started guiltily. Miss Scarpe fought down a sly smile.

"Let me tell him not to go," she pleaded, bending down to see the girl's averted face. "You needn't promise anything. May I?"

Miss Morrison did not answer.

The old lady kissed her softly on the cheek. "That's a good girl," she said. "We'll all go off together to-morrow." She started to rise.

"Oh, auntie," her niece cried, and caught at her hand.

Miss Scarpe smiled down at her. "And Catherine," she said, "do you know that man is afraid of *you!* Positively afraid of you! If you don't let go my hand, I'll tell him what a baby you are."

She loosed the hand.

Miss Scarpe waited inexorably. "What shall I tell him?"

"Oh, auntie," she implored, "I *don't* know! I *don't* know."

"You don't wish him to go away—and never see him again."

"No—o."

"You want to keep your friendship for him?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Until?"

"Until," she confessed in a whisper, "until I'm sure it's—the other."

III.

They were sitting together in a line, at the side of the wheel-house in the dusk, looking back at the ocean and the flashing light on Sandy Hook. Miss Scarpe was silent, now, tired out by the excitement of a pleasure excursion and the work of spurring them on to frivolous conversation by her lively chatter, so that they might lose the awkwardness of their new relation befor they were allowed to speak of it. She had succeeded. Though they were silent, too, it was not the constrained silence of any strangeness. It was a part of the full silence of this twilight of a sparkling day that had been sunlit and high-skied and freshened with a large, easy breeze which still drew in, steady and unfretted, over the water.

Miss Morrison turned to smile at the glow that brightened the western horizon like a memory. Kimball, beside her, was looking at the stretch of darkening waves, in a mood of pleasant melancholy that was frequent in him. Miss Scarpe sighed. "I'd like to spend the rest of my days out here," she said. "It's such a relief from the noises and the hurry of the city."

He nodded thoughtfully. "I remember sailing out one night—from all that—into just such a scene. . . . It wasn't hard to understand where Tennyson got his 'Crossing the Bar.'"

She shot an indignant glance at him. To bring such a topic into their conversation! "What an idea!" she said.

He laughed. "Well," he apologized, "it isn't so terrible for an old bachelor."

"Old!" she cried. "You child!"

"It's different for a married man, of course," he said. He dropped his voice. "I used to wonder that anyone could have the heart to settle down to happiness with that end of it always hanging over him."

Miss Morrison caught the tone, again, of his detachment from life, and pitied him for the loneliness in which that habit of mind must have been formed.

Miss Scarpe said sharply: "But the happiness meanwhile. What about that?"

"Yes, there's that," he said. He continued from the mists of abstraction: "And there's another thing. I've often wondered that the old Greeks, with their stories of the goddesses—who took pity on their human lovers—and made stars of them—didn't have a fable of how some goddess sacrificed her throne, so to speak, to share the—the yoke of death and the ills of humanity that make love worth while. After all, the love of a god and a goddess must have seemed a splendid inanity."

At the first word of love, Miss Scarpe relapsed into a crafty silence. It was Miss Morrison who spoke.

To her, Kimball's thought, in that setting, had appealed like poetry. He had joked, earlier in the day, about the isolation of the rich, who sailed by, in their yachts, in what seemed a selfish *ennui* to those on the deck of the crowded steamboat, where so many were so humanly jolly together. Her own past life had begun to appear to her now as such an isolation, her old love, in some vague way, such an "inanity," in the new sense of kinship with humanity which he had made her feel.

She wished to thank him. "I have enjoyed myself so much to-day," she said, in a low voice. "I used to think that I couldn't bear—a crowd of people."

He did not understand her. He replied merely: "I hoped you would enjoy the change to our less formal way of life." And that remark, recalling the time when he had last made it, in his dispute with her aunt, woke him to a sudden realization of his new position in her eyes. Her manner towards him had so little changed that it had seemed as if the incident of the previous night had never occurred. The sense of his indiscretion, in daring to look up to her with more than the respect and gratitude of a friend, was doubled now by the thought of the kindness which had beamed unaltered in her frank regard all day.

"I'm—I'm afraid," he began humbly, "that last night"——

He had his arms folded on his chest, and he was speaking straight ahead of him without looking at her. She put out her hand quickly to touch his elbow—and the surprise of it stopped him on the word.

Miss Scarpe turned away to see something in the bow of the boat. Miss Morrison withdrew her hand under the folds of the golf cape which she wore.

"I lay awake all night, thinking of it," she said. "I prized your friendship so much. I was afraid I should lose it."

He looked around at her, in a staring incredulity; and her wistful smile seemed to him such an expression as one of those goddesses, of whom he had spoken, might have replied to a human lover with. That she should have felt the need of friendship, and stopped to plead against the loss of it! "Your friendship," he said, hoarsely, "is all I—I never thought of asking more."

"Ah, no," she said, "I must try to give as good as I get."

She reached out her hand impulsively to him again, and touched his bare fingers, that closed on the smooth covering of kid. A puff of wind, sweeping in from the immense darkness of the ocean, beat on their faces. Her fingers tightened in the clasp of his, and he saw her eyes blur and soften with a look of trust and tenderness, in the fading light that made her beauty like a vision.

He could not speak. His throat ached; he felt his lips twitching. He turned away.

Miss Scarpe, her face averted, smiling and smiling, said: "Where are we now? Is that the Jersey shore?"

When the clocks in the house struck midnight, Miss Morrison was sunken in a rocking-chair in her room, her elbow on the arm of it, her chin resting on the back of her hand, a locket dangling from the golden chain that was twisted in her fingers. A

photographer might have posed her so, turned to gaze out of the picture with her eyes wide and fixed in thought, her mouth set in a timid smile at once sad and happy. There lay in her lap a little picture of a young lieutenant of volunteers. And the locket was empty.

Upstairs, Kimball was still pacing around his room, trailing cigar smoke after him; and every now and then he stopped to take the cigar from his teeth, throw back his head and blow a great gust of smoke at the ceiling with a heave of his chest. Then he would whisper exultingly, "Great *Scott!*" and give his arm a half-swing from the shoulder—and go on again.

In the room beneath him, Miss Scarpe was busily writing to her brother in a withered, fine hand, shaky and precise: "It is done! I have arranged it, and I am as proud as a Napoleon. I have had two days of it—preserve me from any more such! I had to force him to propose. They neither of them knew their own minds, and I was completely in the dark myself. I had to chance it. He was the worst. Catherine I knew how to handle, but he almost got away from me.

"However, it is finished. She has practically accepted him, and he will make her the best of husbands. There must be no difficulty about the will, now. Not a word of it. Get the formal consent of the other executors, and leave all the arrangements to me.

"I can hear him walking around over my head like a man trying to pass the hour before his wedding!"

YOUTH.

As a boy I'd sit and ponder
Of the future, 'way off yonder,
Where the countless armies muster
In the world's great din and bluster—
Yet to come.

When to manhood I had mounted,
And the gain and loss had counted,
As with pride, I felt man's power
"Sure," thought I, "this is the hour
Of my life,"

Now that age has me o'ertaken,
I can see I was mistaken,
For the time which is the nearest,
The sweet time I hold the dearest
Is my youth.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER X.

Chinatown.

ONE of the stock sights of Victoria is Chinatown. It is a hive in which there are few drones. The shops are a heterogeneous bazaar. In them, I felt as if I were walking around in a willow-plate pattern.

Having more discretion than dollars to my credit, I could indulge but moderately in the charming works of their deft brown fingers. There were quaint kimonos, lacquered ware, teak chairs, broidered silks, wonderful tea things, silken sandals, fabrics that were royally barbaric, and the God of Art only knows what. "You buy," whispers Chung Lee. "Him pay. Him pay. Money bank." The rascal shakes his head dubiously when I reply, "Him cross—velly, velly cross."

From the food exhibit, I should say the Chinamen eat anything. All is fish that comes to their net, and most things come sooner or later. I inquired of our guide as to the components of a certain oily-looking cake, and thought no more of the matter till a couple of blocks further on, when a withered husk of a man slipped it into my hand from behind. I have no doubt that he had heard my question, stolen the cake, and followed us up, hoping for a reward. This habit of petty larceny is one of the Chinaman's greatest weaknesses. Each shop is a club in the sense that it has its particular frequenters, and in this way Chinamen know where to find each other in the evenings. Their quarters are so crowded that it would seem as if breathing were optional with them.

Nothing surprised me more than the marvellous rapidity with which these Orientals can work out a question in arithmetic. I was allowed to propound a problem in a Chinese-Canadian contest. Our two Canadians had pencils and paper, the Chinamen wooden balls strung on wire. "A merchant has ninety-seven packages of tea, each weighing 1-6 lb. How many pounds does the tea weigh?"

"16 1-6," shouts John, before the Canadians had hardly got the figures down. That settled it.

The Joss House is worth seeing. The fat gilt gods, grotesque in their smiling ferocity, translate one to the undiluted East. The Chinese religion is old, so very old that the people have outworn it thousands of years since. They seem to have no living faith, or their views on faith are wanting in definiteness, and so are indistinct and blurred. Perhaps, fear is its prevailing note—fear of devils and unknown ills. A lady in Victoria asked her Chinese cook why he did not go to the Joss House more often. He replied: "It cost me two bits" (one shilling). "Why do you pay to the Joss House?" "All samee you pay in church," said the Chinaman, "to keep him debil away." They are superstitious, too, but their superstitions illustrate the best qualities of head and heart—love of home and reverence for ancestors.

Their hospital, which is supported by themselves, is by no means luxurious. It needs the care of a woman above everything else. There are women in Chinatown, and children, too, but very few in proportion to the males. It is said that these people have a remarkable apathy to suffering and death. They have no tears. Their nervous systems are singularly insensible, and they will undergo the most painful operations without the necessity of applying anæsthetics. It is this dulness of the nerves that enables them to work so continuously, and to remain hours in one position, like an automaton—impassive as clay idols.

Long centuries of oppression and misery have most likely been the engendering causes of this callousness. A gentleman, who has lived a number of years in China, says a Chinaman is able to sleep anywhere. He does not need the room darkened. "An infant crying in the night" means nothing to him. He can even go asleep across three wheelbarrows with his head hanging down, his mouth wide open, and a fly inside.

Lessons were over for the day when we visited the school-house, and as I was unable to understand the "ploppa Inglis" of the teacher, did not get much information regarding pupils or methods. It seems a pity that the Chinese should isolate their children in separate schools. A few bright Chinese boys in the public schools would do more for assimilation than all the measures of statesmen. It is a pity, too, that the Chinaman retains his characteristics of Asiatic life. If he would more often dress in Western garb much of the prejudice which is directed against him would disappear. But it is bootless to speculate, predicate, or optimize about him. He is seen to be irrepressible ; is felt to be incomprehensible.

The men of Chinatown are not a burden on the public charity of Victoria, but have a Chinese benevolent association, which is governed by a committee of fourteen leading merchants. The Committee meet in a large room which is also a *rendezvous* for the men in the evenings.

No one ever saw a Chinaman drunk, but *en revanche,* he is often intoxicated by opium—"hitting the pipe" he calls it. This form of intoxication has its advantages. It kills the man much quicker, and rids the community of a heart-scald.

Games of chance have a peculiar fascination for Chinamen. One of the commonest is known as fantan or fan. It is so simple it can be played by anyone. The croupier, Tun Zueng explains to me, throws down a heap of cash, and each gambler stakes on what the remainder will be when the pile has been counted out in four.

The Chinese live well inside and out, when they can afford it : ducks and silk jackets. Tun Zueng likes "chickings" best. He eats them "boiled or cooked." Their food is often dressed in oil. Eggs are kept till they have a "flavor." "Field fowl" (frogs) are much in demand.

Economy prevails in every department of Chinatown. The bottoms of the cooking utensils are made thin to save fuel. The Chinaman can do anything by nothing.

It is part of their religion to wash frequently, and so their persons are clean, but the shops evidence the fact that dirt is cheaper than hot water. Indeed, nothing is "cheaper than dirt" with them. The English are mere soap-wasters.

CHAPTER XI.

The Kootenay District.

Returning to Vancouver, we took train for Revelstoke, 376 miles to the east, on the C.P.R.

Revelstoke is a rushing "gold town," and the gateway to the West Kootenay mining camps. It has a population of 2,000. By rail from Revelstoke, we travelled 28 miles to Nakusp on the Arrowhead Lakes, through a heavily-wooded district. The trees were huge, what they call out here "pretty good sticks." To me, they seemed more like living rocks than trees, for on some it was only on the pinnacle that foliage could be discovered, and at such a distance from the eye that the forms of the leaves could not be made out. The lower limbs die young, that is, perhaps 500 hundred years young, and drop off for want of light. Life in these close-planted forests is a struggle for light, more light, and so the trees stretch straight for the sky, and only affect a little crown of verdure. It would seem almost impossible to kill these conifers, and they never die. What can even the lightning hope to do with them? They pay no more heed to the splinters it cuts off than we do to a mere surface scald. When chopped down, they waste out of existence about as slowly as "the eternal granite." An expert in forestry has said that the trees of America

must have been a great delight to God, for they were the best he ever planted.

The Arrowhead Lakes are a widening out of the Columbia River. In summer, when the snow melts, the water in the lakes rises and submerges the docks. The high-water mark is forty-four feet. Here, we take *The Rossland*, a C.P.R. steamer for Robson, a run of 165 miles. The steamer is flat-bottomed, and instead of the usual screw has an immense paddle wheel at the back, called a stern-wheel. It is really a wonderful boat. It is amphibious. With its nose in the air, it can run into shore where there is no wharf, and can pick up a passenger anywhere. All you have to do is to signal from land, and the powers that be will accommodate you much more readily than a Toronto street-car conductor. I asked the captain what was the very shallowest water he could manipulate her in. He "calculated" that in a pinch he could run on heavy dew and make fourteen knots an hour.

We spent a goodly part of the day "aloft," and heard fish stories about "bars." It was with an air of superiority, mingled with pity for my ignorance, that the steersman explained that "a pill-pump" was another name for "a shooting iron." One Indian shot fourteen bears this season. Once he had no gun, and was treed by a silver-tip bear. Brer Bar shined up the tree, too, but the Indian set fire to his waistcoat and thrust it in the bear's face on each approach. It left him.

Most of the bears are poisoned or taken in traps. They say that, as a general thing, all bears are shy, except grizzlies, and will not attack a white man unless very hungry. And there is no earthly reason why a bear in these wilds ever should be hungry, it being a notorious fact that his appetite is so generously uncritical that everything is food to him except rocks. In the Kootenay, Nature's larder is so well-stored with substantial edibles and dietetical elegancies that no famine ever comes nigh him. His daily bread is a sure thing. Bark, chokecherries, and young trees, are usually conceded to be dyspepsia-breeding, but to the bear they are only a dainty *bonne bouche*. When he feels like it, he may compound a hash of leaves, ground-squirrels, snakes, berries, nuts, ants, ermine, bees, mushrooms, and wintergreen. He fares sumptuously on wasps, even devouring their eggs, larvæ, and nests. Or, if the miners have left the tent unguarded, he may vary his dietary with fish and bread. And it all costs him nothing. Who would not be a bear?

It would seem that the expression, "crazy as a loon," is quite unmerited. Their weird, defiant laughter dares you to try a shot, but they can dive as quick as you can shoot. They are quite as dexterous as the slippery, elusive, seaside acrobat who dodges "penny-a-throw" cricket balls.

Big-horn, bear, mule-deer, martin, beaver, wolverine, otter, and mink increase, multiply, and replenish these districts with wonderful prolificacy. The country is just one vast breeding ground for the fowls of the air, and the wild beasts of the field. Sometimes, pot-hunting vagabonds drive the deer into the water with dogs, but a sportsman who does so is a butcher by instinct, and ought to be a pig-sticker in the stock-yards.

'Tis a pity, anyway, that humanity should be imbued with the foolish, illogical desire to kill things. Hillis says that when a day of release comes, men exclaim, "I am very tired, if I could only go to the forest and murder a fawn, or cut the throat of a moose, or kill some bird, it would rest me." The only advantage that can possibly arise from this "sport" is that it lures business-entangled men away from the heavy-laden year, out to these wilds, and into this elastic air, full of ozone and healing. Here, men may get the dust out of their lungs, get rid of disease and canker, and shake themselves free from the very prevalent vice of over-industry.

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

OLD MAIDS

WHEN is one an old maid? That depends on the maid. A few are old at twenty-five, the generality at thirty-five, and some not before forty. But even if we did put our pen upon the very year, it would be useless information, for nobody but the clergyman who holds the parish records, can tell how old a woman is.

It is our opinion that it is easier to arrive at a woman's age by her conversation, than by her looks.

One of the most extraordinary and inexplicable things in the social life of to-day, is the prejudice that exists for old maids.

The Bible says that it is not good for a man to be alone, and public opinion says the same of women. If a woman shall gain the whole world and lack a husband, her life is a failure.

When we come to look into the matter a little closer, we find the prejudice is entirely modern. Rome and Greece regarded virgins with superstitious awe. They were the ministers of the ancient religions. The Sibyls, the priestesses of Delphi, the Vestals, and the canonized women of the Roman Catholic Church, were all husbandless. In the first centuries, the maiden state was the favorite theme with all the great church writers, and was presented by them in the very language of Oriental theosophy. Chrysostom says: "The virgin, when she goes abroad, should strike all with amazement, as if an angel had just come down from heaven. All who look upon her should be thrown into a stupor at the sight of her sanctity. . . . Where is the man that shall touch this flaming spirit? All stand aloof, willing or unwilling, all are fixed in amazement as if there were before their eyes a mass of incandescent and sparkling gold."

"Sparkling gold," sneers the modern Chrysostom, "she's not even rolled-plate," and so this smart fellow dips his pen into vitriol, and draws us the picture of a lank, sallow, lantern-jawed, raw-boned Meg Merrilies. He will tell us underneath that this is an old maid, and that she is peevish, crotchety, envious, malignant, acidulous, and unsympathetic. There is no such a creature, of course. There never could be such a mixture of evil traits—all defects without a mark of redemption.

The disdain on the part of women arises from the fact that they consider the old maid a failure. Because they feel differently, they think no woman would deliberately elect to choose spinsterhood, instead of consortship, that she would not be an old maid if she could help it.

On the part of the men, the hostility arises from the fact that the injurers always dislike the injured. The wronged may forgive—the wrong-doer never.

Now, man has been defined as a woman-caressing animal, and the definition is so absolutely correct, that it is beyond controversy, and the fact that a man is a bachelor, does not necessarily mean that he is a celibate. Brutally true, as it may sound, we do not hesitate to state that if there were no matrimonial experiments without benefit of clergy, there would be no such thing in

this dislocated world of ours as an old maid. On the contrary, it would be a clear case of "To every damsel a man or two."

If we read aright the signs of the times, the inspiration of the average bachelor is a good dinner, his aspiration the latest thing in the half-world. Ask one of these grasshoppers why he does not marry, and he will tell you it is because the girls are "too extravagant." Indeed, one would almost think to hear him talk that the girls had the habit, too, of pools, yachts, late suppers, and jewelled garters.

But this is how he talks to "the boys." "No, sir, catch me putting my head in a noose! I'm out to paddle my own canoe. Women! Pshaw! The women down town are always glad to see me, and never ask where I was last night. They just make it agreeable for me. And when I tire of one, I'm not tied to her, or at the worst, I can cut the hemp, bid her a pleasant good morning, and seek pastures new when and wherever I fancy——."

They remind us of the frogs in Aesop, who were extremely wise. They had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

And this is why there is such a plethora of unmarried women—why the girls must take of necessity to nursing, missions, and sisterhoods.

Of course, if the old maid be rich, this alters matters, for "Love's arrow," says one who knows, "is tipped with a jewel, and shot from a silver string." The ugly girl with a dowry is sure to find somebody ready to marry her on any terms, thus enabling her to transmit her bodily and mental ugliness to her offspring.

The poor girl must go on growing old more or less gracefully, and must daily endeavor to possess her soul in patience when she is addressed as "ma'am," instead of "Miss," and when the obliging shop-girl asks if she would like to look at the toys and baby-jumpers. It is consoling, however, to know that Venus, herself, without a dowry, would have been only a pretty sea-side girl with a harvest apple in her hand.

Mr. Carnegie tells us in a burst of confidence, what he would do if he were Czar, and so I may be excused if I venture to predicate as to my course of action if I were an old maid.

Ah! I'd get married—married right off. It is never too late to wed" (synonym for "mend"). I have no belief whatever in "single blessedness." The poet who sang that "all the flowers of love blow double," was a profound philosopher.

My dear girl, don't sit and mourn! The world is wide—so wide—and there are many who would love you—*if you loved them.* I italicize the last phrase, for in it is comprised the whole of the law and the prophets.

The man who is running straight ahead with steam full on, may, now and then, be artfully sidetracked. He may be shunted off by such a small thing as an innocent question. If most men would take the trouble to look back and find out how they came to get married at all, they would generally find that the affair began with some naive confession on the part of the girl of a total ignorance which asked humbly for enlightenment. It pleased him to display his mental superiority, and to have an oracular infallibility.

Or he may be sidetracked by proximity. "Proximity," says Lord Lytton, "is the soul of love." If two people can only meet often, the match is half made.

Then, Milady!

Express yourself simply, and with a voice as sweet as possible.

See everything, but appear ignorant.

Read everything, but quote nothing.

Know as much as possible, yet please by asking questions.

Be light-hearted, charitable, indulgent.

Preserve your beauty.

Listen attentively.

In order to keep a cool head, see things at a glance, judge quickly, and think more quickly still.

Nine chances out of ten, he will be sidetracked. Later on, you will have ample time to consider whether or not he was worth the trouble.

BLUE SPECTACLES AND ROSE COLOR

There may be heaven; there must be hell.
Meantime there is earth here.

BROWNING.

"When fire wrought fierce with fire,
Twin mixed with the mists of the deep,
Did the fates wax glad when man emerged
To eat and to drink and to sleep?
To darken the day with toil,
And to blacken the night with sin—
To grope and never find the path
To the royal life within?
To crush and be crushed in the crowds
That beggar the world for bread—
To crawl in the dust of the earth and die
Like a worm that dies and is dead?"

WHY do preachers, teachers, and poets prate of hope, of optimism, of joy?

It is because they, good souls, would turn our anguished eyes from our jagged, bleeding wounds, because they would have us look away from the owl and bittern of anguish that haunt for ever the ruins of our nature.

And we listen while they prophecy smooth things, and laugh, but our laughter holds a sorrow deeper than the sea. They speak of our joys, but down in the unrevealed, unspeaking recesses of our hearts, we know "the trail of the sepent is over them all."

We fear to love the closest ones for ever, the "thin black lines" move graveward. There are flowers on it, but somewhere in life's garden a sepulchre is digged, and "Love is lying low, where human kisses cannot reach the face."

The life-loving, wonder-eyed child we romped with in the morning is this evening a clod of flesh. We are defeated, despoiled, and homesick. We strain for the sound of the voice that is still.

The last entry in Walter Scott's diary reads: "We slept reasonably, but on the next morning—"

And so death has everywhere the last word.

Do we hope for wealth? Then are we chums of poverty who skulk and shamble through life.

"Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day.
And our daughters his slaves by night."

Living on the raw edge of want, we pursue false grails and glittering will-o'-the wisps. We find the stream, but the waters are bitter; the cistern, but it is broken; the apples, but they are dust and ashes. Daily, like Tantalus, we find the waters of life rolled to our lips, and then withdrawn. He is an experienced philosopher who teaches that life is a progress from want to want, an oscillation between boredom and boredom.

But, mayhap, we are lucky miners, and heap up shining treasure from the sweat of our fellows. Then it is that Fate points her yellow finger, and sneers:

"You get some gold dug from the mud,
Some silver ground and crushed from stones;
Your gold is red with dead men's blood,
Your silver black with oaths and bones."

Or, do we press up life's luring heights to the sweetness of the upper air? Then do we find fear crouching in our path, and care dogging our footsteps.

We are confounded by the perils of the path, and its perplexed meanings. Sin-sick, pain-sick, heart-sick, we blunder and stumble on. The way is a bayonet charge, a push, and a stab, and oft-times in our dense, besotted ignorance, we strike our bleeding heads against a blind wall of mystery. In the dark clefts of the rock, Temptation spreads her net for our bleeding feet, or, mayhap, we stretched it ourselves, for—

"So prone are mortals to their own damnation,
It seems as though a devil's use were gone."

Where we propose to nestle, there we find a thorn growing. We take a thousand right steps; but one mis-step, and there is no angel of mercy to rescue us as we crash on the rocks below.

But what of it?

"The external Sa'ki from his bowl has pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and shall pour."

* * * * * * *

No, a thousand times, no! We will not hug to our souls this melancholy of "blackest midnight born." We will list the

preacher, the teacher, the poet, and all else who sing of hope.

True, we are painful sowers, but tomorrow is the day of harvest. A harvest delayed is not a harvest denied, and we shall gather what we sow.

True, the pain cuts deep, but Pain is a deliverer. "When pain ends, gain ends too." It was in a dungeon that Bunyan saw the "Delectable Mountains." Milton wrote the greatest poem of all ages without eyes. It took the cardinal's curses to develop Martin Luther. Grecian mythology tells that the fountain of Hippocrene was struck out by the winged horse Pegasus, and out of our tears will be woven the rainbow which will span our lives.

Sorrow is the dark gateway through which we pass to the temple of light. It is sorrow that makes us great, that makes us sweet, that makes us good. Sorrow is truest for us because it best fortifies us.

Ah! we *will* sing with the teacher, the preacher, and the poet, this song of victory:

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from Pole to Pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced or cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade;
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

WHISPERS FROM OUR VERANDAH PARTY

THE use of tinted writing paper is beneficial to the eyes, preferably grey.

Heathen temper in children is a sign of wrong health. The great remedy for temper is sleep. No child that sleeps enough is fretful, and the same thing is as nearly true of children of a larger growth.

To remove the disfiguring brown or yellow stain, that the long and persistent use of a high, closely-fitting collar has left on the neck, rub the mark with a freshly-cut lemon.

Nearly all the new smart toilettes have a sash tied at the back.

Damp papers twisted and scattered over the carpets before sweeping is good for taking up the dust.

To keep fruit cake from burning when baking, place the cake on a pan of ashes. It requires a slow oven.

A woman of delicate complexion should wear a pink lining in her hat, but where there is color with it, blue or straw-color should be worn. A brunette should wear white lining with delicate rose trimming; never black, unless unavoidable. A large person with prominent features should never wear a small hat. The reverse with small persons. Yellow, lilac, and red, are the most trying colors to the complexion.

The newest white kid street glove has but a single button—an enormous one of white pearl clasped on.

The old-fashioned revers from shoulder to waist are again fashionable.

Mucilage is good for insect bites, burns, and cuts.

If the foot is inclined to turn in, this may be remedied by having the boot heels made higher on the inside.

The linen collar has returned to favor.

Three cents' worth of anise seed, three cents' worth of peppermint, three cents' worth of laudanum, one pint of syrup, and one pint of hot water, make a good cough mixture.

The Arabian women perfume their bodies by sitting over coals on which are cast handfuls of myrrh and spices. The heat opens the pores till the skin is saturated with the odor. If you are capricious enough to attempt this, you will find yourself smelling like a lighted censer. And, if afterwards you want to destroy traces of your adventure, you may do so by a bath of ammonia and water.

The new wash veil for motoring has scarf ends in lace. The ends are brought around, and tied in a large bow-knot under the left cheek.

LITERATURE

THE BUCKEYE DOCTOR. By William W. Pennell.

THIS is a bright, snappy story to read, to be grateful for, and to turn to again with pleasure.

In it we have a picture of the rustic life of thirty years ago in a typical American village, with the "ups and downs" of a young physician in his encounter with rivals, ignorance, and maliciousness.

It is a delineation of one of those country villages—alas! not yet extinct—where the people are entirely preoccupied with themselves—and their neighbors.

In these leaves from life, the author preserves for posterity many of the dialects, customs, and methods of thought, of their forebears.

In search of the picturesque and romantic, many writers wholly neglect the great middle class from which they probably sprung. Not so our author!

It is safe to predict for this delightful volume a widespread and hearty recognition. The typography is excellent.

The Grafton Press, New York.

MORE LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT. By Dr. J. R. Bailey.

THIS book is different from anything that has hitherto been published on the subject of sexology, which is saying a good deal.

Dr. Bailey thinks along original lines. He treats the subject from the standpoint of nature, apart from any system of therapeutics. In nature there is nothing impure, but, unfortunately, humanity has strayed a long way from Eden, and needs to hie it back to first and harmonious conditions.

In these days when we have "picnic marriages," and "Christmas divorces," when we have marriage for wealth, marriage for prestige, or perhaps for mere curiosity, these brave, outspoken, manly pages are fitting and timely.

In this treatise, Dr. Bailey handles the subject with great delicacy, and in an able, commendable manner. To many his practicalities and helpful suggestions will come like a revelation.

Chequamegon Press, Ashland, Wis.

THE UNTRAINED NURSE. By A Graduate of Bellevue Hospital.

THIS book, which meets a need hitherto unmet, ought to be worth its weight in gold to every household.

It was written primarily to help those who are unable to engage the services of a trained nurse, and who still recognize their own ignorance and inexperience as nurses.

It will be especially helpful, too, in the country, where skilled aid is not always obtainable.

The chapters are entitled Home Nursing, Medicines, Water, Chest Diseases, Diseases of Heart and Blood, Fevers, Home Surgery, Eyes, Ears, etc., Children's Diseases, Operations, Selected Receipts, Death, and in Danger of Death. The book is also indexed for ready reference.

Every home should have a copy of this really excellent work.

The Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

WOOD FOLK AT SCHOOL. By William J. Long.

EVERY new thing that comes from the pen of this writer, we mentally declare to be his best. This is the sixth of Long's books, and assuredly we love him more than ever.

In this work, Long takes us into the forests, that we may watch the mothers teaching their little kindergarten schools in spruce dens and thickets of alder. The wood-folk, he tells us, receive their knowledge from instinct, training and experience.

To-day, scientists and nature lovers are studying afresh the instincts of men and beasts, because these instincts are nature's prophecies foretelling coming events. Instincts never deceive any beast, and it is through them he guards against danger,

and attains maturity. Long tells us that the instinct of obedience is "the first and strongest instinct in every creature born into this world."

As we follow the author afoot, and learn the habits, passions, and idiomatic language of the birds and animals, we think better of a recent novelist who declared that the animals have invented everything except postage stamps, the protective tariff system, and marriage complexities. He was quite sure that no beast ever exercised its conscience over marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

It is difficult to particularize any one of these studies, for they are all good, but just now it is on the edge of our pen that "Milord the Moose" is a mighty fine fellow, as he comes smashing down the mountain with a fierce roar of rage to challenge to mortal combat "Ol' Dev'l," a rival bull.

Sated novel-readers would find this book a heaven-sent blessing.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

ONE FOR MANY. By Vera. *Translated by Henry Bertuff*

THIS work has just gone into its twelfth edition in Germany. Throughout Europe no recent book has set more tongues a-wagging. It is a book that has been written with the heart-blood of some woman. Indeed, it has given rise to a new movement called "Verism."

It is the story of a woman who claimed that her lover should be as pure in soul as she herself, and some of us there are who see logic in the claim. She stands for the principle that there is no sex in soul, nor any sex in sin, that what is black for a woman should not be shaded into grey for a man.

The male critics call Vera an "hysterical worshipper of Nietsche." The women say she has the soul of some grand Hebrew prophetess. To read the comments one would think there was no intermediate channel between deification and vilification, but there is. The book is described by neither extremes, but is one of good, hard logic and common-sense, which, after all, is the most uncommon sense.

The sentences throb and tingle with life, and all in all, the book is a remarkable one.

J. S. Ogilvy Publishing Co. 57 Rose Street, New York.

GENERAL HISTORY OF COMMERCE. By William Clarence Webster.

THE author, who is Lecturer on Economic History in New York University, says: "If this book is dull it will be because I have failed to grasp the dramatic elements which the subject presents."

This is just what he has *not* failed to do, and in the 526 pages wherein he takes a general survey of the commercial development of the world from the earliest times to the present, it is always in a clever and interesting manner. It is a learned, accurate, and perspicuous history, the fruit of unwearied industry and patient research.

This work is deserving of critical analysis, impossible within our limits, but we note in passing that it has been planned so that it may be used in different schools, and in different ways: (1) As a text-book in secondary schools that offer regular course in economic history; (2) as a text-book in colleges, and (3) as a companion book to the study of "General History," or the history of particular nations in all schools.

The author's analysis of the trade of the world as it stands to-day, and the outlook for the twentieth century, is exceptionally interesting, and gives an enormous amount of information in a nutshell.

Assuredly, it is a book every financier and wide-awake business man should own.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

APRIL TWILIGHTS. By Willa Sibert Cather.

THIS is the most winsome volume—winsome is surely the epithet—that has come to us for a year and a day. Of a surety, the *New York Sun* is on the right track when it says: "Richard G. Badger, the Boston publisher, is a very knight-errant on behalf of poets."

We do not know if this is the author's first volume, but we hope it will not be her last.

All the poems are remarkable for an airiness and delicacy which are very fascinating, and in a few, there is a tenderness of feeling that makes them sound like gentle weeping.

We select the appended poem, entitled *The Encore,* as a very dainty bit of verse:

"No garlands in the winter-time,
No trumpets in the night!
The song ye praise was done lang syne,
And was its own delight.
O, God's name take the wreath away,
Since now the music's sped;
Ye never cry, "Long live the King!"
Until the King is dead.

When I came piping through the land,
One morning in the spring,
With cockle burs upon my coat,
'Twas then I was a king;
A mullein sceptre in my hand,
My order daisies three,
With song's first freshness on my lips---
And then ye pitied me!"

Richard G. Badger, Boston.

FLAMINA. By Alfred De Vervins.

THE hero, *Don Caesar de Bazan,* is a typical character of a past epoch in Spain, just as M. Prud'homme, Jonathan, and John Bull represent the Frenchmen, Americans, and Englishmen of to-day.

The theme of this short story is romance, romance, and all the time romance. The story, which bites itself into your memory, is full of life, action, and thrilling human interest. It begins in a prison cell in Madrid, takes us to the court of Spain, and ends in the summer-land of Mexico.

Of course, the heroine is beautiful and virtuous, and the hero a paragon of bravery, but as these traits are not insisted upon *ad nauseum,* we are genuinely glad to see them attain the goal of every man's desire, and get safely "married and a'." Just the book for a hammock or cosy corner!

The Editor Publishing Co., Franklin, O.

TRUTH AND A WOMAN. By Anna Robeson Brown.

HERE we have a very fine piece of psychological fiction. The author of this book does not hold with Mantegazza that "the woman thinks as she loves, and the man loves as he thinks." Her propositions are built on diametrically opposite principles.

The story is that of a charming society woman who becomes engaged to a college professor. By spirit, training, temperament, and environment, the woman stood for the traditional and conservative, while the man in different social class, stood as strongly for the radical and scientific. She was a Christian, he an atheist. He made no concession in principle, while she sometimes did, as a matter of good form and affection. The man and woman were deeply in love, yet, without a doubt, they were unequally yoked.

We are sorry the lovers do not work out their salvation to a more satisfactory conclusion, but, perhaps, after all, it is satisfactory. Even in a novel, one feels uncomfortable when the hero and heroine are joined in a matrimonial bond that cannot but end disastrously. In such a case, the spoons are immediately transformed into knives and forks, who cut and stab each other all the rest of their days.

The book is vivid and engrossing, and is gotten up in a tasteful dress of green and gold.

Herbert S. Stone, Chicago.

EVENINGS IN LITTLE RUSSIA. By Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol. *(Translated by E. W. Underwood and William Hamilton Cline.)*

IN 1808 or 1809, in the village of Pultava, in the heart of the Cossack country, Nikolai V. Gogol, the author of these stories, was born. He was in turn an actor, lecturer in the University at St. Petersburg, government clerk, and author. He died in Moscow in 1853. To-day, Gogol's writings are counted among the gems of literature, and are studied in Russia as a model of excellence. We wonder that we hitherto have not heard of these classics.

"Evenings in Little Russia" consists of three stories, overflowing with color, fancy, and melodious phrase. They are individual and original in a high degree—racy, sprightly, humorous, and whimsical. They are capital stories to read aloud *en famille.*

We congratulate the publishers on the tastefulness of the volume. It is comfortable to hold, and its artistic dress of grey and green is pleasing and restful to the eye.

William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill.

WHERE TOWN AND COUNTRY MEET. By James Buckham.

HERE is a boon companion to be taken into the country or the autumn woods. It is one of the nature books that has come to stay.

The author has a refreshing way of turning aside from the beaten track and blazing out a new trail for himself. He has a way, too, of dropping in, here and there, bits of life and philosophy that rest and delight the reader. For instance, he halts in his description of the landscape to tell us that, "No father has ever quite known his boy until he has gone fishing with him." Of course, this is a mere truism, but some way or other none of us have thought of it before.

The author has the seeing eye, attentive ear, and inductive mind that are essentials in this study. His mental powers are both analytic and synthetic, and he has the power of sharing his eager enjoyment of out-door life with all his readers. It is a book to commend without reserve.

Jennings & Pye, Cincinnati.

VERSES. By Bertha Geneaux Wood.

MOST of the verses in this volume have appeared in *Scribner's, The Independent, The Interior,* and other American magazines, and are now given to the public in a complete edition.

We have not for a long time read any verses which are so full of quaint conceits and sweet humanities. A warm, golden atmosphere surrounds each of them.

Whether this gifted woman sings of flowers, of the graves of dear children asleep, or of the Christ-child, it is always with charm and spontaneity—with an entire simplicity of nature. She has a song to sing, and sings it. That is all.

Some of our readers will remember the following poem by the author, entitled *Interpretation,* which appeared in the *Cosmopolitan,* in 1898.

He thought of all the heartaches he had known,
And singing in the twilight bowed his head,
'The world will hear and pass unheeding on,
And no one will ever understand,' he said.

A thousand hearts grew hushed to hear the song,
And eyes that mocked grew soft and dim,
They strained to see the singer through the dusk,
And smiling through their tears claimed kin with him."

Neale Publishing Co., Washington.

AMBITION.

There is a song I fain would sing
Tuned to a strong, yet tender string,
With cadence low and lingering,
Such is the song that I would sing.

Some few sweet notes to mem'ry cling
A moment, then too soon take wing,
As though some angel hovering
Sang that sweet song my heart would sing.

Some day, eel my soul will ring
With all its clear, majestic swing,
And, Oh, what joy that hour will bring,
That hears the song I fain would sing.

JAS. P. HAVILESON

The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659.08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
December 31st, 1891	$17,725 80	$3,518 51	
" " 1892	68,643 14	15,993 59	
" " 1893	174,[illegible] 04	43,[illegible] 88	$1,000.00
" " 1894	288,[illegible] 07	89,[illegible] 25	2,000.00
" " 1897	499,109 02	216,894 88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,794 01	247,691 87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,844 57	329,852 70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,180 89	508,[illegible] 76	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808 26	513,[illegible] 37	45,000.00
" " 1902	1,572,135.78	736,348.06	55,000.00

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

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All subscribers to THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA, who paid for one year in 1902, will have their time extended six months, giving them the benefit of the reduced price, which is now ONE DOLLAR a year, beginning with January, 1903.

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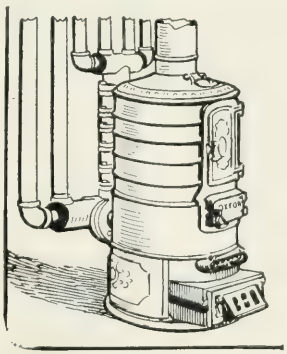

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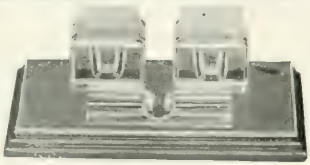

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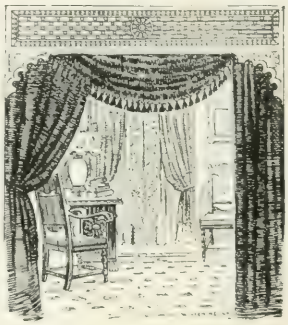

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THE
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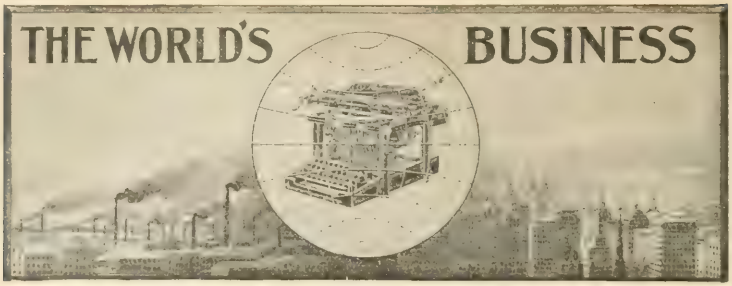

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THE
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VOL. III TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1903 No. 5

CURRENT COMMENTS

"Made in Canada"

NO phrase was ever fuller of a nation's rising pride in its own resources than this which has of late become the cry of both makers and buyers. It points to a new industrial activity as well as toward a rising self-consciousness, and as it gains in popular favor it will bring increased prosperity to the nation. For after all, business and sentiment go together, and the soundest commerce is built upon just such principles of patriotism as this brief, but meaning, motto implies.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when to have confessed to "made in Canada," would have doomed the goods so offered. Canadian-made goods were not wanted, were not supposed to be of purchasable merit, and were, in multitudes of cases, passed by for the imported article, which was by no means of necessary superiority. Even now, when times and opinions have changed, there is still a lurking idea abroad that the foreign-made article is better worth buying than the home-made. Clothiers are repeatedly found putting Canadian wares forward under the name and guise of American or English. A large manufacturer of woollens is this year, for the first time, putting the Canadian label on his goods; for years he has been manufacturing in Canada and calling his wares imported, because they sold better thus. There is a feeling rising now that this kind of thing should cease. In some cases there has been a measure of truth in the claims that Canadian wares were inferior, but Canada's manufactures are rapidly and wonderfully improving, and in very many lines cannot be excelled in the world. Where we fall short we are meanwhile learning.

It is true patriotism to buy the things that one knows to be made in Canada. An organization of public-spirited women in Hamilton recently held a "Made in Canada" exhibition, which was a unique success, and which served as a practical illustration of this new spirit. Canada will grow into the prosperous nation we all hope to see her become, as the Canadian people learn to be proud of her progress, and to recognize the fact that the home-supplied, home-patronized market is the best and most profitable.

Exhibitions of Progress

OVER two hundred fairs and industrial exhibitions have been held in various parts of Canada this fall. The greater number of these have been in Ontario, where the exhibition idea has become much more general than in the other provinces. With the exception of the larger fairs, such as those of Toronto, Ottawa, London, Halifax, and a few other cities, these shows are chiefly agricultural, and are held, under Government encouragement, for the purpose of giving impetus to the local agricultural industries and awakening an interest in their development. Nearly every county has its agricultural associations, and within recent

years these societies have effected great improvements in farming methods, one means of doing which is the fall fair.

There is no doubt that the average fair falls short in many respects, and fails to be of the practical value that it should; the system of prizes is not always based upon real merits, and competition has sometimes more of luck than science. But the tendency of late years seems to be to reduce these faults, and with the direct assistance of the Government, the fall fairs are being made increasingly practical. The new methods include such features as popular demonstrations, lectures and exhibitions of proper fruit-packing, dressing, and shipping of meat and poultry, dairy processes, and other information of a like kind. With such new ideas as these, joined to the established features of local exhibitions, there is a purpose to be served by the annual fall fairs that justifies their existence.

The larger industrial fairs are of value chiefly, perhaps, in educating our own people in the resources and achievements of the country. An exhibition such as that in Toronto is an eye-opener to those who believe that Canada has no industrial life. From year to year the progress that is being made in the manufacturing industries is most clearly illustrated at the half-dozen or so large exhibitions held in the chief centres of trade, and these industrial fairs furnish one of the most hopeful evidences of the approach of the day when Canada shall be industrially independent.

Canada's Dairy Industry

AN industry that thirty years ago was carried on chiefly by a few who marketed their product at the "corner store" has grown to a present export value of $30,000,000 per year. No other industry in Canada has shown a more remarkable development than that of the dairy, and there is none for which the country is more eminently fitted. The increase in cheese exports has been greater than that of wheat, four-fifths of the total value of dairy products being cheese alone. By far the greater portion of these exports goes to the English market; indeed, so popular has the Canadian article become in England that its own cheese industry, once world-famous, has very greatly declined.

There is room for expansion of Canada's dairy trade in the direction of butter exports, which last year amounted to 13,238 tons, while of cheese there were shipped 87,883 tons. Only five per cent. of Britain's butter supply is furnished by Canada. The reason for this is probably that the Canadian farmer finds cheese more profitable, but there would seem to be a most promising field open for the butter-maker as well. Britain now buys her butter from all parts of the world.

A thirty-million-dollar industry is a big factor in the nation's commercial life. The dairy is now one of Canada's greatest assets. It is, moreover, a well-distributed one, in which nearly every farmer may have a share, and the recent establishement of creameries and cheese factories in various parts of the country has done much to encourage local enterprise. In this, as in ever other industry, it is absolutely essential that Canada's reputation for good quality be maintained, and very rightly there is a system of inspection now in force which aims at a standard of honest excellence.

The Shortage of School Teachers

IT plainly points to a defect somewhere in Ontario's educational system that in a large number of the rural sections there is at the present time a serious shortage of teachers. Considerable difficulty was found last year in providing schools with adequate teaching staffs, and the conditions are worse rather than better, this year. The Department has been forced to admit students to the Normal School who do not possess the required qualifications, and the employment of only partially equipped teachers is the only alternative if present conditions continue.

The only apparent reason for this dearth of teachers is the insufficient remuneration which is offered. The office of public school teacher is a poorly paid one, and although the work is of the first importance an ambitious young man or woman can earn considerably more in almost any of the busi-

ness or mechanical pursuits. So long as the teaching profession remains on this low standing, men of ability and experience can hardly be expected to enter its ranks.

Nor should the local school supporters be allowed the doubtful privilege of employing under-trained teachers at under-paid prices. School taxes are light and Ontario is prosperous; the cause of education should be held of sufficient importance to give its chief employees adequate remuneration. The granting of licenses or teaching-permits to partially equipped teachers, in order to meet the shortage, is a direct encouragement to these unprogressive communities and a policy which the Department will surely not endorse.

Life Insurance in Canada

LIFE insurance figures largely in modern financing, and next to systematic savings accounts, bears most closely upon family welfare. The remarkable increase of late years in this class of business shows that insurance has a place in in the private economy of many thousands of Canadians, the total amount of policies in Canada being at present $508,812,305. This is an increase of 500 per cent. in twenty-five years. A quarter of a century ago people were more or less supicious of insurance companies, and some failures aggravated their disfavor in certain districts. But improvement of methods has kept pace with the increase of business, and the present insurance laws of Canada are safe. The principle of life insurance has always been of undoubted soundness.

A very pleasing feature of the insurance business as it now stands is that more than three-fifths of the total amount in force is held by Canadian companies. Of the balance about $160,000,000 is in American companies and $40,000,000 in British. Twenty-five years ago Canadian companies carried only $28,650,000. Thus, while the annual figures show a steady increase in the aggregate business, they also testify distinctly to the enterprise of our home companies. A number of excellent American and British companies are doing business in this country, and are no doubt serving a good purpose by affording healthy competition and the example of progressive methods, but it will be a matter of satisfaction to patriotic Canadians that an increasing amount of the people's insurance is "made in Canada."

A Way Out of Labor Troubles

WITH existing conditions and methods there seems to be no praticable way of escape from the oft-recurring disturbances of the labor situation. The strike is the accepted instrument of the labor element, and capital, jealous of its own rights, is powerless to prevent it. Resistance to the demands of the unions is sometimes successful, sometime quite futile; but the usual ending of the labor troubles is a compromise, with heavy losses meanwhile to both sides. However successful this resistance to the demands of unionism may be, it is impossible to deny the fact and the influence of unionism as a factor in the industrial world. Here is where many employers have made their great mistake; they have denied the right of existence to the trades unions, whereas if proper relations could be established between them, unionism could be made of great benefit to both. With some nine hundred unions now organized in Canada it is useless to deny their existence. The question becomes: how to reconcile the two parties.

A manufacturer who has had a large experience recently proposed what he believed would prove an effective means of establishing and maintaining good-will and harmonious relations between the employer and his employee. His suggestion was that a fair wage be paid the employee, and that in addition he should be given a percentage of the net profits of the business, based upon his scale of wages. The employee would thus have a direct interest in the welfare of the business, and it would be to his own advantage to put in as much work as possible, thereby increasing the earnings of the establishment. As strikes would interfere with business, and reduce those earnings, he would naturally cast his influence against them. In case of no profits he would still have his regular wages.

This method has been given actual test in a number of individual cases here and there. It has always been adopted voluntarily, and seems to work out very satisfactorily. A large manufacturing firm in Halifax gives its staff each year a share in its profits —a small share, but enough, it is worth noting, to have prevented any form of labor trouble on its premises since the plan was adopted. There would doubtless be considerable opposition at first to such a suggestion, but the chances are that it would prove the surest safeguard against strikes that has yet been proposed.

A Protracted Parliament

SEVEN months is an unusually long session for the Parliament of Canada, and October is an unusual date for prorogation. The Parliament just closed established, in some respects, an unfortunate record. Important business was transacted, but there was far too much speaking for the work done. It is to be regretted that the habit of wordiness, everywhere an offence and a nuisance, has gained so strong a hold upon our politicians. One-half the time and one-half the talking would be sufficient if the pointless arguments and vain repetitions could be eliminated. Full discussion is desirable, but there has been this year too much delay and obstruction and too much talking. The members themselves suffer, for seven months' absence from their business is sure to interfere with their personal affairs.

The past session was marked especially by three measures: the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bill, the Railway Commission Bill, and the Redistribution Bill, all of which elicited very heated discussion. They were, however, very important measures, and the first especially is of vital concern to the nation. The financial aspects of the Canadian Parliament nowadays reveal most clearly the development which is going steadily on from year to year. A great country produces great public questions.

Expert Forestry For Our Cities

THE value and desirability of foliage trees as an ornament to any town or city is something that has not yet been fully appreciated in this country. Trees are not only ornamental, but they have a still more useful function as purifiers of the atmosphere, and in a city where there are floating gases, shade trees are essential from a hygienic point of view. A hint might well be taken from the city of Washington, D.C., where there are 80,000 trees, cared for by a special city commission. Toronto and Montreal, both fairly well provided with foliage, have park commissions, but the care and planting of trees forms but a secondary part of their duties. There should be forestry experts, through whose services much could be done to improve the appearance of our thoroughfares.

Credit is due to the originators of local garden competitions in one or two Canadian cities. In Ottawa the initiative was taken by Lady Minto, and partly as a result of her interest a general agitation for civic beauty has arisen. A great deal can be done to give our Canadian cities a handsomer appearance by improving their green spots.

The National Park at Banff

CANADA has the distinction of possessing the largest national park in the world. The reservations at Banff, in the Rocky Mountain country, comprise 6,700,000 acres, twice as large as the much-famed Yosemite Park in the United States. Within that area is some of the finest scenery in Canada, and the Government has done wisely in apportioning it for a great national pleasure-ground. There are at present one hundred miles of macadamized roads, which are being added to every year, and sufficient clearings are being made to render all the scenic points accessible. Of these one of the finest is the Takakaw Falls, which have a fall of 2,300 feet, and are fed by a glacier. There are also hot springs, in the vicinity of which a complete set of bathing-houses is being built.

One thousand acres are enclosed in which moose, deer, antelope, mountain goats, etc., run at large. There is a herd of thirty-six buffalo. All these animals are protected with jealous care.

The value of such a national park, maintained in its natural state, is inestimable. To the tourist, the naturalist, and the

student it will prove of increasing benefit, and in a few years' time it will have become one of the attractions of the continent. Fortunately the land-grabber has been forestalled, and the nation has the great Banff Park to its credit.

President Roosevelt on Labor

THE labor situation is undoubtedly more acute in the United States than in this country and affects a far greater number of people. In some of the largest cities the unions have played into the hands of unscrupulous agitators and the result has been that industrial "corners" have been made that reflect shamefully upon the working-man's moral status. Indeed, as a recent article in a leading magazine showed, the two opposite parties, labor and capital, have in Chicago made such an alliance against the public that certain lines of business are absolutely in the hands of a labor trust, imposing most tyrannical terms. When unionism descends to such a level as this, there can be no public sympathy with it, and its flagrant offensiveness must sooner or later be its own end.

Against unionism which seeks to do the least and get the most, President Roosevelt has pronounced with no uncertain sound. He, a short time ago, reinstated an official of the Government printing bureau who had been dismissed because he had offended the union, his offence being that he had insisted "that workmen in Government employ should do a reasonable amount of work for fair wages." The President declares that the Government will submit to no dictation. In a speech at Syracuse, he boldly emphasized such views as the following:

"In the long run neither the capitalist nor the wage-worker can be helped in healthy fashion save by helping the other; but also to require either side to obey the law and do its full duty toward the community is emphatically to that side's real interest. . . . The times of most suffering for our people as a whole, the times when business is stagnant, and capital suffers from shrinkage, and gets no return from its investments, are exactly the times of hardship and want, and grim disaster among the poor. . . . The wage-worker is well off only when the rest of the country is well off, and he can best contribute to this general well-being by showing sanity and a firm purpose to do justice to others."

Affairs in England

THERE is nearly always an excitement of some kind in England, but not since the days of Gladstone and the Home Rule question have British politics been in so bad a mix-up as at present. The cause of this political crisis is Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy, which, being too drastic for Premier Balfour's acceptance, has created a serious cleavage in the ranks of the party. It was evident some months ago that the persistence of the Colonial Secretary in his protectionist theories would lead to either the conversion of the Premier or the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain. But it was too far a step for the Premier to take. The chances are still very good for the success in the country of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. His personal following is large, and the principles for which he stands are undoubtedly gaining in strength. Joseph Chamberlain is easily the man of the hour in England.

Another matter which has awakened much interest in Great Britain is the report of the Commission on the South African War. The facts revealed therein are not at all pleasing to the British temper. Lack of preparedness, mismanagement of army affairs at home, inadequate supply service, and official inaction are some of the shortcomings charged up to the War Department. And even now, although the war was a most costly one, its lessons and experiences are not being made use of as they should be; more thorough training of army corps is absolutely necessary. The Commission points out that the situation was saved for England by her ability to raise an immense volunteer force, and that Canada's part in the campaign was an eminently creditable one.

THE FABLE OF THE FOOL AND THE WOMAN WHO DID NOT UNDERSTAND.

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand,
[illegible] to the woman who did not know,
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

KIPLING.

THERE was once a Fool who loved The Woman Who Did Not Understand. I think the reason the Woman did not understand was that she did not care, but the Fool loved her very much. The Woman said that she loved the Fool: she also said that she admired men who "did things." The Woman said many things lightly, and because they sounded well; the Fool said very little, but went away and worked night and day striving constantly to "do things" that he might come to the Woman and say, "Look, I have done this, and I have done it for you." The Fool was only a fool about some things, so when he worked so hard and so earnestly he accomplished much. His friends who saw his work and who really thought a great deal of the Fool would tell him how good his work was, but the Fool scarcely heard them, although it pleased him to hear their praise. He would take his work and lay it before the Woman, and would tell her how it had all been done for her. If the Woman was pleased, the Fool was happy, but sometimes the Woman was tired or cross when the Fool came with his work, then, as she did not understand, the work would not please her and the Fool would be very miserable.

I think the Woman really meant to marry the Fool, but one day she met the Other Man, and as he was very rich, much richer than the Fool could hope to be, with all his work, and as the Woman loved pretty things and ease and admiration, she married the Other Man and sent the Fool an invitation to the wedding, which I don't think the Fool accepted.

After that the Fool really did not amount to much. His friends came to him and were very kind and very gentle with him. They told him to work on, for his work's sake, that it was good work, and would, they said, reward him in the end. The Fool only laughed bitterly, and said, that "the stuff didn't amount to much, anyway." Then one friend (I think it was a woman friend) told him that the woman was not worth worrying about, that she did not understand his work or his love, never had and never could. The friend told him how proud some women would have been of both, and how proud some woman would some day be, but the Fool only shuddered a little, for he saw that what she had said of the Woman was true. He thanked the friend, but said he was tired and wouldn't bother any more. You see he must have been a Fool from the beginning.

Moral—Don't be a fool; but if you can't help it, keep away from women; but if you are a fool you won't do this.

—JAS. P. HAVERSON

Canada's Opportunity on the Great Lakes.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

"THE vast inheritance of Canada" is a phrase that has become so trite by incessant repetition as to have lost some of its significance among the very people who have not yet reached a full realization of what it connotes.

Yet the particulars of that inheritance are certainly most imposing, for they comprise the cod fisheries of the Atlantic Coast, and the salmon fisheries of the Pacific; the illimitable forests of the eastern provinces, and the inexhaustible ore deposits of the western; the uncounted acres of the finest wheat lands of the world, and the fathomless coal areas of Nova Scotia and British Columbia; and finally an undivided half-share in the greatest inland water-way on the globe, which must ever be the channel of a stupendous and constantly increasing commerce.

It is the last item in this splendid schedule that we now purpose to consider all too briefly.

Of the five great lakes, Canada holds joint ownership with the United States in Superior, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, Michigan alone being wholly in the Republic's territory. Upon the shores of these lakes, and their outlet through the St. Lawrence to the ocean stand her three chief cities, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto; not to mention Kingston, Hamilton, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur and Fort William. Through her administration of this part of her inheritance, more than any other, perhaps, is the proper destiny of the Dominion to be achieved.

There is but one way of clearly conveying the idea of magnitude, and that is through the medium of figures. Let us, therefore, in order to get some conception of the gigantic commerce of the Great Lakes, have recourse to the statistics that are available.

Without attempting to take any account of the purely local traffic which does not pass through the canals of the "Soo," we will confine ourselves to the records of these canals including both Canadian and American.

These canals have a history of their own that is full of interest. They are rendered necessary by the turbulent St. Mary's Rapids, which have a fall of twenty feet. To Canada belongs the honor of building the first lock. This was done by the Hudson Bay Fur Company in 1798. It was a tiny affair with a lift of only nine feet, adapted simply to batteaux and canoes, and was destroyed by the United States troops in 1814, save for the foundation, which is still carefully preserved.

The next locks were built on the United States side in 1855, and these were enlarged in 1881, and again in 1896 at enormous cost, until now there are two magnificent locks, one of which, the Poe, is the largest in the world, being 800 feet in length by 100 in breadth. The Canadian Canal, whose lock is the longest in the world, viz., 900 feet, was completed in 1895, with a width of 60 feet.

The Canadian and the Poe locks each have a depth of twenty-two feet on the meter-sills, and the other United States lock has seventeen feet. Hydraulic power is used for operating the United States locks, and electricity generated by water-power for the Canadian.

The approximate total cost of all three together, with the expenditure upon widening and deepening the approaches to them, has been about $15,000,000.

Hastily surveying the records of the whole series of locks one cannot help being amazed at the enormous growth of the traffic through them.

Going back to 1855, we find that there were 193 passages of vessels under sail and steam through the locks, the freight they carried totalling the mere trifle of 14,503 tons. Thenceforward the development proceeded as follows:

Year.	Passages.	Total, tons, freight.
1855	[illegible]	181,638
1875	2,[illegible]3	835,[illegible]05
[illegible]885	5,380	1,321,000
1895	17,[illegible]50	15,062,146
1902	22,659	35,061,140

It may be added that the figures for 1903 will certainly show no falling off in the rate of increase.

With the vast traffic thus simply indicated, not even that passing through the famous Suez Canal can be compared. It has no parallel in human history.

Of this total of nearly 36,000,000 tons, five-sixths passed downward, being from Lake Superior ports, and only one-sixth passed upward to Lake Superior. The value of the whole was estimated at $358,306,300.

Now what was Canada's share in it all? We will consider it from different points of view.

First in regard to the number of vessels. The whole business was done by 656 steamers and 279 sailing craft, and of these Canada owned only 67 and 17 respectively, the remainder belonging to the United States.

The total tonnage of the 84 Canadian vessels was but 51,000, and of the 851 owned by her neighbor 1,140,000. The freight carried was divided between them in the ratio of 1 to 34.

Turning now to the business done by the canals on the opposite side of the St. Mary's Rapids, it appears that the United States canal passed 87 per cent. of the total freight, and the Canadian canal only 13 per cent.

Thus in every regard, so far as the freight traffic is concerned, Canada makes an exceedingly poor second, and it accordingly affords at least a soupcon of comfort to know that in the matter of passengers carried she has very much the best of it. During the year 1902, Canadian vessels carried 72 per cent. of the total passengers, and of these 62 per cent. passed through the Canadian canal.

Now, seeing that the Canadian waterfront on the Great Lakes is almost equal to that of the United States, the disparity between the volume of freight traffic respectively transacted is so great that at first blush the Dominion would seem to stand convicted of shameful indifference to a great interest.

That she has not by any means lived up to her opportunity, we verily believe. At the same time there are certain features of this vast traffic which must be taken into account, and may be pleaded in her behalf.

Out of the total of 36,000,000 tons of freight passing through the canals, more than 30,000,000 were east-bound, and of these the chief items were iron ore, grain, and lumber, billed from one United States port to another, and therefore not to be carried in Canadian bottoms. Thus there were 21,800,000 tons of iron ore, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat and other grain, and 1,028,848 M. ft. B.M. of lumber.

In the item of grain and wheat alone do the Canadian totals stand comparison, it being 34,000,000 bushels as against 60,000,000, which is not at all discreditable.

In the west-bound freight, the largest factor is coal whereof the United States practically have the monopoly. Nearly five million tons in all were carried, of which the Canadian share was a little over half a million tons.

The coal is for the most part taken by the ore vessels as return cargo, but to such perfection have the facilities for loading and unloading the ore been brought that many vessels now will not delay to fill up with coal, preferring to work in more trips with ore by making as rapid a return as possible.

The impossibility of Canadians obtaining any considerable share of the traffic must be accepted. Inspired by its wonderful growth, their neighbors have applied their characteristic ingenuity and enterprise to the problem not only of carrying the largest cargoes at the smallest cost, but of handling them with the utmost economy of time and labor.

The sight presented at the great locks of the "Soo" in the height of the shipping season is certainly an impressive one. From the insignificant, snorting, panting, grimy, little tug to the snow-white floating passenger palace a procession bewildering in variety passes up or down ceaselessly.

Oddest and ugliest of all craft is the well-known "whale-back," or "pig," invented by Captain McDougall some years ago, which, it was asserted, was to revolutionize the water carriage of heavy freight. But it has not realized expectations. In one way and another it has been found unsatisfactory, and no new ones have been built for the last eight years, although many are still in use.

They have, however, served a good purpose in giving the idea for the present long, low freighter, whose deck is simply a series of huge hatches, the number ranging from ten to twenty. These offer more comfortable and commodious quarters for their crew, and are altogether better boats. They are steadily growing in size and carrying capacity, and have now reached dimensions of 500 feet length, and 53 feet beam, with a tonnage exceeding 8,000.

What these steamers can accomplish in a single season may be judged from the fact that one of the Pittsburgh Steamship Co.'s steamers carried 8,441 tons at once, while her barge, *John Smeaton,* held 8,485 tons, and their steamer, *William Edenborn,* transported no less than 185,270 tons during 1902.

It will be remembered that the traffic returns for 1902 gave Canada the bulk of the passenger business, which may seem somewhat strange in view of the condition of the freight business. There are several reasons for the difference.

In the first place, barring those two splendid snow-white palaces afloat, the *Northland* and *North-West,* Jim Hill's unprofitable pets, which speed so swiftly between Buffalo, Chicago and Duluth, and which only plutocrats can afford to patronize, the Canadian passenger boats are by far the best. The *Huronic* of the North-West Transportation Company—the outcome of the famous Beatty line—is a superb steamer, as luxurious as an ocean greyhound, and her companion vessels, the *Monarch* and the *United Empire,* although not on so handsome a scale, are thoroughly comfortable. They make the round trip from Sarnia to Duluth *via* the Soo, Port Arthur, and Fort William, three times every week, and undoubtedly afford the finest fresh water voyage in the world.

Other steamers of the same line make the tour of the ports on the Georgian Bay, and carry a very large number of passengers every season.

Second in size and equipment only to the *Huronic,* are the steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the *Manitoba, Alberta,* and *Athabasca,* which ply between Owen Sound and Fort William. They are built on the lines of ocean-going craft, and are replete with every convenience.

During the fine summer weather the majority of the first-class passengers going to or from the North-West take these steamers in preference to the long dreary ride around the north shore of Lake Superior, and their patronage is consequently heavy and well-sustained.

Finally, in regard to beauty and sublimity, the Canadian shores have well the best of it, and those who travel in quest of the picturesque are in no danger of being disappointed. Hence Canada gets the great bulk of the passenger traffic, and will continue to do so, especially as the owners of the *Huronic* are already planning for a sister ship, and other good vessels are in contemplation.

Returning now to the freight question, let us ask ourselves what promise there is of the Dominion being a more important factor in it.

In the first place, so far as the traffic of the North-West on both sides of the forty-

ninth parallel is concerned, Canada undoubtedly has the best of the situation geographically. Lake Superior is the natural outlet of the West, and the key of the St. Lawrence route. Since the rapid increase of settlement throughout the West, Duluth has been growing at the expense of Chicago. Her wheat receipts in 1901 were 18,000,000 bushels, and in 1902 were 41,000,000, while Chicago received 43,000,000 bushels in 1901, and only 38,000,000 in 1902. According to Mr. J. J. Hill, the output of the greatest shipping cities on the globe during the year 1901 was Duluth, 17,000,000 tons; London, 16,000,000; New York, 14,000,000; Chicago, the same; and Liverpool, 12,000,000.

Yet Canada can offer a shorter route from Duluth than can be obtained through United States' territory as the following shows:

Duluth to Depot Harbor on Georgian Bay,	644	miles
Depot Harbor to Montreal by rail.....	379	"
	1,023	"
Duluth to Buffalo via lake	997	"
Buffalo to New York via rail	440	"
	1437	"
Difference in favor of Montreal.....	414	"

Again, the distance from Port Arthur to Depot Harbor or Midland is 510 miles, that is 130 miles shorter than from Duluth, and adding this to the 414 we have a difference of 544 miles in favor of Montreal as against New York, while there is a further advantage of 284 miles in the ocean passage to Liverpool, making a total of 828 miles shorter haul between Port Arthur and Liverpool than from Duluth to Liverpool.

Now not only does money talk in business, but distance talks too, Every hundred miles of transportation saved by a route is a powerful argument in favor of that route, and in this case nature is decidedly on the side of Canada.

Not only from Duluth, but from Chicago, Milwaukee, and other great shipping ports the distance to Canadian ports, to the port of Montreal, is shorter than to Buffalo and New York. Besides Depot Harbor, which is practically the creation of the Canada Atlantic Railway System, there are other equally good harbors on the Georgian Bay, which may be made effective for the grain traffic, such as Collingwood, Owen Sound, and Meaford, as well as Goderich on Lake Huron.

A large quantity of grain is already passing through these ports, but nothing to what it would be if they were equipped as their rivals in the United States are with every modern appliance for handling the traffic, and it is useless to expect that it will reach the proportions it should until this equipment is effected.

Fort William and Port Arthur are the natural and necessary outlets of our North-West domain. The one is the lake terminus of the Canadian Pacific System, and the other of the Canadian Northern. It is imperatively necessary that a large expenditure should be made by the Federal Government upon both these harbors in order to put them in a proper condition to handle the trade they can then command.

The Mission River should be considerably widened and deepened, because the ice accumulates just at the entrance to Port Arthur, and by thus improving the river two or three weeks' additional navigation in the autumn might be gained, which would mean a great deal.

Coming down the lakes, the waters should be carefully surveyed, and testing machines, such as are in use on the St. Lawrence, should be introduced, so that the depth of water may always be accurately known.

Proceeding eastward, much should be done to improve such ports as Depot Harbor, Collingwood, Owen Sound, and Goderich, which, if properly equipped, might all become factors in the transportation problem.

Then at Port Colborne, it is immediately necessary that provision should be made for a harbor wherein the largest vessels engaged in the carrying trade could load and unload. This means not only a breakwater on the south side as well as on the north, but elevator and warehouse accommodation on an extensive scale. At Buffalo there are twenty-

two elevators, and a good and safe harbor. At Port Colborne practically nothing. This disparity must be removed.

The distance between Port Colborne and Montreal is 367 miles whereof 63 are canals, and the rest lake waters. Every mile of this should be thoroughly overhauled, the channels made wider and deeper, the lights multiplied, and every facility afforded for rapid and safe passage.

At Montreal we reach the strategic point of the whole system. It is the centre to which not only the traffic from the lakes, but that from the ocean, converges. Upon Montreal and the St. Lawrence route, whether or not Canada shall realize, her opportunity depends, and the secret of the whole thing lies in this—*that Montreal should as far as possible be made a free port.* As the canals are free, let this national port also be free and then we will be able to compete successfully with our rivals on the south side of the great river.

To properly equip Montreal means an expenditure of many millions of dollars, but there should be no haggling about it. The wharves must be extended, the warehouses increased, the elevators added to. The Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, and Canada Atlantic Railways complain that they cannot direct trade to Montreal because of the lack of necessary accommodation, and they are in the right when they say so.

Yet despite all these drawbacks the trade of Montreal last year reached the enormous total of $191,000,000, nearly one-half that of the whole country! What, then, would it be if proper facilities were afforded?

Finally, the St. Lawrence channel must be deepened to at least thirty feet, and widened to 450 feet, and elevators provided at Three Rivers, Quebec, and Levis. With all this done, the control of Canada of the traffic to and from the North-West will be ensured beyond all peradventure.

That this is no empty boast, the recent trend of affairs clearly shows. Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have awakened to the fact that they are in danger of losing their grain traffic to Montreal. Last year over seven million bushels of grain went from Duluth through Canadian channels, and fourteen million bushels of Chicago grain. In all, about 20 per cent. of the grain crop of the United States shipped by water from Duluth and Chicago passed through Canadian ports.

The grain exports from Canadian seaports totalled 24,000,000 bushels, whereof Montreal got 20,000,000, and Quebec and St. John the remainder, while 22,000,000 bushels of Canadian grain found its way to New York, Boston, Portland, and Philadelphia. Canadian grain last year supplied over 21 per cent. of New York grain exports, 40 per cent. of Boston, and 65 per cent. of Philadelphia.

The gain accomplished by Canada in 1903 is conclusive as to what the future holds out. During the first seven months over 9,000,000 bushels of wheat and 4,000,000 of corn have passed through Montreal, as against over 1,000,000 of wheat and 4,000,000 of corn through Boston. The grain shipments through Boston show a decline of 60 per cent., and through New York of 29 per cent. Grain can be shipped from Chicago to Montreal for export to Liverpool three cents a bushel cheaper than it can be routed by part lake part rail through Boston.

This is mainly due to the action of the Government in making Canadian canals free, and if steps be taken towards making Montreal free also, the gain will be vastly greater.

But, of course, there must be an increase in the number and size of Canadian vessels if the trade is to be controlled. At present the available vessels have an aggregate capacity of over 4,000,000 bushels, and, allowing each vessel to make ten trips a season, it follows that they could deliver at Depot Harbor, Midland, Collingwood, Meaford, Owen Sound, Goderich, and Sarnia, about 40,000,000 bushels during the season of navigation.

That this capacity is inadequate, therefore, needs no argument, and it is encouraging to note that Canadian vessels of large carrying capacity are increasing in number. Prior to 1900, the grain freighters ran from only 20,000 to 80,000 bushels each. The

fleet now includes one barge of 210,000, two steamers of 200,000 each, two of 120,000, and several of 100,000.

Over against these, however, place the two giant steamers which Mr. A. B. Wolvin, of Duluth, has commissioned the American Shipbuilding Co., of Cleveland, to build for him. They are to be 550 feet in length over all, 57 feet beam, and 31 feet deep, and to have a carrying capacity exceeding 10,000 tons!

Such, then, in brief, is the problem before us. The freight traffic with the North-West must increase by leaps and bounds as the years advance. Unless our people are alive to their opportunities, and make this traffic their own it will be appropriated by the United States. There is no time for a halting, cheese-paring, parsimonious policy on the part of either government or people. Money must be expended freely on public works, and in private enterprises. Ports must be dredged, channels enlarged, buoyed, and lighted, breakwaters built, elevators constructed, and warehouses provided. The Trent Valley canal must be carried to a completion, and the Georgian Bay canal pressed forward. Steamers and barges of large capacity must be multiplied, the tolls upon them reduced to a minimum. Then will Canada really take possession of her heritage, and go farther towards realizing her high destiny than may be possible by any other course.

A GREAT ENGINEERING ENTERPRISE

THE Trent Valley Waterway is a system of natural rivers and lakes, connected by canals, by which connection will be made between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario. By this new route it is claimed that western produce can be transported to the St. Lawrence at a saving of 250 miles over the present lake route. In the total distance of 200 miles, *via* the Kawartha lakes, some twenty miles are canals, with a total drop of 600 feet from the highest point to the level of Lake Ontario. The greatest single drop is sixty-six feet, at Peterboro, which has been overcome by the construction of the largest canal locks of their kind in the world. These locks consist of two water-tight steel boxes, or pontoons, in which vessels will be raised or lowered by hydraulic power from one reach to the other. The pontoons are 150 feet long, eight feet deep and thirty-eight feet wide, and the pristons on which they are supported are five feet in diameter, of seven-inch steel. Only two minutes is required for the raising or lowering of one of these pontoons, and as they work independently or together, one vessel may go up while another goes down. In the masonry 25,000 cubic yards of cement were used. The side towers are 114 feet high, and a public driveway passes through the main structure. The pumps and other machinery by which the locks are operated are in a series of chambers between the driveway and towers.

There is only one other such lock in the world, and that a much smaller one, in Germany. The Canadian lock has been made after similar plans, but considerably improved. Canadian engineers and contractors are responsible for its successful working, and have used Canadian material in its construction. Its cost was $1,000,000. Editorial mention has already been made of the Trent Valley scheme, but the pictures accompanying this show more plainly the immense proportions of the Peterboro canal.

The Ontario Power Company will have its intake near the Dufferin Islands, the water being led through pipes to the power-house below the Falls. The trench for these pipes, as illustrated, passes behind the premises of the other company.

An examination of these pictures, in conjunction with the very full description of the works in our August number, will give readers of the NATIONAL MONTHLY an intelligent idea of the immense project by which Niagara power is to be sent all over south-western Ontario. As an engineering enterprise it is one of the greatest in the world.

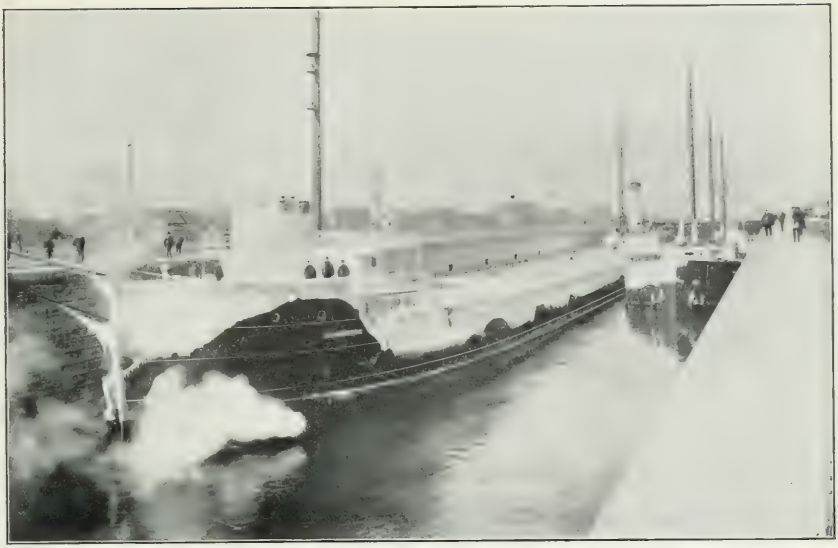
THE "SOO" LOCKS—READY TO LEAVE

D. M. AND N. DOCK—SAULT STE. MARIE

THE POE AND WEITZEL LOCKS—U.S. SIDE SAULT STE. MARIE

THE LAST TRIP OF THE SEASON

This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto

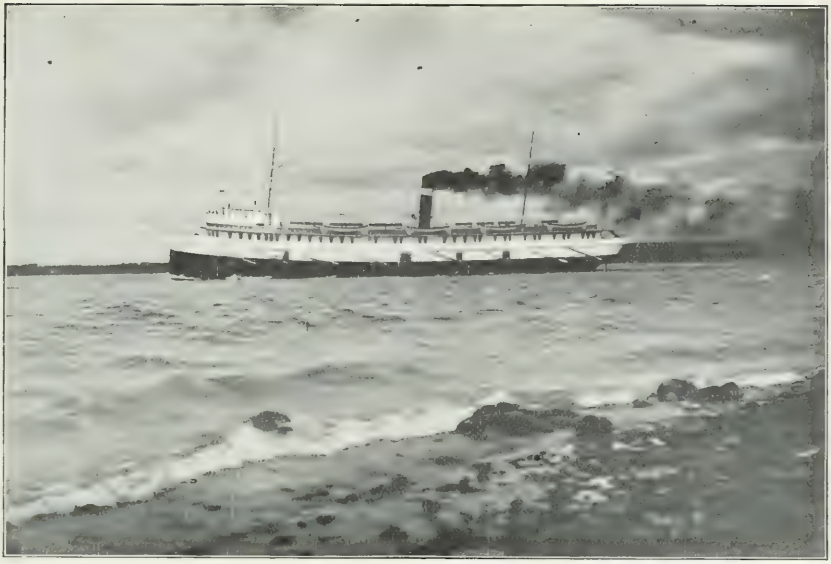


UNITED STATES FREIGHTER—NEW STYLE

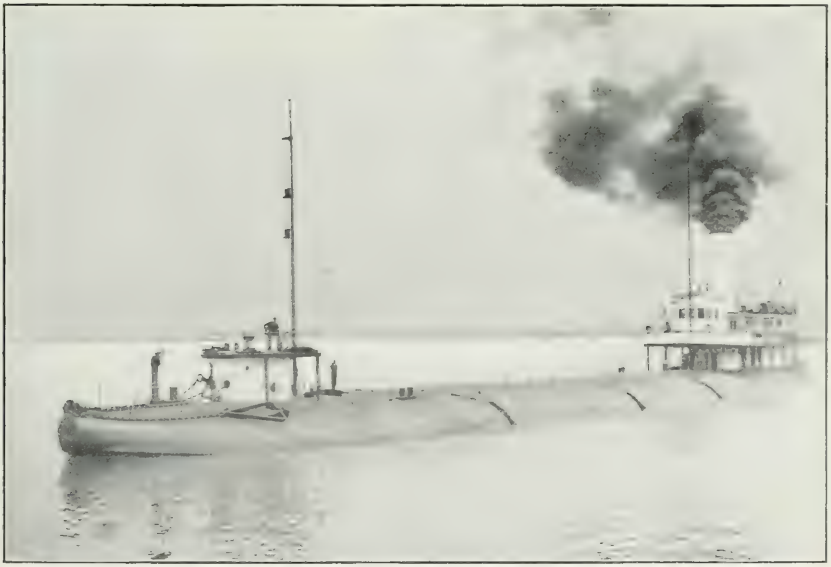
SS "MONARCH"—NORTH-WEST TRANSPORTATION CO., CANADA

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S "MANITOBA"

MODIFIED WHALE BACK



CANADIAN SS "MAJESTIC"

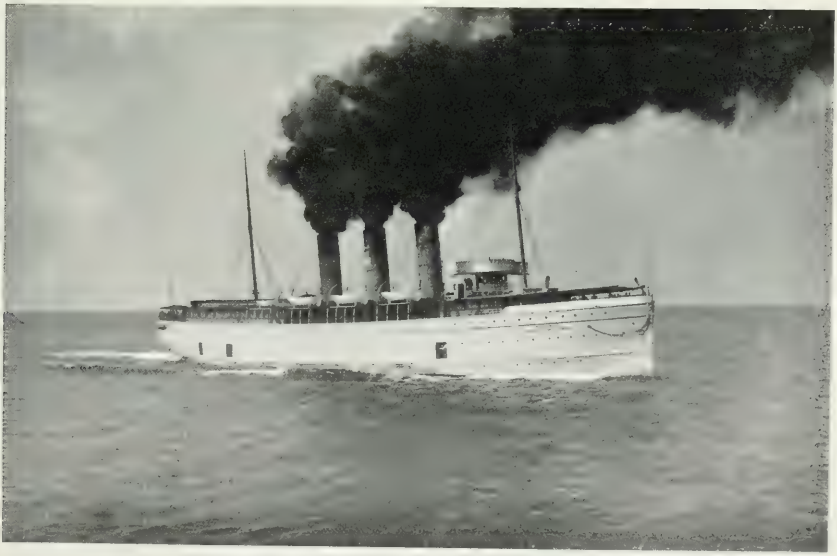


THE WHALE-BACK OR "PIG"

SS "HURONIC"—NORTH WEST TRANSPORTATION CO. OF SARNIA

IMPROVED TYPE OF FREIGHTER

U. S. REVENUE CUTTER REGULATING TRAFFIC



THE "NORTH WEST"—A J. J. HILL STEAMER

AWAITING THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION—SAULT STE. MARIE

THE CANADIAN LOCK—EASTERN ENTRANCE—SAULT STE. MARIE

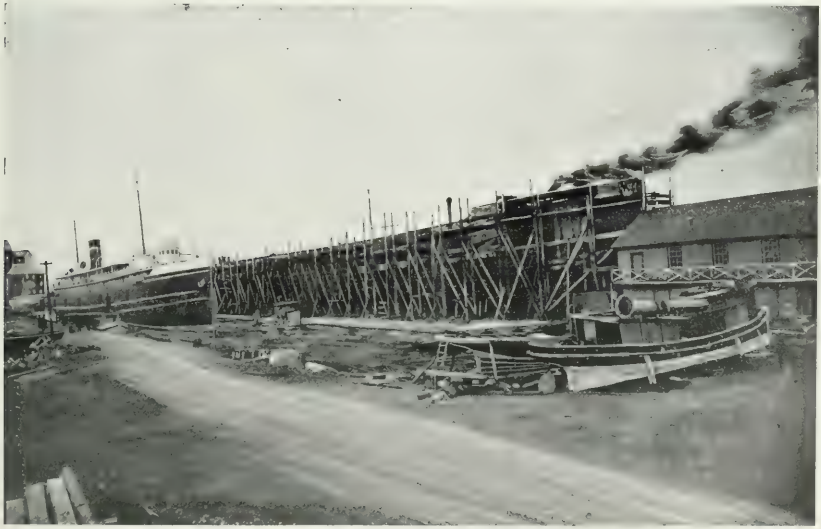
THE CANADIAN LOCK ON A BUSY DAY—SAULT STE. MARIE

INDIANS "SHOOTING" THE SAULT STE. MARIE RAPIDS

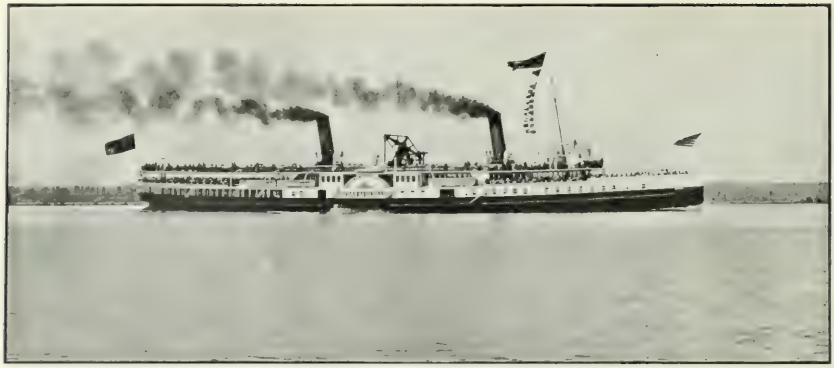
GENERAL VIEW OF HARBOR—COLLINGWOOD

VIEW OF DRY DOCK—COLLINGWOOD

GENERAL VIEW OF TOWN LOOKING SOUTH—COLLINGWOOD

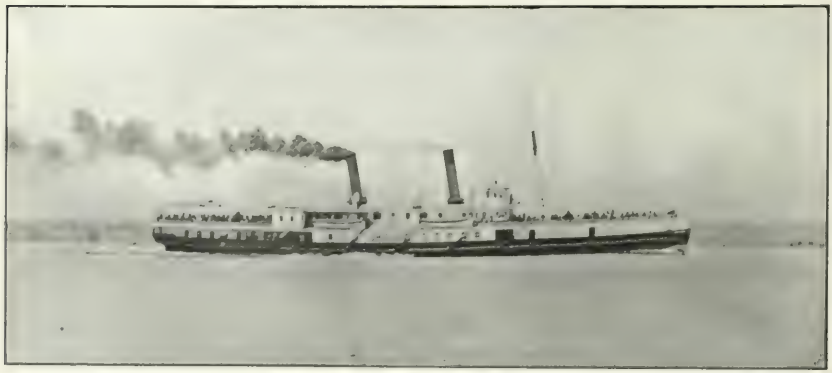


VIEW OF SHIPYARD—COLLINGWOOD



STEAMER "CHIPPEWA"

STEAMER "CORONA"

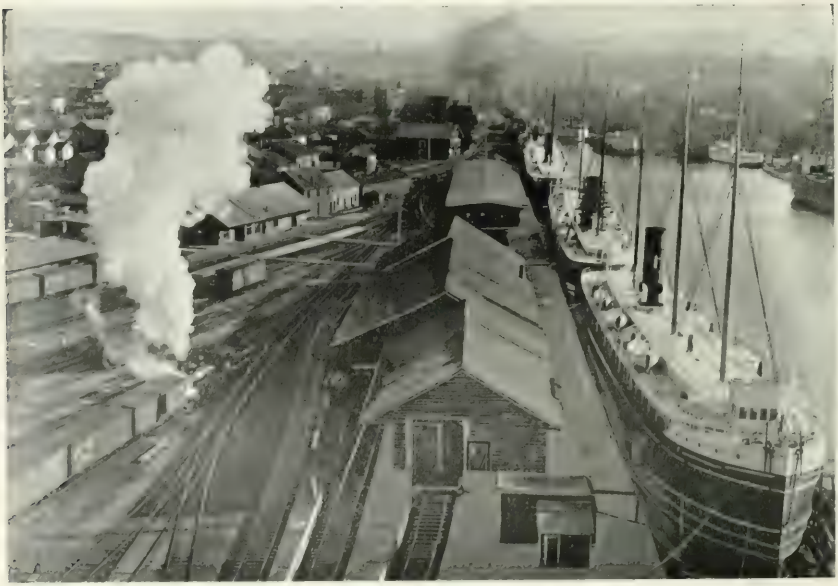


STEAMER "CHICOLA"

STEAMER "KINGSTON"

STEAMER "TORONTO"

OWEN SOUND HARBOR—LOOKING NORTH



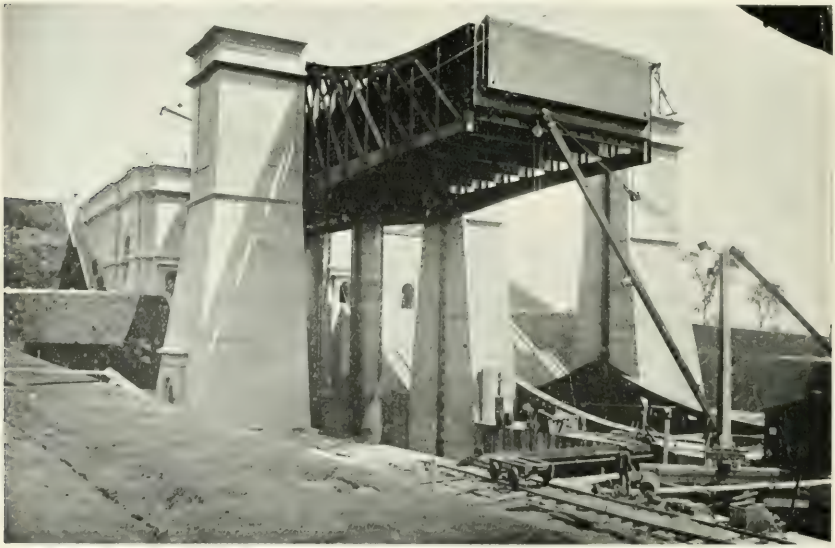
C.P.R. YARDS AND STEAMERS—OWEN SOUND

OWEN SOUND HARBOR

A NEW FREIGHTER—"TADOUSAC"

LIFT LOCK NEAR PETERBORO'

THE VESSEL DRAWN THROUGH THE NEW OUTLET



LIFT LOCK NEAR PETERBORO'

ROMANCE AND A DRAGON

By THEODORE ROBERTS

CHAPTER IV.

BACK TO THE PRESENT.

THE Hon. H. Hyde Prendergast (honorabled for life by the command of his sovereign) called his daughter into his study. He remained standing until she had taken a seat.

"My dear daughter," he said, patting her hand, "I think you will own that it is not often that I—ah—assert my authority, in your case." His smile was bland.

"I own it, father," she replied.

"But once," he continued, "now almost a year ago, I told you never to see a certain young man, without my permission, and never to hold communication with him by mail."

"Yes," said Catherine, "and I have obeyed you." She was about to add "to the letter," but thought better of it.

"You remember the old story, my dear," said Mr. Prendergast.

The girl's only reply to this remark was an unpleasant smile.

Her father flushed before it. "You think lightly of the story," said he, "but I can never forget, and I wish you never to forget, that it concerns the family's pride."

"Family's rot," remarked Catherine.

The Hon. Hyde Prendergast sat back in his chair as if he had been shot. He gazed long and anxiously at the straight-limbed, dainty figure and flushed, high-bred face before him. "Can this be my daughter," he wondered, "and Arabella's child?"

"Heaven help me, sir, and why not? Why expect your own daughter to be less of a woman than another gentleman's? Do you forget that incident of your own youth, when Arabella, the accomplished and the beautiful, and the supporter of Church charities, hit her own Lord Bishop with his own umbrella, because he hinted to her some story of your wild oats. You thought it very fine of her then, and you think so still. But you expect the daughter of this same Arabella to behave like a milksop."

Partially recovered, Mr. Prendergast rose to his feet. "You grieve me, Catherine," he said.

"I am sorry, father," she replied, "but when you consider the fact that I am obeying you at the expense of my own happiness and another's, I think I might be excused the lecture."

Mr. Prendergast felt confused, and, for once in his life, awkwardly placed.

With the usual note of tenderness in his voice again, he said, "Some day, daughter, you may thank me for this."

To hide her tears, Catherine left the room without answering. Mr. Prendergast paced the room for several minutes. He felt a troubling suspicion that he had come out of the interview second best. But the thought that he had behaved like an ass did not occur to him. Though he seldom smoked so early in the day he lit a cigar before leaving the room.

With his greatcoat buttoned to his chin, he set out on foot for the office, a tall, well-filled figure of a man, with a ruddy face, white moustache, and blue eyes devoid of humor. He was full of virtues. His one vice was a lack of sympathy that sometimes amounted to stupidity. He found it difficult to see beyond his pride. Otherwise he was honest and generous. He loved his family—the living members of it as sincerely as the dead. Its honor was his honor. He considered Mrs. Prendergast little less than a goddess in her own right, and a Personage as his wife. He was loyal to his friends, and had a remarkable memory for the faces of his enemies. In all his affairs, business and social, he was the soul of integrity. He was charitable, in the ordinary meaning of the word, and honored his rector. In short he was as fine a specimen of a Prendergast as had been created

for many generations. But he lacked his grandfather's pretty wit, and his son's cheerful humor and imagination. Catherine and Bob and the gentleman in India all had their mother to thank for their most winning traits of character.

The Bachelors' Dance was a week-old memory, when one morning Sir Hardwick Brice drew Tom Burton into a quiet corner of the club billiard-room. He produced something from his pocket and pressed it into Burton's hand.

"Something you dropped the other night," he said.

Burton opened his hand, and stared in bewilderment at a tiny gold locket in his palm. Upon one side of it was a monogram, the letters of which he made out to be C.P. He looked enquiringly at the baronet, wondering if the affairs of state had unsettled his mind. "You are wrong," he said, "I never saw it before."

"Sorry to have troubled you, old chap," said Brice.

"Where did you pick it up?" asked Burton.

Sir Hardwick returned the trinket to his pocket, and went downstairs, smiling to himself like one who has just heard a good story, or maybe invented a Limerick. He had forgotten entirely to answer Burton's question. "Thought I noticed it on that big chap's watch-guard," he said to himself. Later in the day he met Bob Prendergast on the street. He dangled the locket before his friend. "Found it on your drive, morning after the Bachelors'," he explained. Bob stared a moment, and then made a violent grab.

"It's Jack's," he exclaimed.

"Beg pardon?" queried Brice.

"It's my sister's," said Bob, and he smiled above Sir Hardwick's head. A light came to him. He remembered Catherine's seeming desire to fall out of the carriage, over the half-door, and her whisperings, and he understood. A conviction that those two would be able to win out their troubles came to him and warmed his heart.

"Thanks ever so much," he said, "I'll take it to Catherine and tell her you found it. She thinks no end of it, I know. Here we are at the club. Don't you think we had better—?"

"Not so soon before lunch," interrupted Brice.

"A cock-tail," suggested Bob.

"Manhattan?" enquired Brice.

"Better than that," replied Prendergast, "we'll try a new one of my own invention."

The baronet appeared delighted, and forgot his scruples about the time of day. The cock-tail pleased him, and, after promising to give him the recipe, Prendergast left him considering the flavor, and hurried to the nearest jewelers. Here he had the locket put up in a small box, with a scribbled note on a card. This he addressed to Farley, in London, and had it posted in time for the English mail.

After lunch Bob invited Catherine up to his den. "You don't want to play the flute, do you?" she asked suspiciously.

"Pon honor, no," replied Bob. "Safe at the top of the house he pushed her into a chair.

"Next time you meet Sir Hardwick Brice, you might thank him for picking up that locket," he said.

"What locket?" she enquired.

"A little gold locket with your monogram on it," he explained. "He gave it to me this morning. Found it on our drive, in the mud, the morning after the Bachelors' Dance."

"Give it to me," cried Catherine, holding out her hand.

"Can't," said he. "I've just mailed it to a chum of mine in London. It will get there almost as soon as he will."

For several seconds she gazed at him, and he began to blush and wanted to swear. Then she sprang up and caught him around the neck. "You dear," she cried. "You are the decentest, kindest man alive—almost."

Bob wriggled in her embrace.

"Now, you may play the flute," she concluded, with a fine color in her cheeks.

Bob grabbed the instrument from the floor, and blew his wind and his feelings into it in a wild attempt at "You'll be the Honeysuckle." Catherine leaned back in her chair. In her eyes shone a pensive and

melting flame that in some way seemed to alter their shade. Bob toiled at the flute until he felt as if his head would spin off and his chest collapse. At last he fell back upon the couch and puffed.

"That was delightful, dear," said Catherine.

"It takes a divil of a lot of wind," said Bob. "You try, Kitty. Bet you can't even get a squeak out of it."

CHAPTER V.

UNCLE MONTGOMERY—NEW FRIENDS.

Colonel Montgomery Farley was the jovial, yet dignified, head of that one-time substantial family. He was the eldest of the late Richard Charles Farley's three children. His sister was still alive, and lived somewhere in Canada, the wife of a gentleman of high scholarly attainments and considerable political importance. Her money had enabled him to revive, in a measure, the waning influence of his family. Colonel Farley's brother, Jack's father, had died of fever in Demarara, at the age of thirty-two, and his widow had speedily returned to her home in England and captured a second husband. This Farley had always been spoken of by the connection as "poor, dear John," because he had laughed and written a poem when his fortune had dropped out of sight with the price of sugar. There were other reasons, too. He had married a woman who did not love him, just by the strength of his love for her, and the charm of his personality. Then he had tried to make money by digging in the gold fields of British Guiana. When he died, alone and in poverty, in the early prime of his manhood, Colonel Montgomery Farley had called the boy to his own kindly bachelor wing, and planning for him a comfortable allowance, had placed him at a school in Devonshire. "As for Mrs. John," said the Colonel, "she has money of her own, which she was damned careful poor John never got hold of, and she can navigate her own craft for all of me. So the good colonel gave himself no trouble over her affairs.

Jack Farley's mother did not seem to care where her son went, or whether she ever saw him or not, so long as he kept respectable in the eyes of the world. As to the memory of "poor John," why, I do not think it ever gave her ten minutes trouble. She had gold hair and an arched mouth, but her heart was as hard as nails.

Colonel Montgomery Farley was very fond of his nephew. In the school time, they always spent the holidays together. Jack reminded him, in voice, and manner and appearance, of the dead brother. But the lad's chin was a shade squarer than the father's had been, and the eyes steadier. The colonel retired early from the service, owing to a taste for books and city comforts, and a game leg. The game leg was the result of a tumble while pig-sticking. He took apartments in London and joined a club or two. Jack went up to Oxford when he had done with school, and remained there three terms. During that time he distinguished himself only once. That was when he did a slashing review of a book by a tutor of his own college, and had it printed over his own signature in a county paper. The tutor had not liked him before, and afterwards he liked him less. Jack wrote to his uncle that he had done with classics and wanted to see the world. The colonel kept him a year in London, to see that his manners were up to the mark, and to introduce him to the right people and the correct tailor. Jack made a favorable impression both on the people and the tailor, and put in his time and his uncle's money to advantage. I doubt if the colonel himself could judge a cigar or a scarf-pin with a greater nicety. The four years following, Jack spent in looking at the world. He saw the islands of the South Pacific. He chummed with the troopers of the Mounted Police in the Canadian North-West. He mixed himself up in a revolution in South America and got slashed across the knuckles by a full-fledged general. He looked up some old friends of the family in Barbadoes, and visited his father's grave in Georgetown, Demarara. He spent a year in New York and there met Bob and Catherine Prendergast, and first scented the old trouble. There

was a scene one day, in which Mrs. Prendergast, much against her will, took a leading part, and after that Jack returned to his uncle and put in six months trying to forget. Failing in this, he returned to New York, and, by the help of a mutual friend of theirs, he communicated with Catherine. Then followed his trip northward, and the incident narrated in the first chapter of this story.

The friendly attitude displayed towards him by Bob Prendergast, on the morning of the *Dahome's* departure for England, filled Jack with hope. He was now sure that Catherine loved him, with a heart brave enough and loyal enough to stand any test, and it was comforting to find her brother on their side. Shortly after the sailing of the steamer, he discovered the loss of the locket that he had worn on his watch-guard for so many months. This may seem a small thing, but it dulled his spirits like a failure. His heart rebuked him as if he had failed in some trust of love. The present bitterness mastered him, and the thought of the gray, tossing, and ever-increasing hills of sea between them, clouded that memory of the touch of her lips in the dark. He went to the smoke-room forward, and listened to a conversation between two of his fellow-passengers. One of these, the listener for a wonder, was a Canadian drummer. The talker was a sun-tanned skipper of the merchant marine, bound for Appledore, where his good barquentine, *Southern Cross,* was being reclassed. He was relating some of the diverting adventures and remarkable hardships of a seafaring life. In the course of his narrative he named several ports, consuls, and shipping-houses with which Farley was familiar. A liking for this romantic mariner awoke in Farley's heart. He felt a tender consideration for the drummer even, who, unlike his kind, listened with a good show of interest, and a charming attitude of modesty. In the middle of a highly-colored description of a South American port the skipper turned suddenly to Farley.

"You'll bear me out in that, sir?" he said.

Jack nodded, smiling. The skipper eyed him up and down and square in the face, but all without any hint of offence. He seemed satisfied.

"Those little beggars in red bloomers have hustled me many a time," said he, "but I never saw them fight. Did you?"

Jack held out his left hand, back up.

"Cozarro helped me to that, in '99," he remarked.

Both the drummer and the mariner bent forward and examined the scar.

"Cozarro—the old devil!" exclaimed the mariner. "Well," he continued, sitting back, "I've not lost my trick of reading men. When the time comes that I can't mark my man inside ten minutes, even without hearing him talk, then I'm ready to give up all the fun and live ashore—or, better still, die."

The drummer bent upon his romantic companion a gaze of admiration.

"Do you refer to me?" enquired Jack, lighting his pipe.

The sailor nodded. "Yes, sir, I do," he exclaimed.

"What did you mark me for?" asked Jack.

The other considered him in silence while he opened his cigar-case and laid several black cigars on the table.

"I marked you for a traveller," he said. "Not a drummer, mind you—begging your pardon, Mr. Smalley—nor yet a tourist, but a real, handy, open-eyed traveller."

"Don't mention it, Captain Sparks," said Smalley, good-naturedly. "No one thinks less of my profession than I do myself. But you see, gentlemen, there's money in it, and it's money that keeps my mother comfortable in her cottage up there in Ontario."

"I was correct in my estimation of you, too," said Captain Sparks, "and I'll be proud to shake hands with you again, sir."

They shook hands with vigor. Jack, in the meantime, had been sniffing one of the captain's black cigars.

"Twelve milreis a hundred," he remarked.

"Wrong," said the skipper. "I paid thirteen."

Jack turned and pressed a white button in

the bulkhead behind him. "I want a Scotch and soda," he explained, "and I hope you two will join me."

"Certainly," replied Sparks.

"Why, yes," replied Smalley.

The three were alone in the smoke-room, and though to all outward appearances of such different interests, Jack felt that there was no discordant note in the smoky air.

"Captain," said he, "I do not think you displayed any remarkable discernment in marking me for a traveller of the kind you mention. If I were a tourist I would not be a passenger on this boat, and if I were a commercial traveller, I would not be wearing this shocking old jacket."

His hearers laughed, and Smalley placed his elbows on the table.

"But I make more of you than that," retorted Sparks. "You are a 'Varsity man. You are in a hurry to get away from a place, though you have plenty of time, and you are worrying about something. I don't know whether you have a private fortune or write books, but whichever it is you don't have to practice economy, though you do happen to be a passenger on the *Dahome*. If I knew your name maybe I could tell you more."

Just then the Scotch-and-sodas arrived.

"My name is Farley," said Jack, "and I am a West Indian by birth."

The three exchanged cards.

"I have always been of a romantic turn," said Captain Sparks, setting down his glass, "and I find it grows on me with years. Keep your eyes open, and maybe your heart, and there is a deal of fun and entertainment to be had out of life. I've made a study of it, and by George, if I could write I'd make a book or two that people would read. But writing makes my head ache and cramps my legs. A letter now and then to the owners, or my sister, is about as much penmanship as I can stand."

It was an eleven days' passage to Liverpool, and during the voyage Jack and Sparks became firm friends. At Liverpool they parted with Smalley, who had proved himself a very decent chap despite his cases of samples, and the captain went up to London with Jack.

"Dine with me at the club to-night, and I'll bring along my uncle," said Jack, after seeing the skipper safe in his hotel. Then he hurried around to the colonel's rooms. They greeted each other affectionately.

"You look hearty, my boy," said the colonel, holding his nephew at arms' length.

"And you look fit, sir," replied Jack. "How's the leg?"

"About the same," answered the soldier, "but bless me if I haven't gout in my other foot. I've been lonely without you Jack," he continued, "and even my books seem dull. Have half a mind to go galavanting with you, some day."

"Wish you would," said Jack, looking about the familiar library. He caught sight of a small package on the table addressed to him.

"It came yesterday," explained the colonel, following his eyes.

Jack opened it, read Bob Prendergast's note at a glance, and kissed the locket. He had forgotten his uncle. When he looked up, the colonel's eyes were studying him, with a world of amusement and wonder in their depths.

"Bitten!" remarked the stout bachelor.

"I beg your pardon, sir," exclaimed Jack, red and purple with embarrassment, "but I forgot all about you."

"Don't apologize, my dear boy," laughed his uncle. "I can hardly expect all men to be as sane as myself. Fact is, I've seen good fellows hit the same way.

CHAPTER VI.

A DINNER—CONFESSIONS.

Colonel Farley did not question his nephew just then. They had a short and satisfactory talk over business matters. "I have settled what is left of the old place in Barbadoes on you, my boy, and thanks to a new hotel, the rent is looking up," announced the colonel.

"You are too good to me, sir," said Jack.

"Stuff," exclaimed his uncle. "Don't you know that you and I are the only Farleys left?"

Jack wrote a letter or two, and unpacked some of his things.

Then they dressed for dinner, and went for Captain Sparks in a hansom. They found the mariner before the mirror in his bedroom, struggling with his tie. He was attired in evening clothes much too small for him.

"I've put on considerable weight in the last ten years," he explained.

"Let me help you with the tie," said the colonel. The sun-tanned sailor held up his chin, and the stout, full-blooded soldier closed on him, and had all ready for parade inspection in a turn or two of his white hands. Jack enjoyed the scene, and congratulated himself in having brought about the meeting. Here were two men of mature years—the colonel was well past sixty and Sparks close on fifty—who had seen, each in his own way, a considerable portion of the world and the dwelling-places of men. Here were two bachelors, with heaven alone knows how many romances and heartaches behind them. Here were two romancists, both of whom had read life with peculiarly sympathetic eyes. The meeting promised some entertainment.

Captain Sparks completed his preparations for the trip to the club by donning a fairly respectable silk hat and a full-skirted greatcoat, and tucking a walking stick, made of the backbone of a shark, under his arm.

"Call away the gig," he cried, and with a fine glow of friendship beneath each spotless shirt-bosom the three went, arm in arm, down to the waiting cab. Arrived at the club, the skipper's unique walking-stick caused not a few stares of wonder, and whispered comments. To see the fastidious Montgomery Farley in company with a man who looked, for all the world, as if he had been robbing the British Museum, was cause enough for surprise. The trio had a table in a quiet corner of the dining-room. The colonel chose the wines. Two or three men came over and welcomed Jack, and greeted the uncle politely, and stared at Sparks. But they were not introduced to the stranger, and were soon chilled back to their own tables. As one of them remarked—"Old Farley doesn't have to throw a brick at a man to let him know he's not wanted." They decided that the little, brown-faced man with the quick eyes was either a poor colonial relative or a wealthy diamond hunter just out of his mole-skins, and straightway they forgot him.

Sparks looked about him with an open show of interest, and whenever his glance rested on either of the Farleys it lighted with approval. He had met gentlemen before, and had even been flattered and wined by them—but never in London. He had been put up at clubs before—but never in London. Men had never before taken his romantic outlook upon life seriously. Women had, God bless them, and one or two sailors. Merchants and consuls and fellow-skippers had always measured his worth by his luck as a navigator, and his shares in the *Southern Cross*. But here were two men, by George, who cultivated his acquaintance for the charm of his wit and personality. Captain Sparks was pleased.

Conversation in the quiet corner did not flourish during the dinner proper, for Sparks and Jack had brought sea appetites ashore with them, and the colonel, though eating little, was giving a good deal of critical attention to the dishes—for this was a club to which he did not belong. It was one of the junior clubs, and the colonel suspected it of a swelled head. But he could find little fault with the cooking, and none whatever with the wines. All went well with the captain. The harsh, weather-beaten complexion took on a mellower tint as vintage after vintage came his way. At last he crossed his legs and lit a cigar, and even the fact that the lining of his coat was gently and audibly splitting, every time he drew a breath, did not disturb him. He mounted his hobby, which was Romance-of-Life, and put it through its paces to the sincere admiration of his new friends. Stories of sailors and pilots, merchants, gentlemen-at-large, consular agents and ship-chandlers, followed one another in vivid and rapid succession.

"You are the master of a rare gift, my friend," said the colonel, leaning half-way across the table. "You are a most delight-

ful entertainer. You have observed life with not only open eyes and ears, but also a quick heart. I have tried to do it myself, and until to-night flattered myself that I had missed very little. You should write a novel, Sparks."

Sparks was in no way abashed at this praise.

"Collaborate with some one," suggested Jack.

"A fine idea," cried Sparks.

The colonel glanced furtively at his big nephew, and lit a cigarette.

Sparks and Colonel Farley conversed in an undertone at the top of the steps, while Jack, from the edge of the pavement, hailed a cab. Jack had some calls to make, and the others intended walking around to the colonel's rooms for a game of crib. As the cab drew up Jack called to them that he'd be back by eleven. The mariner and the colonel watched the retreating hansom for a second or two. Then, arm in arm, they set out on foot for Piccadilly Circus. Farley, indicating the traffic, the people, the windows, and the housetops, with a wave of his stick, exclaimed "Stevenson called it the Bagdad of the West."

"Good old Stevenson," said Sparks.

"You may well say so," replied the colonel. "Why, my boy, it was for more time to read Stevenson that I left the army." All the way to the rooms the skipper's eyes were busy. Now and then he chuckled to himself. At times he moved so slow that the colonel had to hustle him. Next moment he would sprint along at a pace that tried his companion's game leg and scanty breath to their uttermost.

"Bless me," exclaimed the colonel, "can't you keep your formation?"

"Forgive me," said Sparks, "but it's my nature. A capfull o' wind that would no more than flap another man's jib will send me clear out of my course."

Jack got home soon after eleven, and found his uncle alone, smoking before a scanty fire. Upon the library table lay close upon a dozen books, and the shelves behind gaped here and there. A couple of charts were spread out and weighted at the corners with silver candlesticks and a tobacco jar. Upon the floor, against the legs of the table, leaned two volumes of the colonel's beloved and comprehensive set of scrap-books. Jack noticed all this from the doorway, as he removed his greatcoat. "Where is the captain?" he enquired, drawing a chair up to the grate.

"He left only a few minutes ago. He goes down to Devonshire to-morrow to see after his ship, and has to start early," replied the colonel. After a short silence, the colonel turned in his chair and looked at his nephew. Again he noted the tiny patch of grey hair above the left temple, the kindly mouth and dauntless chin, the straight shoulders and long limbs. "He is better set up than I ever was," he thought, "but he's a Farley, every inch of him."

"Who's the lady?" he asked, suddenly.

Jack started, and blushed. He unfastened the watch-guard from his waistcoat—a thin black cord worn only for the locket, as his watch was on his wrist—and passed it to his uncle.

"You will find a little picture of her in the locket, sir," he said, "but it hardly does her justice."

"Of course not," replied the colonel, with a courteous inclination of his head above the trinket, as if in acknowledgment of an introduction. He pried it open with gentle fingers. The picture disclosed to his view, though small, was wonderfully clear—just the face and throat of a young girl.

"Charming!" exclaimed the colonel, "charming, my boy. Brilliancy, wit, and beauty, or I'm a fool. What a chin. There's determination, for all the dimple. Jack, I don't blame you. Who is she?"

Jack watched his uncle's face for a second or two, and smiled.

"Hit, sir?" he enquired.

"By gad, yes, sir," he said. "She is fascinating."

"Her name is Prendergast—Catherine Prendergast," announced Jack.

The colonel started so violently that Jack wondered if a spring had suddenly unwound in the seat of the chair. He stared blankly at the picture of the girl, and then at Jack.

"Hyde Prendergast's daughter?" he enquired, presently.

"Yes, sir."

The colonel meditated, with puckered brow and clinched jaws.

"I don't like the stock," he said. "No, my boy, I don't like them. They think that where there is no Prendergast there is no honor. But one of them played the lowest kind of trick on your grandfather, sir."

"I've heard of it," said Jack.

"Who from?" asked the colonel.

"Their side of it from Mrs. Prendergast, a long time ago in New York, and one side of it from Catherine's brother, Bob," replied Jack.

"Put her out of your heart," cried the colonel.

Jack was not frightened at this outburst. He knew his man—though not quite so thoroughly as he supposed.

"Mr. Prendergast will not let her have anything to do with me—not even write to me, or receive my letters. He says she would disgrace the family if she married a Farley," replied the young man, quietly.

This time the colonel came right out of his chair. His game leg was forgotten.

"By gad, he said that, did he?" he cried. "Hyde Prendergast said that. The devil take him and his impudence. Disgrace the family—bless my soul!"

After a prance or two up and down the hearth-rug, he became cooler.

"Does she love you, my boy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

"For thick or thin—or whatever it is the prayer-book says?"

"Yes," replied Jack.

"Then marry her, my boy," said the colonel. "Would you see a lady unhappy just for lack of a little courage on your part? Use your brains and my money, my boy, and don't let any damned Prendergast ruin your life."

Jack refrained from smiling at his uncle's unusual manner of expressing himself, and they shook hands.

The colonel returned to his chair, still snorting, and Jack with hope burning high within him, searched the mantel-piece for a cigarette.

"Well, I must say you have given me a start," said the colonel, when his breath and pulse were normal again. Jack grinned, and thought that he had.

"Now, let me try and give you one," said the colonel.

"Fire away, sir," said Jack.

"Next week," he began slowly, "I sail from Appledore, on the barquentine, *Southern Cross*, with Captain Sparks. We are going to write a book."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Jack.

"And why not, you young rascal?" roared the colonel, slapping his knee. "Do you want all the fun? Gad, you stare at me as if you thought me over a hundred years old."

"'Pon honor, sir?" queried Jack.

"'Pon honor, my boy."

"But your leg, sir."

"Sea air is just what it needs. Sparks had a grandfather who cured his leg by going to sea. He was drowned just after it healed, but that wasn't the fault of the sea air."

"But won't you miss the comforts of London, sir? And won't you weary of the captain's society after a day or two?"

"No fear of that," replied the colonel, heartily. "The *Southern Cross* has a splendid bath-room. We intend taking three sea-chests full of books, and all sorts of food over and above the ship's stores, and Sparks is a most entertaining companion. He plays crib, chess, poker, german whist, and the fiddle. We'll work an hour or two every day at the book—the captain's ideas and coloring, you know, and my craftsmanship."

"Is this wise, sir? Think of your wound and your gout," said Jack.

"I've fooled away quite enough of my life thinking of my legs and my liver," cried the colonel, "and now I'm for some enjoyment. Do you think, my boy, that while you are entertaining yourself trying to tear a beautiful woman from the arms of a fond papa Prendergast, that I'm going to stay home and ornament my clubs?"

Jack laughed. "I admire your spirit, sir," he hastened to say, "and I raised these groundless objections simply because I considered it my duty. I really believe the change will do you good, and that you will

write a smashing story, and I hope you'll have no end of a good time. Sparks, I have no doubt, is the best of company."

"I knew you would be reasonable," said the colonel, "and I just put all my affairs in your hands. My lawyers are sound, so do not worry about them. I'll write and tell them to do whatever you say. I'll take what money I need along with me in gold. Use my money as if it were your own, and don't hedge on expenses when it comes to outwitting old Prendergast."

"But how long do you expect to be away?" asked Jack aghast.

"I can hardly say," replied the colonel, "but I'll write to you now and then when we are in port."

"But you are putting rather a heavy responsibility upon me," protested Jack.

"Don't let it worry you. It never worried me," said his uncle, "and gad about to your heart's content. Blake and Spotford are the most honest lawyers in town."

They smoked and talked until well on into the morning. Jack dreamed hard on his improvised bed in the library. He saw his uncle and Captain Sparks reading quires and quires of manuscripts to Mr. H. Hyde Prendergast, who lay on a cabin floor, bound hand and foot. He raced through endless fog-hung streets in a hansom, with Catherine beside him. He broke open doors by throwing bags of the colonel's money against them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE HUMBER RIVER—TORONTO

A BAG OF MARBLES

BY KNOX MAGEE

I HAD spent a week at my friend Raymond's ranch, and seen poor Billy a dozen times before I finally caught the old fellow at his devotions. I shall not soon forget the occasion.

We had just finished breakfast, and stepped outside for a smoke, when my friend touched my arm and nodded towards one end of the verandah. The old man crouched upon the steps, with one elbow on the floor, and his head in his hand. With his other hand he fingered his precious toys—about thirty rough, clay marbles—which rattled as they rolled unevenly across the planks. Evidently he was unaware of our presence, for he fumbled with his playthings, and giggled and chattered without restraint.

"Funny thing, isn't it?" said my host.

At the sound of the voice the little man nervously looked up and spread both hands over the toys.

"He's afraid of me," I whispered.

Raymond laughed. "No, he's secretive, not afraid," he explained. "There are only two things in the world that poor old Billy fears—an Indian and fire."

At the words "Indian and fire," Billy sprang to his knees and stared around, his sharp little eyes snapping like a snake's.

"Oh, no, Billy; it's nothing, Billy!" my friend hastened to assure him. "There isn't an Indian around; they're all gone—gone away, away off!"

The little man heaved a sigh that was like a shiver. "All gone?" he whined.

"Yes, yes; all gone, Billy." Raymond smiled humoringly, and then turned angrily to me.

"By thunder!" he swore, bringing a huge fist into a correspondingly huge palm with a smack like the crack of a whip, "every time I see a redskin I'd like to roast him, just for that old fellow's sake."

Billy sat watching us with blinking eyes; and while he watched he dropped the marbles, one by one, into a greasy little deerskin bag.

It was an unusual case. I had made a fairly careful study of insanity, but had never come upon a subject of the disorder that held out stronger inducements to investigation. I could not resist the temptation to take a peep at the scar that Raymond had told me of, so I stepped over to the old man's side and removed his hat.

The scalp was almost completely bald; only a snow-white fringe ran round from ear to ear, an inch above the neck. But the skin was not smooth and shiny, as one might expect to find it. It was wrinkled and drawn and checkered with little lines as fine as a spider's web. And the cause was not far to seek. My own scalp began to creep and ache as I looked. On the crown was a patch about the size of a half-dollar piece, around which the flesh was drawn and twisted like the mouth of a purse. In the centre of this patch was a hole through which the skull could be seen, only a thin, dry film covering it.

"And this was a burn, you say? Horrible!" I shuddered and unconsciously shut my fists.

Billy sprang upon my hand as a cat springs upon a mouse. He held it before his eyes, and chattered out words in an unintelligible jumble. So sudden and vehement was the outburst that I sprang back and tried to shake him off. But he clung to my hand with one of his, while with the other he clasped his withered forehead in a grip that sunk the points of his fingers deep into the hollows of his temples. His eyes were starting from their sockets, and glowed with the fire of furious insanity.

"Good Lord! What's this?" Raymond muttered, and drew nearer.

"Hush!" I said. "Watch."

I had noticed the thing at which the old man stared. It was the ring on my fourth finger. It was set with a stone in which I take some pride: a two-carat diamond of uncommon brilliancy. I seated myself on the steps, and permitted him to retain my hand.

He stared and swayed from side to side and chattered and grinned and moaned and laughed and wept with the changeability of a child, in a fit of terror. Chattering succeeded apparent strenuous thought, a stupid grin followed a shudder or a groan, and giggling was bathed in tears. And all the

while he grasped his forehead and twisted at it with a fury that was dangerous; for he seemed too frail to endure such emotion.

At first I was lost for an explanation; then I remembered the hypnotic influence of dazzling reflections, and began to hope for a discovery.

"Better give it up, doctor; the poor devil looks as if he is going to choke," Raymond interrupted.

At that moment Billy moved my hand, and a direct ray of sunlight fell upon the stone. The effect was magical. The little man lapsed into silence; his hand stole slowly from his forehead; his jaw dropped a little; ten years of wrinkles faded from his face; and his brows contracted into a frown of quite intelligent, though painful, concentration. I sat for what seemed an age, scarcely daring to breathe, lest I should extinguish the spark of intelligence that was kindling and fading, and rekindling and flaring. Several times his lips framed deliberate words, but before he could utter them the look of reason faded, and his troubled frown deepened. But at last he made a great effort, and five words with thought in them came to me faintly but clearly.

"Where—did—you—come—from?" he pleaded. Then his hand went to his forehead again, and rubbed back and forth, as if wiping the numbing clouds away.

"Billy," I said presently, "listen carefully to what I say. Will you listen, Billy?"

He seemed to be passing into a stupor now—a stupor not unlike that produced by opium—so I spoke impressively, that I might catch his attention without disturbing his calmness.

"Will you listen, Billy?" I repeated.

He nodded, but his eyes remained fixed on the stone.

"What do you see, Billy?"

"Fire," he said, and trembled.

"Nothing else?"

"No, no, no! Don't be a fool! Don't bother me; I'm busy!" he snapped impatiently.

I gasped.

"Well, I'll be—," my friend swore, and pulled furiously at his moustache.

For a few minutes Billy pondered without interruption. Then I broke in again.

"What are you thinking about? Tell me, Billy; you must tell me."

"Oh, must I!" he replied, without moving his eyes. His voice and manner were suprisingly intelligent.

"Yes, you must, Billy; I wish you to tell me."

"You annoy me," he said, quite coolly.

"Well, by thunder!" I heard Raymond mutter in amazement.

"Billy, listen," I persisted. "If you don't tell me what you are thinking about, you shall not look at the stone any more; I shall take it away."

He let my threat pass unnoticed.

"Quick!" I warned again.

"Well, I was a fool," he muttered to himself, still ignoring me. His eyes had a vacant stare.

I seized the opportunity to work myself into his confidence.

"I don't see it in that light," I ventured. "Why should you blame yourself?" It was only a chance shot, but it took effect.

"Why do I blame myself? Because I was fool enough to leave home; that's why." Not for a second did he withdraw his eyes from the diamond. He seemed unconscious of my existence; to him, it was the stone that questioned; and to it he made his replies.

"Yes," I admitted, "Perhaps it was a mistake. But you never have told me how you came to do it."

"Why, you know," he assured me. "It was that letter from my father that brought me out. You remember. He said that he was dying, and told me that I must come out and get them; for, of course, he would not dare to come back to England, even if he had been able."

"Oh! And why not?"

"Well, after what happened, how could he? Every one suspected him; and they would have had him long ago, if they had not thought him dead."

"Yes, yes; of course," I put in.

"I should have stayed at home and let the cursed things go," he went on again.

"What?"

"Why, the—ah—the—now what—."

He broke off and whispered to himself. Then his eyes half closed, and he swayed and leaned almost against the ring. "The what? Oh, come, come, you know—but, I confess, it has escaped my mind for the moment. Well, any way, I should have let them stay out there, and then they would not have burned me. Oh, the devils, how they burnt me! Oh, my poor head! My poor head!" His voice sank to its cracked and whining key, and the tears welled up in his eyes. "You saw them burn a hole in Billy's head—a hole right through the top—and his poor old backbone sticks up through it! Poor Billy!" he sobbed.

I gave the stone a little shake, and so got a better light from it.

"Burnt poor Billy," he repeated.

"Yes, Billy, yes; but listen. How did they catch you?"

"They found out that I had changed them," he answered quite brightly.

"No, I don't mean that. How did you fall in with the Indians?"

"Oh, you know! When I reached Canada I went away out West till I came to the place he mentioned."

"Who mentioned?"

"Why, my father, you blockhead!"

"Ah, yes. And then?"

"He was dead when I got there, and the tribe that he had been with were moved."

"So your father was with the Indians?"

"No, you fool, he was dead!"

"But he had been with them. Why?"

"Because he was afraid of being found."

"By whom?"

"By the police, of course!"

"Oh, I see!"

"Do you really, now!"

"And why did he fear the police?"

"Don't be silly! Because they said he had killed Blachford, of course; and because he took them with him."

I could not help softly whistling my surprise. "So it was murder, eh?"

"I didn't say so," he snapped out with evident irritation; and he stared at the stone with a more cunning expression.

I began to see light ahead.

"What did you say your father brought with him from England?"

"I said he took *them* with him. So he did. He took all of them. That is what I came out for. I wanted to get them before he died."

It seemed impossible to keep him in a regular line of thought—or, to be more exact, to draw out his unthought recollections in their proper sequence. I gave up the attempt to learn what the "them" were, and returned to his search for his father.

"When you reached the place where you were to have met your father, you learned that the Indians had moved," I reminded him.

"But I found them at last," he said, brightening up. "They had just moved over near the Foot-Hills."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes, I found them! They were too large a band to be easily lost. And when I got in with them, they made a great fuss over me, because I was my dead father's son. I might have stayed and been made a chief in time; but I wanted what I had come for; so they tied poor Billy up and burnt him. You see, this man Billy Anderson was just a little fellow, who couldn't do anything but scream; and, you know, when a man screams an Indian laughs; and then the fire gets heavier and heavier, till it runs right down into your heels; and, after a while your head comes off, and they put it in a little deer-skin bag with strawberries on the side."

His lips trembled, and he leaned toward the stone, his eyes pleading for sympathy.

"I didn't want to be a chief. I didn't have to hide from the police. I didn't need to stay in Canada. I didn't kill Blachford," he snapped in sudden anger.

"No, no, of course not," I hastened to assent.

"You see, when I got in with the Indians, they made a big fuss over me," he resumed. "O Lord, what a fuss they did make! But at first, they were going to turn me out—out on the cold plains, where the ground is frozen hard, and the grass gets in between your toes, and then cuts away in and in again; and Billy goes on and on, with his feet all cut and the top out of his head."

"Yes, yes; the Indians took you in," I interrupted, that I might get him back to his narrative.

"Oh, yes, they took me in and made a big fuss over me—my word, they did! But I was on the look-out for *them;* that was what I came for; and I wasn't going back without them, even if they did put my head in the little deer-skin bag, and hang it up in the medicine lodge with the rest of the charms. And I found them, too, after a while. He suspected me from the first, I think, but I just waited my time—you know how it was—and gradually worked my way into his confidence. He was the most important one to deceive, for the Medicine Man is a big gun with the savages; and he had charge of them. He had them hung up in his lodge for a charm. He used to take them round with him when any one was sick. Billy got sick." He grinned and wagged his head knowingly at the stone. "Billy got sick and the Medicine Man came to see him; but he didn't bring them with him. So I had to get worse, and worse, and worse; and at last he brought them, and I saw them." He lowered his voice to a husky whisper that sounded almost unearthly. "They were in a little deer-skin bag with strawberries worked in quills on the side!" He giggled foolishly, and said nothing for a moment. "It didn't take me long to recover after that. I was after that deer-skin bag with the strawberries on one side. But I had to be careful, for that wonderful cure made them far more holy than ever; so the Medicine Man watched more closely. But Billy had patience, lots of patience; for Billy knew that he must have that bag, for his head was in it—his poor, old, burnt head, with the hole in the top, and the marbles running all around it and dropping through into the fire. You see, he couldn't go back to England without them, and he couldn't get them without waiting and watching, night and day; so he waited and watched, and he got them."

He paused for a long time. His eyes blazed; his hands shook; his excitement was intense.

"If it hadn't been for that moon!" he broke out suddenly. "It shouldn't have been up, and then they wouldn't be able to see me as I got near the river. You know how it happened. I was just on the top of the bank when I heard the yell of a devil, and when I looked back, there was the Medicine Man, as tall as a pine-tree, coming after me, and all the others bundling out of their wigwams to see what the row was about. But when I got down to the water, I just ran along a little way and stepped into it; then I turned and ran back the other way, and dropped them under a stone in the water, and ran on again. But that's just where the bank turns, there's where the moon comes out again, and there is where I ran right into them

"They hadn't any more right to them than I had, but the Medicine Man thought they were a charm, because they had cured me when I wasn't sick. You see, he was a savage, so he thought he could find out where I had put them if he should burn the top of my head off. He didn't know they were under the stone in the water, for he turned up almost all the others. But he didn't find them in my head either. For they were right in the fire, and they kept running all around the edge of the bag with the strawberries on the side, and dropping through the hole, one after another; and every time they dropped, it hurt—oh, it hurt!—and the sparks would fly. So what could a poor chap do? I just had to dodge every time I'd feel one getting ready to drop; and that crouching down and dodging every minute makes a man's neck very short, and his shoulders all hunched up and sharp and bony."

He paused, crouched into the shape of an interrogation mark, clenched his teeth, screwed up his face till he looked like a terrified cat, and stared between tensely wrinkled lids at the stone, while his hands opened and closed stiffly, like the claws of a dying bird.

"Stop! What is it?" I shouted in his ear.

With a sudden little start he crouched still lower, and a groan escaped him. "One dropped then," he shuddered—and I saw beads of perspiration form on his forehead.

"You were saying that they burnt you," I reminded him.

"Well, do you doubt it?" he snarled. "I can assure you, they did. If it hadn't been for that thunder-storm they would be at it yet! But the moon went back behind the clouds again, and by the time they had me

tied up, so that I couldn't move a finger, with the pan of red-hot coals on my head, the thunder and the lightning came on."

He moaned, and his trembling hand stole to the scar on his head.

"At first they all laughed and jumped around like devils, and poked me in the ribs and blew the fire. But the thunder got louder and the lightning brighter, and the rain came down in torrents and put out the fire, then they got frightened, and cut me looose and crawled around my feet and yelled; and I screamed and bit my fingers. They said my screaming had brought on the storm. The rain got in the hole in my head, and knocked me down; and there was ice in the rain, and it got in and froze my backbone. And when Billy couldn't scream any more, he—he died. And when the storm was over, they found a snake. That frightened them all the more, for they said it had come out of the ground to eat everything up. So they left the snake and Billy some dried meat, and all moved away."

His voice had degenerated into a pitiable, cracked whine that was half a sob, and he swayed painfully from side to side, while the tears dripped down his furrowed old cheeks.

"The grass is very long, and the sun pinches and sucks at my head, and the moon freezes it. I'm tired, tired, tired, and thirsty, oh, so thirsty! Poor Billy! Poor Billy! I want to go home, away across the plains and the ocean; but it's too far. A man can't walk forever—no, a man can't walk forever; for a man's feet will wear only a certain length of time. The grass soon cuts them all to pieces, and there's no place on the prairie where you can buy new ones. No, there's no use in trying to go on forever. I'll just sit down here, and let the sun bite all it likes."

He mumbled and sighed wearily.

"But you got them," I broke in sharply, that I might arouse him from his stupor.

He started. "Of course I got them! But—but—." He blinked stupidly, and wrinkled at his forehead once more.

"Yes, yes; but what? Think! Think!" I reiterated.

He turned from the stone to me, and grinned foolishly. "Marbles," he whined in the tones of an idiot.

"Quick! You must think!" I insisted, and thrust the gem before his eyes again.

But he only stared, grinned, giggled, and looked cowed by turns; no spark of intelligence brightened his features.

"Marbles," he whined again, and his left hand left mine and fumbled with the bag. He poured the contents into his hat and resumed his play.

Raymond moved. Billy was nervous; he straightened himself with a jerk, and looked up expectantly. I took advantage of the opportunity, and secured a marble. A moment later I put my whole weight upon it, and ground it beneath my heel. A savage cry, like the snarl of a wild beast, broke out beside me, and a bony claw sank into my shoulder. The madman threw himself upon my foot and roughly pulled it to one side. The next moment he sprang into the air, screaming and gurgling in wild laughter. Between his thumb and forefinger he held a large and beautifully sparkling stone. He suddenly dashed back to where his hat lay, swooped down upon the marbles as a hawk swoops down upon a chicken, scooped them up in his hands, slipped two or three into his mouth, and made fruitless efforts to crush them between his teeth.

"Hurrah!" he shouted thickly. "I have them! Hurr—." He broke off with a grunt and clutched at his throat. He stood perfectly still for a moment; then his mouth opened wide, two or three times, and two marbles fell out. His eyes bulged, he was black in the face, he staggered and fell before I recovered from my surprise—and then it was too late. I did everything in my power to save him, but without success.

For more than fifteen years—so Raymond told me—he had carried the precious stones in his bosom, the knowledge of what they really were destroyed by torture and exposure; and now, at the moment of revelation, his idols turned on him and choked him. Poor old Billy! Whatever his error may have been, he atoned it a thousand times.

But now to discover who this man Blachford was. That duty has fallen upon Raymond and me. I may say that, so far, we have not received any light on the matter.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

Any clearing along the river is called "a ranch." Over there is a strawberry ranch owned by a Scotsman who is mated with a squaw. Just round the bend is Fisherman's Point. The town consists of one little camp inhabited by fishermen, who make their living by hook and line. That other house is Burton City. Halcyon Hot Springs is a very, very large place. That is, it has a fair-sized hotel, and is said to be a favorite health resort. One cannot understand people getting sick in this district. Perhaps they come here to "enjoy bad health." I asked the captain about it, and he ungallantly replied that the guests were generally "dumpings" from the East.

In desolately out-of-the-way places, under the coverture of the trees, we caught a glimpse of an occasional log "shack," with nothing going on but time and the river, the inhabitants will have an abundance of leisure to nurse their feelings and feed on their hearts. Over the door of a miner's cabin, we descried a horse-shoe. I verbally wished the inhabitants unlimited four-leaved clovers and silver spoons, with no Fridays, 13ths, or opals. The Padre sneeringly remarked that any man can be lucky if he tries, and although a blind pig does occasionally find an acorn, luck is usually awaiting the tireless man who goes ahead and keeps on digging.

The C.P.R. shine nobly in the commissariat. We had excellent meals on the boat —"chuck," they called it—but we were regularly held up by the tip-taking waiters.

No one who goes West should miss this trip, not only because it gives one an excellent idea of the interior of the country, but because of its great beauty. British Columbia has been described and redescribed *ad nauseum*, and often with auction-room rhapsodies, but it is not until you visit it and stand in the towering presence of the great hills, that you realize how its awesome grandeur and serenity infinitely outreach anyone's power of expression.

Down the quiet reaches of the river, through a gigantic avenue of mountains, in the languorous tranced air of "a land in which it seemed always afternoon," we sailed and sailed and wanted to sail for ever.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half dream,
To dream and dream . . . .
Eating the Lotos day by day."

It was late when we reached Nakusp, and took the Slocan Branch of the C.P.R. for Nelson.

Nelson is built on hills. The main street is a gully, but has been built up thirty-five feet. It has a population of 5,000 people, chartered banks, a hospital, a smelter, an electric street railway, saloons, mortgages, and other modern conveniences. The town is not old enough to be dignified, and too young to be smart. I am told there is a lull in business just now, but the tide will turn this way again.

From Nelson, we took the trip down the Kootenay River in the steamer *Moyie*, a large, well-equipped boat, which only carries two and a half feet of water. The shooting in this district is said to be unexcelled, and anywhere in it you may take a heavy toll of duck, grouse, and big game. The fisherman is always assured of a good basket, and the Kootenay trout are the finest that ever tested a fisherman's staying powers and fertility of resource. Gigantic charr may be taken by trolling. The Kootenay is beautiful; perhaps rather awful in its beautiful grandeur. The river stretches and winds through the mountains like a marvellous greeny-blue ribbon. Down to its edge creep braided blooms and

banks of syringa in barbaric magnificence. Nowhere has the fair face of Nature been vulgarized by man, not as yet mowed or squared by human artificiality.

Not the least pleasurable part of the trip was making the acquaintance of three tourists from Missouri. "Mommer" and daughter are travelling, and "Popper" accompanies them to put up the outfit. "Mommer" asked me some questions about the country, which was just her easy way of introducing herself. In five minutes she was my bosom friend. I knew where she had been, where she was going, how she was "fixed" financially, and some minute particulars of her domestic affairs, for this type of person seldom errs on the side of reticence, and most things are blurted out sooner or later.

It was easy to see that "Mommer" was a petticoated edition of Napoleon, who ruled the family by the right of might. She does not like Canadians, and from the number of times she spoke of our "granitic conventions," and of our "oozing with dignity," I strongly suspect that she had memorized the words before leaving home.

Daughter was a tall handsome blonde, with a well-developed style of beauty. She has been at "the Academy," and is travelling in order that her remaining crudities may be sandpapered down.

But there came a lull in the conversation, when "Mommer" could not think of anything more to tell me. It was then that it occurred to her that there might be something of interest in my affairs. Where was I going? Where did I come from? Was I English? Had I any children, and did I expect——? She was what the Methodists call "an anxious inquirer."

Now, I have a firm, well-seated idea that inquisitiveness is the unpardonable social sin, and while ordinarily a fairly truthful person, at times like this my answers cannot be depended upon like the multiplication tables. It is diverting once in a while to sublimate the realities, and give your gifts of originality and color a chance of exercise.

I got along very well for a while. I have no doubt she found my history racy, alluring, and even mysterious, until she remarked that the Padre was "distinguished looking." Was he an actor? Now, just here is where I fell from grace, and, incidentally, got rid of her, for I told her that while some of our friends thought he was gifted in that particular way, the fact of the matter was he was *travelling for ozone.*

When I told him, the Padre felt a trifle ruffled by the indignity I had put upon him, but he could not deny that while he had nothing to do with Powley, he was drinking in ozone with every breath.

CHAPTER XII.

The Crow's Nest.

Kootenay Landing is the terminus of the Crow's Nest Pass Road, and here we entrained for the trip through this great new coal empire. At the Landing, the trains run on a gigantic slip and disgorge their freight, which is carried by barges to Slocan, Nelson, Rossland, and the mines.

Leaving Kootenay, we follow the western slope of the Purcell Range to Sirdar. Passing on, we run by the extensive works which have been constructed by an English syndicate, the object being the reclamation of these lands. It seems to me strange that anyone should try to make land out here, when there is so much already made and unoccupied. Perhaps, it is because the shareholders are a long distance off.

Arrowy-winged wild ducks, wavies, and wild geese resort to these flats in thousands for feeding.

Leaving the marshy land, we follow along the southern slope of the Goat Mountain, and across the Goat River, which is spanned by a huge bridge. Over the torn and jagged rocks, nearly two hundred feet down, the water, "churned thick like devil's broth," foams and tumbles, hisses, and screams in a boiling flume.

Leaving Kitchener, the railway follows Kid Creek, the train groaningly proceeding up the heavy gradient, until we reach Summit Meadow, the height of land of the Purcell Range of the Selkirks. The scene

is sombre-hued and forbidding. Oh! for Dore's bizarre pencil and Turner's palette.

Running down the slope, we pass the stations of Yahk, Tochty, and Aldrich, and along the bank of the Moyie River, penetrating a country that is heavily wooded with cedar, larch, cottonwood, tamarac, and fir.

Moyie is a mining village. The mines are of silver and lead ore, and are operated by the Eugene Company. From the trains you can see the ore being slid down the mountain side to the crusher. A noticeable feature of these mining camps are the saloons. A saloon seems to be the first need of any civilized community in the West. A "town" will often consist of three log drinking shops, where the diggers "anoint their breath" at ruinous prices.

Our course now lay along the beautiful Moyie Lakes, which in one place squeeze the railway into the mountain side. We emerge into an open park-like country, seamed with pretty brooks, until we arrive at Cranbrook, a flourishing town that is guarded by Mount Baker. The town boasts four lumber mills, large brickyards, car shops, cattle yards, well-stocked stores, a small Chinatown, and a civic electric plant. Colonel Baker has a ranch here of several thousand acres, and on it all kinds of farm produce are raised.

For half an hour we climb up the banks of the Kootenay River, until at Wardner, where the river is 780 feet wide, we cross it on a magnificent bridge which has 170 feet span to allow the passage of steamers. And now comes a rapid run through another grass-covered country, a long, sunny savanna, until we cross the Elk River, a formidable mountain torrent, and Morrisey Creek.

Fernie has not quieted down yet, after the awful catastrophe which has desolated so many hearts and homes. As you look at the shafts tunnelled into the mountain sides, it gives you an idea how the men were caught like rats in a trap. There are three hundred coke ovens here, and they all seemed attending to business. Six tons of coal-dust, "refuse" they call it, is put into each oven, and this gives four tons of coke. The coke finds its market in the smelteries.

From Fernie, we follow the Elk River, which foams and tears along down the canyon like a mad thing. I heard a Westerner say it was "cussing around permiscuous."

Between M'Gillivray and Crow's Nest Pass, we ran by huge out-croppings of wasteful ore. Ah, if we could only grow banks like that in Ontario!

I hardly know how to describe the "Loop" at the Crow's Nest. All I fairly grasped was that we were twisted around in cork-screw style for three miles in order to make a distance of 200 feet. We had now reached an altitude of 4,410 feet above the sea-level. Looking down the mountain side on scenery of the wildest aspect, we could see the Michel Creek hundreds of feet below, crawling in and through the valley like a sluggish serpent of silver. Our performance was an exploit rather than a pleasure. The distance down was fairly sickening, and what if one of these wooden trestles broke? We were almost afraid to throw our weight on the off-side of the car. The engine shrieked in its "fierce-throated beauty." How could it be so reckless? The Loop is, indeed, a wonderful engineering feat, and the Canadian Pacific is a great railway. It is an irrigating ditch which carries streams of populace into unsettled lands. It is a royal road to learning—a kindergarten for adults.

Soon we pass the dividing lines between Alberta and British Columbia, and at Island Lake, have reached the summit of the Rockies. The Lake is land-locked on every side. It is a beautiful jewel of aqueous pearl set in granite.

Running through scenery that continually shifted and changed, we came to the Crow's Nest Lake, which is often described as the birthplace of the wind which blows across the prairies. We were glad to berth up at Blairmore, so did not see Pincher, Macleod, or intermediate stations, but as our engine broke down several times, we had a chance to "take in" Lethbridge and other points to Dunmore Junction, where we waited some hours for the train east on the main line.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INDIANS.

After a twenty-four hours' run we reached Elkhorn, in Manitoba. It was the witching hour of 4.18 when we and our luggage were bundled out on the platform. The car had been hot, hot as Pullmans usually are, and the prairie air made me shiver. Ugh! there was no one to meet us. We found out later that the Wilsons had not received our telegram, and did not expect us until the next train.

In our dense Eastern innocence we had prepaid the telegram, and so it was not sent. I was absurd enough to write and make plaint, but that "doesn't work" out West, for the agent threatened to sue me for defamation of character. Oh, horrors! I wrote and humbly craved his pardon. I was *sure* his character was all right. I had *never* sent a telegram, much less paid for one, and would never *dream* of doing so in the future.

We had visited Elkhorn on our way West, so were not strangers within the gates; this is how we knew our way to the Waushakada Indian Home. I don't know what the Padre did, I was too tired to even care, but I crept into the Principal's house (no need for keys or bolts on the prairie) tiptoed into the drawing-room, tucked myself up on a couch and slept.

A genuine home-welcome from the Wilsons, a hot bath, a hot breakfast, and I felt "fitter" than ever.

I think the Indian children were glad to see us again. They are not demonstrative, but have a shy, engaging softness, an unconscious wile, that is very enticing. The little girls had a pretty habit of slipping me flowers and ripe strawberries, and once it was a baby meadow-lark I got. In leisure hours they taught me how to play knife. I think they were rather suspicious of my dexterity, but would not dream of questioning my veracity. Then, I would tell them stories of battle, murder, and sudden death, and in turn they would sing "To the home of the Esquimaux."

I was much taken by a fair-haired weanling (some of the half-bloods are blondes) that was limbed like a sculptured love. But with a temper out of all proportion to its diminutive size, and with a precocity of depravity that was disconcerting, the "thankless atom" would have absolutely nothing to do with me.

The children of the prairies do not know how to climb. They have no way of exercising that gift. I met a young woman of twenty who had never seen an apple grow. The children have a vague idea, too, of lakes. The principal's little daughter, when she first saw one, called it a "bath."

Ah! it is good to be on the prairie again: good to "run about the braes and pu' the gowans fine": good to lie full length in the sunshine and feel a sensation of softness as if caressed by firelight, to feel it pervading the body even to the palms of the hand.

The Waushakada (Indian for "Ever ready") Indian Home is a fine large building supported by the Dominion Government. The great success of the work is due to the industry, practicality, and determination of the Principal, Mr. A. E. Wilson. Mr. Wilson has known the Indians from his earliest boyhood (his father, the Rev. E. F. Wilson, being a pioneer worker among them), and this is one reason why he is so eminently fitted for the post.

There are not many full-blooded Indians among the eight tribes represented in this institution. In a few years more there will be no full-bloods. Now, it is an old saying that a half-breed inherits only the bad qualities of both nationalities which he stands for, but an old saying is not necessarily a true one, and it must be borne in mind that the half-breed sees only the seamy side of civilization. Church and State are, to-day, giving him a chance to take on a new and clean civilization and to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow like other people. They are endeavoring to train him in a love of honest labor and a dislike of pauperism. He must not only be taught to pray, but to work. The Bible and the plough are the complements of each other.

And the half-blood is worth saving. He is amenable to the same laws as we are, and pays tribute to the same Cæsar. Like the

white man, too, he is subject to the laws of nature, and the fittest will survive, and the weakest will decrease, go down and out.

The Indian is not lazy, but the white man has introduced a different kind of work, and other muscles are called into play. In like manner, it would tire the life out of a white man to follow an Indian in his prairie craft. For generations nearly all the natural instincts of the Indian have been developed in fishing and hunting, and the inclinations have been intensified by transmission from generation to generation, but while the Indians are drifting towards farming, ranching, and various branches of industrial, domestic and mechanical arts, their progress must of necessity be slow. It has been pointed out that the Picts, Celts, Scots, and Gauls in the early centuries of the Christian era had a lower state of civilization than most of the Indian tribes of to-day, and were hardly more industrious.

At the present time, in Canada, the Indian farms 150,000 acres of land, including fallow, new breaking, meadow and pasture, and the value of their farm products is about $1,000,000. That they can make the land bring forth abundantly is shown by the agent's report this year on the Oak River Reserve, twenty-three miles west of Brandon. A Sioux band of 316, who received no Government aid, raised 15,000 bushels of wheat, 1,257 of oats, 1,189 of potatoes, 229 of corn, 162 of turnips 1,264 tons of fodder, and one Indian sold 100 dozen of eggs, and 180 lbs. of butter. They have ploughed forty-three acres new breaking, 391 summer fallow, and 160 of fall ploughing. From these figures it will be seen that the case of the "men of the restless eye and wandering foot" is by no means a forlorn hope.

One of the greatest difficulties in the Indian educational work is the handling of the young men and women when they leave the Government institutions. The training has tended to offset the habits, weaknesses, and ill-regulated passions of the Indian. This being the case, it is not wisdom to send them back to the Reserves and herd them there, for no Indian can leave the Reserve without the permission of the agent. The tendency is to destroy their energy and independence, and teaches them pauperism. We should push them out and let them work, paying them for their labor like a white man, leaving the collecting of rations to the aged and infirm.

As far as we know, there has never been a conference of the workers among the Indians to compare methods, to discuss vital questions, and to map out definite lines of work for the future. Such a convention would undoubtedly be a great benefit to all parties concerned.

We were in time for the annual Game's Day at the Waushakada, and found the contests between the Indians and the whites from the neighboring villages extremely interesting. The Indians won in every contest. This rather surprised us as we had always seen Indian clubs ignominiously worsted. I think the fact of these youths being well-fed and cared for made all the difference. Besides, playing together year after year, they have learned to combine and play into each other's hands in a more scientific manner than the whites. Certainly they did less work and showed better results than their competitors. They are adept curlers as well, and I am told that at a recent bonspiel, out of ninety-four contesting rinks, the Indian lads captured fourth place.

We think the authorities do well to foster in the Indians a love of sport. These games are wholesome recreation, and meet a physical necessity. They put good red blood into the veins, and do for the loosened nerves what the piano-tuner does for the chords of the instrument. They have an important function, too, in the development of character. To carry a football down the field past all his antagonists, and to send it spinning through the goal, requires courage, self-reliance, and strenuousness. The tendency is also to develop in the boys a sense of fair play and a passion for justice. The Indian who can run up against a white rival on the field and hold his own, will be all the better for it when he comes to face him as a competitor in the sterner affairs of life.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUNDAY ON THE PRAIRIE.

There were no big Sunday newspapers here to tempt the people to stay home from church, and, although the thermometer stood at 95 degrees in the shade—or would, if there were any shade—all the whites bundled into a waggonette and started off to church.

People do not run to fads here about the heat, cold, and all the intermediate degrees as they do down East. At least, I rarely heard them speak of the weather. Indeed, I was almost ashamed to mention the mosquitoes, for the prairie folk do not seem to mind them at all. And they are awful mosquitoes. Ah! if fish would only bite as greedily! They arouse the old Eve in a woman, no matter how circumspect or unco' guid she may be. I had hard work to explain to the Padre that I was not using vulgar language, when I said I wished they would leave off their "bloody" business. He thought "sanguinary" had been a better word. To avoid these insatiable little beasts, you should always sit beside a fat person dressed in black. Black is their passion.

It was a twelve-mile drive to the church, so that we passed a number of homesteadings. Some were well-kept and prosperous looking, and one had a pretentious stone house. A common style of outhouse is built of sods, and has a framework of willow poles. It really looks better than it sounds.

The lack of trees give the houses a bare, unhomelike appearance. Old trees here are, in every sense of the word, family trees. They are heraldic emblems, showing that the family are no "new people." One does not realize how greatly our Ontario farms are beautified by orchards till one sees those of Manitoba. A farmer in this Province must not indulge in any such vagary as the great geometer, Bolyar, who, when dying, imposed on his heir the obligation of planting on his grave an apple-tree in remembrance of Eve, of Paris, and of Newton.

Now, while Ceres has done her duty by this country, the people feel sore that Pomona has so signally slighted them. The apple is the forbidden fruit, and so the land can never be quite an Eden. The Padre has been trying to persuade me that the apple of Eden was not identical with our Canadian fruit. It may have been the fig, the orange, the apricot, the banana. Indeed, old Mandeville speaks of bananas as "Apples of Paradise." He describes them as "Long apples, very sweet, and of good savor, and although you cut them in ever so many slices or parts, across or endwise, you will always find in the middle the figure of the Holy Cross." But this explanation does not mend matters. On the contrary, it makes them worse; for, if apples are doubtful in Manitoba, bananas are hopeless.

Nor is there much of an attempt at ornamentation about the farm-houses. In these strenuous days of pioneer life, all energies are needed to meet the demands of food, clothing, and fuel. "Vacant lot cultivation," "backyard sanitation," and "fence gardening," have as yet struck the West gently—if at all. In truth there are no fences to garden *on*, and the Government says you must not garden *in* them, for the only fence about the homestead is a ploughed one, a fireguard, four furrows wide.

Life in these isolated homes is apt to drag painfully in the winter months when there is little work to be done, and the land lies buried in snow. It is at this period of the year the wise sons go to Ontario to scatter what they have gathered in summer. The burden falls on the house-mother who struggles "womanfully" to keep up health and spirits under the strain. "If one thinks about it," says Mrs. Craigie, "but one mustn't—it seems that the mothers as a race are ominously silent about the joys of existence." It is no wonder so many women go insane on these Manitoba farms. There is one consolation; they will have plenty of company in the asylum.

Sometimes, the farmer moves to the village for the winter, in which case the women are in rare good luck. They have the advantage, too, of a change of diet. It is said

that the farmer in Manitoba sets ice-cream and oysters as the greatest luxuries of life, just as the cowman dreams of "garden stuff."

There is a deal of truth after all behind the Prime Minister's cynicism that the great need of the rural laborer is not a parish council, but a parish circus. In town, existence may be precarious, yet there is life for the brain and spirit, and stimulating social intercourse. We worry and talk a great deal about "the city problem," and iterate the parrot-scream, "Back to the land." Some, like General Booth, have gone so far as to establish a "Utopia, Limited," but to little purpose, for too often it is the play without Hamlet. The people won't stay in the country. Life there is too colorless and monotonous. After all, it would seem that we are looking at the wrong end for solution. The key of the country problem lies in the city.

The men of Manitoba, very often, are stoop-shouldered. I thought it merely a slouchy habit of carriage until told that it was the result of long-continued ploughing.

There are some bachelor farmers, too, and the lads may whistle as alluringly as they please, and until they are quite short of breath, without receiving any answer from possible mates. Down East, as a rule, girls have to take what they can get, and make the best of it, and fortunately they have a decided talent for making a pretty fair article out of a bad husband. The East suffers from a superabundance of women, so that girls are impelled into ill-assorted marriages on the principle of "any port in a storm." The pursuit of husbands is often the supreme struggle for existence, and devil take the hindmost. But in Manitoba and the Territories, My Lady may pick and choose. She is no "cheapened Paradise," and the witch knows it—knows that ever since the days of Mother Eve a woman's lot is made for her by the love she accepts.

One of these bachelor "shacks" is inhabited by Billy Barker. He came out to "pass the time of day" and to tell us the shortest way out of the big sticky slough into which we had wandered. "Come to church, Billy," called out Madam. "We have such a nice clergyman to-day." "Oh, they are all nice—like the ladies," replied Billy, clearly showing us the drift of his thoughts.

"Put on your hat, Billy, and jump in," said the master. "Can't, can't possibly," answered the lorn bachelor, "I have to wash my shirt."

"Huh! huh!" snorted our 'breed' driver, "the fellow never wears a shirt, *never,*" and I expect he knew.

I think I like going to church in the country better than in the town. There are fewer distractions. I do not suppose that the people are any sincerer, but they *seem* so. They sing as if they meant it. They pray as if they meant it. One is not squeezed into a certain corner of a certain pew and ticketed by a certain envelope. The clergyman talks simpler, too. The sermons are not so technically theological, nor the methods intensely churchish.

In the city, religion is often thickset with mysteries, profound and difficult of comprehension— a system of darkling truths and thorny questions that are hard to handle and by no means "to the edifying of the Church." Most city people suffer from sins, temptations, and heartbreaks which the parson never speaks of. And yet, we often wonder why people leave the church, and it never occurs to us that the church has left the people.

There are some of us—in truth, many of us—who do not care much about the terrible something in the past, and the wonderful something in the future, nor do we desire in the present darkness, morbid self-introspection, and gloom. We ask the Church to teach us how we may have life just now, how we may have it in large abundant measure. We want to know how to lift our faces to the sweet light of heaven and be strong, healthy, holy or wholesome, happy, wise. And if there is another world, we want those same things there.*

*I talked this over with the Padre. He said it sounded well, and plenty of people thought that way, but it was a mistake. The terrible past must be adjusted to the wonderful future, if we would have a profitable present.

We had tea with a widower and two bachelors, all Englishmen, and one of the latter fought with the London Yeomanry in South Africa.

Do not think that our hosts were at all embarrassed to get tea, for this merry trio keep an open home to the music of knives and forks. The cakes, which were of home manufacture, proved particularly light and toothsome. When I expressed my pleasure and surprise, the gentlemen quite overwhelmed me by the display of their plum puddings and other dainties. They do their own laundry work, make pretty cushions for their big couches, and sew on the machine. They have an organ, a gramaphone, beautiful plants, a well-selected library, dainty china, and some good pictures.

Put an Englishman down anywhere in the world, and he retains his national traits, and what more dominant characteristic does he possess than loyalty? This is why these men took us out to view their coronation arches. I was eager to see them, as there are no firs here, and I was somewhat curious as to their make-up. The arches, I found, were composed of hops and hoops. The green creepers, with their curling tendrils and airy pendant bunches, completely covered the enormous hoops and made quite effective arches. Besides, they had the superlative advantages of usefulness and permanency.

Now, our widower host laid an injunction on me which I promised to do my best to fulfil. I had almost forgotten it until now, but it is never too late to mend—or to wed. I was to keep open a very wide eye for a bright girl, who would take permanent charge of *himself*—big, handsome, intellectual, good-tempered, military bearing, courteous in manner; *his house*—two stories and very comfortable; *his estate*—a whole section well under cultivation; *and all his worldly goods*—a fair surplus in the bank.

He is not particular about a fortune *with* her, but there must be a fortune *in* her. She must be reasonably good-looking, refined, and accomplished enough to play on the washboard as well as the church organ.

Mr. A—'s first wife was the widow of an English officer, and it is said she was very happy with No. II., but then you can't blame No. II. for "noticing" again. Men, as a rule, are not sentimental, and prefer something more substantial than grief, and all agree there is no easier or more practical way out of it than by marrying again.

If any of my unattached readers should think seriously of this proposal, let her straightway address a letter, containing her qualifications, to "Janey Canuck," care of my publishers. I shall most assuredly give Dan Cupid my best assistance.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

LAW OF THE LIP, LADIES!

WHEN the doctor comes to your sick-bed, he looks at your tongue because it shows the state of your whole body. He can tell what is the matter with you in this way. We could almost do the same. Your tongue shows your whole character. It tells what is within.

* * *

It is said the devil makes his Christmas pie of lewd tongues.

* * *

At a school examination, the children came to the word *scandal,* and the inspector stopped to inquire who knew the meaning of the word. Silence ensued, till a bright-eyed child held up her hand. "Please, sir, scandal is when nobody does nothing and everybody talks about it."

* * *

A fool's tongue is always long enough to cut her throat.

* * *

Socrates, when asked what was the beast most dangerous to man, answered, "Of tame beasts, the flatterer; of wild beasts, the slanderer."

* * *

The tale-bearer carries the devil in her tongue; the tale-hearer, in her ear.

* * *

Never forget the "tongue" includes the "pen."

Cuvier, it is said, could from a bone reconstruct an antediluvian animal, but some people do not even require a fact to supply a wonderful chapter in their neighbor's history.

* * *

There is a biting spice of truth in the dictum—"There is something pleasant to us in the misfortunes of even our best friends."

* * *

It does not require much intellect to be a scandal-monger. The chief requisite is that the woman has a small family, or no family at all. It is likely that "a lusty brace of twins would weed her of her folly," for she would have to stay at home and mind them.

* * *

The tongue is loose at one end, and can swing either way, but at one end it is fastened to your throat, and that makes you responsible for the way it wags.

* * *

No, madam, you cannot deliberately smirch your sister's reputation, however bad a woman she may be, without making yourself a worse woman.

* * *

There is a story that Amasia, King of Egypt, sent a sacrifice to Bias, the sage, asking him to send back the best part and the worst. Bias sent back the tongue.

* * *

"Have you heard about Mr. Blank?" asks Miss Babbler Innuendo. "No? Ah, well, the least said soonest mended."

The Paradise of Madam Tattler is a country town where everybody knows everybody. She can see more through a keyhole than most people can see through a door ajar. She talks, talks, talks, talks, talks. We all smile on her, and at decorous intervals we call on her because we know it is dangerous to run foul of this she-dragon.

* * *

Nature has set a double guard about the tongue, namely the teeth and lips.

* * *

Some folk so torture and change events that when they get through there is not much of the original truth left. They do as the wolf did with Baron Munchausen's horse, who began at the horse's tail and ate into him until the Baron drove home the wolf harnessed in the skin.

* * *

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

* * *

A slander may be circulated by imputation. Shoulders, eyes, lips, hands, may all be eloquent with calumnious insinuation. You may

"Convey a libel in a frown
And wink a reputation down.

* * *

It may be circulated confidentially. "I wouldn't let anyone know it for the world! It may not be true you know." In strictest confidence she tells it to only one solitary person, who ditto, who ditto, who ditto, etc., etc., and so on.

* * *

It may be circulated negatively: "I don't believe it; now, do you?"

* * *

The slanderer is a treacherous footpad whose face is never seen, and whose step is never heard. She comes up behind her prey in the dark, and leaves no trace behind but a mortal sword thrust.

The meanest whisperer is the one who, under the garb of loyalty, tells you all the mean things she has heard against you. She rubs you raw, and then she rubs brine, lye, and turpentine into you. She finishes up with a flesh brush.

* * *

To the professional backbiter nothing is as it appears on the surface. There is a sinister design in every action. Each mote is a mountain. There is always a wheel within a wheel.

* * *

This is how she drugs her conscience when she has a piece of despicable filthiness to roll off her tongue: "I don't believe it, you know, but it was really so rich I couldn't keep it to myself."

* * *

Adder's poison is under her lips. She is a human viper whose "words are smoother than oil, yet they are drawn swords." Her envenomed fangs are barbed by "They say." Take her up sharply and she will argue, "Pshaw! when I say an ill-natured thing 'tis out of pure good humor."

* * *

Don't hold the sack while she fills it. You cannot be a receiver of lies if you are not a kindred spirit with the liar.

* * *

An ancient writer declares that the man who slanders, and the man who receives a slander, ought both to be hung—the one by the tongue, the other by the ear.

* * *

Well! if it *is* true. Never mind. Go about your business.

* * *

The tattler has a relish for tainted meat—in culinary parlance, *high* game—but she lards her piquant dishes with protestations of reluctance. If she will make mince-meat out of hearts and reputations, decline firmly to be her chopping-bowl. She is carnivorous and insatiable. She hunts her preserves with the acute sense and keen temper of a pointer a-field. It will be your turn next.

If you quarrel with your friend, don't turn yourself into a slandering monomaniac.

* * *

"See the ladies how they walk,
Pittle pattle, pittle pattle;
Hear the ladies how they talk,
Tittle tattle, tittle tattle."

* * *

Never strike at a wasp unless you are sure of killing it. You only exasperate it, and invite trouble for yourself. Moral: A poor defence is worse than none.

* * *

If a person calls you an offensive name, comfort yourself by knowing that she has but drawn her own picture and written your name under it.

* * *

Who keeps her tongue doth keep her soul.

WIDOWERS.

A WIDOWER mourns for his loved one; a widow for her lost love.

* * *

Love, like the measles, is worse when contracted late in life. This is why it is impossible to persuade Grandpapa Moneybags that Dottie Dimple loves him for anything but himself. But it is an old story, and likely to be repeated while women are ambitious, and men are men.

* * *

A man mentally bargains with himself that he will remain a widower for *at least* twelve months, but eventually cuts six months off the term for good behaviour.

* * *

A widower should never dance a quadrille or try to cut a caper except he is sure of going through with it. If he is once laughed at in public, it is all up with him. He had better be poor, or a bachelor.

We heard once of a desolate widower who engraved on his wife's tombstone, "The light of my life has gone out." It was after his second marriage that a wag wrote underneath: "June 10th; struck another match."

* * *

Speaking of epitaphs written by widowers, here is one I copied in a graveyard in Raleigh Township, Kent Co., Ontario:

"My wife, so dear, be of good cheer,
We will meet you there, your children dears,
In a few more years if the Lord so please,
Your worldly gears you left your dears,
In their small years, with hopes and fears,
Without your tears what sadly vext the little dears.
Your voice so clear, your mare can't hear,
Your feathery tribe, the same my dear,
The loving kind, likewise the swine,
The lambs in time will miss your sair
If they should loose their mother dear,
Wheeler, my dear, has not been here,
So Gerry is safe for this new year.
A loving mother who lies here,
As ever left her children dear,
Heavens rest her soul where ere she is
The prayer of those left here."

The "Wheeler" referred to is a well-known Chatham butcher, and "Gerry," a young steer.

* * *

It is strange that the love of a widower is always instantaneous, and he *knows* he *never* felt love before.

* * *

The Prayer Book has petitions for every class of people in the world, for "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks"—except only widowers. Ah! they were knowing scribes of old time.

* * *

When a man promises his wife he will never marry again, it is because he thinks he is going to die too.

* * *

But there are exceptions! Lord Hervey, in his memoirs, tells that when Queen Caroline, the wife of George II., was dying, she advised the King to marry again. He heard her in sobs, and with much difficulty got out the sentence, *"Non, jaurais des maitresses."*

If you want proof positive, my dear sir, of the disinterested affections of Dottie, it would be wise to circulate a rumor of your actual bankruptcy.

* * *

"Man was made to mourn," sobs the poet, and the blamed fool thinks he can get out of it by marrying again, sneers Cynicus.

* * *

Browning has a poem on widowers. Read it. The title is "Any Wife to Any Husband."

* * *

The favorite text of widowers is found in Genesis ii. 18. This text is the first reflection of the Creator on the species.

* * *

And when you get "that lonesome feeling," Milord, you will find a heap of women to select from. There is the domestic broad-faced woman, who cooks good dinners at a small cost; and the animated talking machine, who is a queer compound of hysterics and affection, as well as the impassioned, languid-eyed woman, who needs a world of looking after; and the rosebud, and the smart, vivacious little woman of the irrepressible kind. But what odds about her style? She is a woman anyway, so shut your eyes, put your hand in the bag, and *grab*.

* * *

If you are at all doubtful as to your true feelings for her, just notice how you feel when a bachelor monopolizes her time and attention. If you feel "queer," and want to smash him—well, don't lose any time in proposing.

* * *

And when she accepts you, don't enact the turtle-dove before all the company, unless you positively can't help it. People say such horrid mean things sometimes.

WHAT WE EAT

HELEN WILMANS does not believe we derive our character nor our bodily appearance from what we eat, in spite of the experiment of an old hen she tells about. The hen got the reform diet craze, and began to live on sawdust. When she hatched out her next brood of chickens, eleven of them had wooden legs, and the other was a woodpecker.

It was along this line, too, an ardent swain explained to his sweetheart the famous dictum "what a lion eats is lion." She asked him if he believed there was anything in the notion that people became what they eat. The wise fellow said if there were she must have eaten venison, she was such a little dear. We wonder if he were making game of her.

Be that as it may, always eat the best you can get. If you stint the table to decorate your back, you deserve to forfeit head, stomach, and electoral franchise.

We have a poor idea of the physical and mental capacity of badly fed people. If Lazarus had insisted on better food than crumbs, he would not have remained a beggar.

The woman worth anything is built and sustained by hearty feeding, and there is no grossness either in eating heartily, if she work sufficiently to consume the strength afforded.

The trouble with the table in many homes is monotony, and monotony is as bad for the digestion as the temper. It is not change of air that benefits the average holiday-maker so much as change of diet.

Another error in household management is the permitting of hurried and slipshod breakfasts. This meal is really the most important of the day, because it supplies the fuel for the day's work. Paulding was right when he said, "Next to a good appetite for dinner, a keen relish for breakfast constitutes the happiness of our existence."

In some homes, it is the order of the week to eat cold dinners on Sunday. Perhaps there is logic in it, and religion, too, but as for ourselves, we will cling to the amended maxim, "The better the day, the better the feed."

It is an error to hold to the idea that "healthful food" should taste badly. On the contrary, "halesome farin'" should be the most toothsome. There is no reason why the staples which make up the bulk of our diet should deserve anything else than a prayer of thanks. It is quite possible that a plate of soup may be a comfort to the soul.

THE CORRECT THING. By Florence Howe Hall.

NOT infrequently what is called "etiquette" is the essence of untruthfulness, but not so with this book, because its pithy, pointed rules are based on a genuine wish to be thoughtful for others.

"The young person" should have a copy of "The Correct Thing," because it teaches the happy way of doing things, and because courtesy is the "open sesame" everywhere. There is scarcely a moment in our lives when our value may not be materially increased by good manners. In the commerce of life, the small coins of civility will of a surety prove more valuable than minted gold.

This work is the best and most comprehensive one that has been published on the subject, and the price is not prohibitive. It deserves to have a large sale.

Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

POEMS OF PHILIP FRENEAU. Poet of the American Revolution. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association. By Fred Lewis Pattee.

THIS is one of the most noteworthy issues of the year, and no American library can afford to be without it.

Of a truth, Philip Freneau is rightly styled "the Father of American Poetry," for he was the first man born on American soil who possessed the true spark of poetic fire.

Although Freneau is dead seventy-one years, this is the first complete edition of his poems. We cannot well understand why they have so long been hidden away in dark corners.

The poems are nearly all concerned with the affairs of his time, and to follow their lead is to live for the nonce in the intense days of the revolution. The poet was the bitter opponent of slavery, and of every form of oppression. He was one of the first to demand equal rights for men and women. This is why he has been called "the lyrist of a righteous revolution, and above all, the people's poet."

Because of his Celtic temperament, Freneau was impetuous, sensitive, sanguine, proud, and a passionate lover of beauty. His muse is in turns satirical, caustic, and mournful. Now he sings a tender lyric, thrills in a pæan of victory, or again shrieks a song of vengeance. Sir Walter Scott said that his mournful wail for the dead in "Eutaw Springs" is as fine a thing as there is of the kind in the language.

Fred Lewis Pattee has edited the poems in a remarkably sympathetic and able manner. May each of us deserve and have so kind a biographer!

The edition is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The University Library, Princeton, N.J.

HOW PARIS AMUSES ITSELF. By F. Berkley Smith.

ONCE see this book and you will never be happy till you own it, not only because of its tasteful dress, but because it has all the interest of a peep into mischievous matters which you feel you have no business to know about.

The book is an accumulation of vivid impressions, interesting facts, and striking pictures, so combined that we learn while we only seem to be entertained.

The author, who has a fine genius for color, takes us to the risque plays of the Palais Royal, to the Opera Comique, and the Bouffes Parisiennes; to the Theatre Libre, the cafes, circuses, bars, boulevards, and we finish up with him on a fishing bout along the Seine. Ah! he is like the obliging Parisian "cabby" of whom he writes—"Just raise your finger. *He will take you anywhere.*"

The author says Paris is the easiest place in the world to spend a dollar, and the hardest place to earn an honest one. It would seem that the schoolboy was right after all. When asked what the people in Paris were called, he replied, "parasites."

Funk and Wagnalls, New York and London.

ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Robert N. Whiteford, Ph.D.

THIS work on the technique of poetics is intended primarily for schools, colleges, and general literature classes, but i' faith is quite as much needed by the stay-at-homes who are interested, or who pretend to be interested, in poetry. To literary critics it is indispensable.

It teaches us how to look at a poem emotionally, ethically, and intellectually—teaches us to note its technical construction, the æsthetics of effect, and the sources for conception, and so to become critics and analysts of the highest kind.

In this "Anthology of English Poetry," the epoch from Beowulf to Kipling is divided into eight periods—the Formative, the Compactive, the Initiative, the Renaissance, the Puritan, the Augustan, the Georgian, and the Victorian. Poems representing each era are given and annotations are made thereon. The book is of the utmost value to literary students.

Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.

A FIELD OF FOLK. By Isabella Howe Fiske.

IN these poems we find a happiness of fancy and expression, with a delicious blending of sense and sound. Nowhere is the work hurried or careless, but each stanza is a gem of exquisite polish and delicate chiselling.

The poems deal with nature and life, and show both deep feeling and a warmth of susceptibility to the beautiful.

The following lines are on "Smoke:"

"I [illegible] of history for every heathendom,
And mark the progress of the race throughout its pilgrimage;
The camp-fire of the savage; the tribal signal light,
[illegible]
The industry of river-towns; the onrush of the train,
The massacre of battle; and the hearth-light once again."

Richard G. Badger, Boston.

AMERICAN HEROES AND HEROISM. By Mowry

A BOOK we admire immensely. It is readable from end to end, and is replete with human interest.

Philosophers tell us that the history of civilization is the history of great men. Granting this premise to be right and true, the best things the American nation possess are not their cornfields, mines, fleets, and harbors, but their great, good men, whose examples and influence repeat greatness in their people.

The Anglo-Saxon hungers for heroes, but heroes are rare. We say "hungers" because the heart, like the body, needs food and finds it in the heroic deeds and noble traits of those who have gone before. The records of their lives that have been harvested by historians strengthen the generations that come after.

It is because of these facts we are indebted to the author of this book for something more than interesting stories. They have given us stories that cannot but inspire us with ambition and high resolve.

Note it down as a Christmas gift for the boy.

Silver Burdette & Co., New York, Chicago, Boston.

THE COUNTRY JAKE. By Oliver Woodruff Gogin.

THE sub-title tells us that these are the "Recollections of a city boy who 'lived, moved, and had his being' with the Suckers in the Backwoods of Illinois in the 40's."

If you asked in those days what a "Sucker" meant, you would be told that in "airly times the first settlers found that water was moughty skase in Elinoise country, and when thirsty you could hunt for a hollow weed, and by a-pushin' the weed down a craw-fish hole (of which thar was a God's plenty), you could make a sucker connection atwixe your mouth and the water at the bottom of the crawfish hole."

This book should be read by everybody who desires to be informed on the lives of the early settlers, and we have a poor opinion of their descendants who do not wish to be.

The work is full of colloquial raciness and humor, for the author has caught the very spirit of youth with its laughter, its enthusiasms, its light-hearted mirth. He is especially happy in his delineations of everyday experiences, and we turn the last pages with regret, for we have grown to

love with him the simple, morning-hearted folk of the "Elinoise" back-country.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York, Montreal, & London.

THE WORKINGMAN AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By Charles Stelzle.

THE author of this book sent out several hundred letters to the great labor leaders in different parts of the world asking their opinions on various social problems relating to the welfare of the workingman, and in this book gives us in an interesting form the digest of their answers.

This makes the work in reality a symposium, and, consequently, of great value, putting as it does its hand on the strong, quick pulse of the labor world.

The work deals with the workingman and his environment, his saloons, shop ethics, leaders, social reforms, and church.

It is by a long odds the best thing on the subject that has been published for a long time. It is a practical book for practical people, strong in mental grasp, and singularly free from prejudice or rancour.

A copy of it should be found in every library.

Fleming H. Revell, Chicago, New York, Toronto.

THE ANNIE LAURIE MINE. By David N. Beach

THIS book which is written along the lines of Charles M. Sheldon's works, is a novel of interest and power dealing primarily with conomics and religion, and subsidiarily with "the course of true love."

The author gives us the record of a successful experiment in co-operation and profit-sharing by the managers and laborers of the Annie Laurie Mine. He says, too, plain things in plain language regarding the subjects of religion and economics. This is why every thinking man and woman will find the book of absorbing interest.

All the characters are clearly and firmly drawn, and well individualized. We think, however, that David N. Beach must be a very good man, for, by the Lord Harry, he knows how to draw a bad one. He has given us a good example of badness in *Bonaparte Sharp*, a human bloodhound of trade, with as much mercy as the asphalt that stretches on the street.

The work, which is a wholesome one, will clarify thought and tend to definiteness of opinion. It is printed in large, clear type on heavy paper, and the cover design is especially tasteful.

The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

WITH THE BIRDS: An Affectionate Study. By Caroline Eliza Hyde.

THIS is a short essay on birds to be read at one sitting. We are sorry the authoress did not give us more, for she has an engaging style.

The book takes the most commonly known birds in their alphabetical order and tells us where they are indigeneous and something of their history, looks, and habits.

We admire the tasteful sky-blue cover with its white-winged, migrant birds.

Broadway Publishing Co., New York.

THE TU-TZE TOWER. By Louise Betts Edwards.

THE publishers are to be congratulated on securing the copyright of this book, for it will indubitably make a stir in the reading world.

"The Tu-Tze Tower" is an unusual story, unusual in scene, characters, and theme—in truth, a story of more than ordinary merit.

The heroine, Winnifred Blaize, turns her back on "the world that wears monocles, uses electric transit, and dies of appendicitis," and faces Tibetwards on a trip of exploration. There this American woman, with her yellow eyes and soft manners, rouses the hot Oriental passion of Tu-Tze, the Tibetan ruler, and is herself eventually swept of her feet with the glowing tide of fire. It is another Desdemona and Othello with a happier ending.

In these days when so many "alliances" are "arranged," it is a good thing, now and then, to give Sir Primitive a hand in the game. It keeps the race from running entirely to head, and puts good, warm blood in Northern physiques.

There is a keen vein of humor running through the book, which is chiefly personi-

fied in Emma Guthrie, the New England maid. Her quaint, shrewd sayings are irresistible.

Henry T. Coates. Philadelphia.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEGGAR. By I. K. Friedman.

THIS is the veritable "human document" of a beggar who has had many varied experiences, mendicious and mendacious.

In these pages, we follow the inexhaustible impositions, boundless impudences, and moving recitals of Hungry Henry, Deaf Dan, Blind Bill, One-Armed Jake, and a host of other greasy Bedouins of the streets who stake their fortunes on the poverty of their appearance

The book is thoroughly amusing. That is all it sets out to be, but incidentally, will be a blessing to tired minds which wish to flee from care for a few hours.

The book will be a comfort also to many of us, in that it shows how people unlike ourselves, and totally unlike anything we want to be, may live happily—even jovially—under conditions that would kill us in something less than a week.

Be sure and read it.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

LOVE LETTERS OF MARGARET FULLER. Introduction by Julia Ward Howe.

EMERSON, who knew Margaret Fuller intimately for ten years, says he never saw her without surprise at her new powers. Horace Greeley says she was the most remarkable, and in many respects, the greatest woman America has yet known.

In 1850, before setting sail for Italy with her husband and little son, Margaret Fuller wrote these apprehensive words to a friend: "I shall embark more composedly in our merchant-ship, praying fervently, indeed, that it may not be my lot to lose my boy at sea, either by unsolaced illness, or amid howling waves; or, if so, that Ossoli, Angelo, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief."

On that voyage the boy became seriously ill, and lost his sight. Off the coast of New Jersey, all three were drowned together in the wreck of the barque *Elizabeth*.

The letters were written to James Gotendorf, formerly James Nathan, and are published now for the first time. They reveal a keen and cultured intellect, and the lofty ideals of a woman who lived with great thoughts. It is a volume whose sweets are to be sipped leisurely.

The cover is of heavy, snuff-colored canvas, with stamping of gold. Indeed, of good bookmaking, the whole volume is an excellent example.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY. By John N. Tilden, M.A., M.D.

IN "The Tu-Tze Tower" reviewed on this page, the following words are written about the fascination of a map: "It is like the calling of the sea, or the artist's impulse to express; it suffuses the mind with its visions, and urges the heart with its promptings until the victim arises, like one in a trance, to set his feet in the roads his eyes have so often travelled."

If ever any maps contained this strangely irresistible fascination more than others, it is those of this new geography just hot from the Sanborn press of Boston. The geography is prepared with the object all sublime of instructing grammar-school pupils with a comprehensive knowledge of production and exchange of industries, and of the great staples as they exist to-day all over the world.

It teaches, too, what are the principal natural resources of the world, and where the great centres of manufacture are, and what contributes to commerce.

But this is the smallest part of its mission, for there is not a travel microbe in one's whole being that is not excited by the really wonderful charts that are given of the steamer, railway, and caravan routes, of the wind charts, and the cables with their connections. You want to travel under, through, and over them, and, perhaps, you will some day.

The maps are also colored to show the wheat, cotton, rice, tobacco, minerals, sugar-cane, and wooded portions of the world.

The waters are colored according to the seasons that are open to navigation.

Every man interested in mercantile pursuits should have a copy of the book.

Benj. H. Sanborn & Co., Boston.

EARLY MACKINAC. By Meade C. Williams.

THIS is the fourth edition of "Early Mackinac," and indubitably there will be more to follow, for the book not only meets a need, but meets it handsomely.

In its pages we find not only the fruit of unwearied industry and patient research, but a history that is as absorbing as a romance.

Whether the author is writing of legends, Indians, soldiers, *voyageurs,* fur-traders, physicians, missionaries, battles, or scenery, it is always with verve, and in a pithy, pointed, practical manner. Dr. Williams has a decided faculty for interpreting the commonplace.

Canadian readers will be specially interested in the chapters which pertain to the early occupation of this region by the British.

The Northern Navigation Co., of Sarnia, Ont., would confer a boon on the tourists they carry to Mackinac, if they recommended this book on their circulars.

W. Tyrell Co., Toronto.

JOLIFFE. By Maxwell Sommerville.

THE author of this book is Professor of Glyptology in the University of Pennsylvania, and is author of "Engraved Gems" and "Sands of Sahara."

The work before us is a study of the faith and religious sentiments of the people who live in meridional France. The author contends that all people have faith in some superhuman power, or in an object they have endued with divine attributes.

We deem the subject to be most important, and one well worthy the study of our best scientists, for faith does for the soul what the senses do for the natural life.

The author puts the incidents of faith into the mouths and actions of the peasants, gypsies, and other folk whom he meets on his travels, thus teaching us while he only seems to interest.

The book reads smoothly, and cannot fail to please. It contains some particularly fine colored plates.

Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.

'TEND TO YER KNITTIN'.

The greatest rule I've ever knew,
  W'ether 'twus spoke er writtin',
No mattur what ye 'ply it to
  Is jest "'Tend to yer knittin'."

I hate the man who never keeps,
  In mannur rite an' fittin',
His 'tention, when he ploughs er reaps,
  Jest 'tendin' to his knittin'.

If in a farmin' way ye be
  Er in a office sittin',
Jest take this here advice frum me,
  Keep 'tendin' to yer knittin'.

Perhaps y've chose to keep a store
  Yer way uv money gittin',
I 'dvise ye same's I done before
  Be 'tendin' to yer knittin'.

An' so I tell ye oncet agin
  Mind dogs if ye've ben bitten,
But here's the most important thing,
  Keep 'tendin' to yer knittin'.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

SUPPLEMENT

of The

NATIONAL MONTHLY
OF CANADA

THE LISZT PIANO COMPANY

FRANZ LISZT, "the Paginini of the piano," was a Hungarian, and the possessor of marvellous musical gifts. His career was a perpetual series of triumphs throughout the capitals of the world. He was also an industrious original contributor to musical literature.

The new piano company of Toronto could not have selected a more apt or fitting name under which to do business.

Talking to the head of the firm the other day, he said, "Pianos are no longer a luxury in the home. They are a necessity, and no home can be considered complete without one.

All over Canada, there has taken place of late a great musical awakening, and before many years our Dominion will make for herself a musical status among the nations.

The public schools, churches, and conservatories of music are making strenuous endeavors to instill a knowledge and enthusiasm for music into our people, and these efforts are being rewarded by a marked improvement in the musical standard. This means more than mere superficial knowledge and technique. It means culture and refinement in the home and nation, for music is the most emotional and the most spiritual of all the arts.

To meet this increasing musical interest in Canada, it is our aim *to turn out a piano perfect in every particular*—in tone, touch, durability, design, and finish.

When our patrons are ready to invest in a Liszt piano, we will give them an instrument that is *first-class*. We emphasize "first-class" because it is a comprehensive phrase, and one that expresses exactly what we mean. We aim not only to excel, but to lead."

After a thorough examination of the Liszt piano, I concluded that the head of the firm had in no way overstepped the mark. The pianos are all he claims for them.

The action of this superb instrument is the very best that money can procure. The touch is light, prompt, responsive from the lowest note to the highest, and the tone, which is nicely balanced, is pure, full, and sonorous. The treble is exceedingly brilliant, without a trace of harshness.

John Philip Sousa was entirely correct when he said in his novelette, entitled "The Fifth String:" "I never hear a pianist, however, great or famous, but I see the little cream-colored hammers within the piano bobbing up and down like acrobatic brownies. I never hear the plaudits of the crowd for the artist, and watch him return to bow his thanks, but I mentally demand that these little acrobats, each resting on an individual pedestal, and weary from his efforts, shall appear and receive a share of the applause."

The case of the Liszt Upright Grand is double-veneered with mahogany or walnut, and is a gem of the piano-maker's art. The back is of hardwood, finished in oil, and the music desk is a full swing front.

In design, this piano is a modified colonial—plain, yet strikingly beautiful and artistic in appearance—one well calculated to adorn any home.

The piano has a full metal board, overstrung scale, trichord, 7 1-3 octaves, ivory keys, ebony sharps, and three pedals with non-squeakable action.

Each instrument is supervised by rigid

experts in every department, so that the purchasers of the Liszt may rely upon each piano being perfect in every respect.

The men at the head of this firm are personally known to us. They are men of brain power as well as horse power—alert, energetic men who mean what they say and say what they mean—men of actuality and practicality. Above all, they have made a success of every business venture they have undertaken.

Here's to the pluck of the Liszt Company, managers, workmen, and agents! May every success await you, gentlemen!

For particulars apply to the Liszt Piano Co., 190 Wright Ave., Toronto.

SWORN STATEMENT

DOMINION OF CANADA,
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
COUNTY OF YORK.

I, William Briggs, Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am doing business in the City of Toronto; that said House prints the magazine known as THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada for Joseph Phillips; and that I personally know that the number of copies of the October, 1903, issue of that magazine printed was 22,000.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 7th day of October, 1903.

ALF. W. BRIGGS,
A Commissioner, &c.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Book Steward.
METHODIST BOOK AND PUB. HOUSE,
TORONTO, ONT.

I, George D. Case, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am Manager of the Mailing Department of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada; and that circulation of said magazine for the month of October, 1903, was 21,385 copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

G. D. CASE.

Declared before me in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 20th day of October, 1903.

W. H. HUNTER,
A Commissioner, &c.

The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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Borrowed Plumes
The Impressions of Janey Canuck Abroad
Of Interest to Ladies
Household Economy
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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th Annual Report of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling.

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659.08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	$17,735.86	$3,548.51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1896	288,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	238,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " **1902**	**1,572,135.78**	**736,348.06**	**55,000.00**

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
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R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.
V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.

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TORONTO

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Capital Authorized	$5,000,000.00
Capital, (paid up)	2,856,420.00
Reserve Fund,	2,720,778.00

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Reserve Fund	300,000

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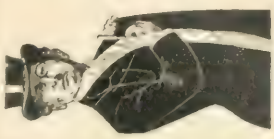

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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

VOL. III TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1903 NO. 6

CURRENT COMMENTS

The Meaning of Chamberlainism

THE new fiscal policy proposed by Mr. Chamberlain continues to hold public interest throughout the Empire. A definite campaign has been started in England, under the leadership of the late Colonial Secretary, and the lines along which it is to be fought are clearly marked. The main feature of this campaign—an agitation for Imperial preferential trade—has been already pointed out in these pages; but a concrete statement of Mr. Chamberlain's theories, as recently announced, will still better show the significance of the movement.

What is proposed is to meet the high protective tariffs of other countries by a readjustment of the British tariff as follows: A customs duty of six cents a bushel on wheat, with a corresponding tax on flour; a duty of five per cent. on meats (bacon excepted), and dairy products; and a tax of ten per cent. on manufactures. With such protection England will not only have a weapon with which to meet foreign trade attacks, but the way will be open to give a commercial preference to the colonies. The British consumer will have the duties on bread and meat made up to him by a remission of the present tax on tea and sugar, so that the cost of living will be no greater than before. He will pay a tax on certain foodstuffs from foreign countries, while the same products bought from British colonies will be admitted free. The suggested duty on manufactured goods is out-and-out protectionism, whose purpose is to hold the home market for home-made goods; and the abolition of the food taxes can be made a lever by which to secure tariff reductions from other countries, thus enlarging the market for British manufactures.

Mr. Chamberlain's policy thus has the double object of cultivating closer relations with the colonies and compelling foreign countries to give more favorable treatment to Great Britain. The basis of his scheme is a food tax, but, as he points out, England already pays each year some £30,000,000 in duties on food imports, and the suggested tariff is really little more than a clever readjustment. There are undoubtedly many difficulties in the way of accepting the scheme, and Mr. Chamberlain has entered upon the fight of his life, but it seems almost equally clear that as a business man's remedy for a business situation his policy meets the needs of the Empire. Premier Balfour has nothing of half so definite a character with which to meet it, and little may be expected from the Duke of Devonshire as the leader of the "Free Food League."

Canada's Control of Her Own Markets

WHAT the Chamberlain policy means to Canada is of more vital concern to us than its effect upon the British workman. The first result would of course be an increase in the exports of wheat. Last year

Great Britain bought from us grain to the value of $22,244,890, while from the United States she bought $160,000,000. A tariff preference for the Canadian grain would very materially change these proportions. Our present trade with England in meats, exclusive of bacon, is very small, a mere fraction of that enjoyed by the United States, and this trade also would be stimulated by the proposed five per cent. preference. The one product in which we already lead is cheese. Canada stands to gain in export trade by the adoption of the Chamberlain scheme.

But there is a difference between the standpoints of the Canadian and the Chamberlain imperialists. It is, generally speaking, the Canadian view that Great Britain should grant us a tariff preference in return for that which we have already granted her; while it is apparently Mr. Chamberain's desire that in consideration of the new preference Canadians shall buy largely from Britain, and shall not enter into further competition with British manufacturers. It is this phase of the scheme which greatly lessens its popularity in Canada. Partly because of our geographical position, partly because of more frequent travel, and in some cases because of the superiority or greater adaptability of the goods, Canada buys more from the United States than from Britain, and will probably continue to do so. The temper of the Canadian people, moreover, is more and more strongly for home production. Not to buy either in the United States or in Britain what we can make ourselves is the growing purpose of a nation ambitious for its own industries, and so far from yielding an inch to the demands of British producers there is a sentiment in some quarters in favor even of withdrawing the present preference. The preference will likely stand, however, if Britain reciprocates, but as for giving up our industrial interests for the British producer's sake, it is out of the question, and will never be agreed to. So much Mr. Chamberlain may depend upon as Canada's attitude toward his policy.

A Record Apple Crop

THE two great crops in Canada are the wheat in the western and the fruit in the eastern provinces. The yield of apples is this year a particularly heavy one, and fruit-farmers are marking it down as a record season. Fully 13,000,000 bushels, or one-quarter of the total production of America, have been gathered. Apple culture may thus rank as an industry in itself, of national proportions. In one district alone, the famed Annapolis Valley in Nova Scotia, the crop is estimated at half a million barrels, produced in an area of about eighty miles in length.

The apple crop in Europe is this year a partial failure, and the demand for Canadian fruit in the cities of England, Scotland, and Germany is for that reason heavy. Prices are ruling high, and as the quality of our apples is fortunately as good as the quantity is great, the farmers are receiving in most cases very handsome returns. The two chief shipping ports are Montreal and Halifax, the former ranking close with New York. So great has been the activity among the buyers and shippers this fall, as the result of a record crop, that the barrel manufacturers have been unable to keep up with the demand, notwithstanding that an enormous quantity of fruit has been used up in various ways at home. The apple is one of Canada's great assets.

Post-Office Prosperity

CONSIDERABLE political capital has been made out of the administration of the Post-Office Department, in which for the past four or five years a large expenditure has been involved. From an independent standpoint, however, it is but fair to say that the affairs of that department have been managed on a business-like basis, though it is also to be admitted that there are many details connected with the postal service in which reform is desirable. The postal business is one of the most important of national affairs. It has, perhaps, made the greatest progress in England, where the telegraphs are conjoined with the postal

service in one great public franchise. A like union has been frequently advocated in Canada, though there is not as yet the slightest likelihood of a movement in that direction. Meanwhile the post-office is sharing in the country's business development.

There are now 10,150 post-offices in the Dominion, of which 6,184 are money-order offices, materially aiding in money circulation to the extent of nearly $30,000,000 last year. There are also in this number 934 postal savings banks, with total deposits of $44,255,326, thus ranking as a great factor in public economy. The actual proportions of the postal service may be gathered from the fact that 235,000,000 letters were carried last year, an average of over 48 letters per head of population.

The most tangible proof of the department's prosperity is the surplus with which the last fiscal year was closed. The establishment of a service in the Yukon entailed a deficit, but, including this, there is still a surplus of $292,702. It has been suggested that this surplus might very justly be applied in an increase of pay to country postmasters, many of whom are at present receiving mere pittances.

Crime in Canada

IT is encouraging to learn that the statistics of the past year show a proportionate decrease of crime in Canada as compared with the two previous years. Notwithstanding the increase of population by the immigration of sometimes questionable foreigners, the average tone has improved. In the Yukon, where if anywhere in Canada lawlessness might be looked for, the proportion of crime to the rest of the Dominion is only 2.29. There has been a very slight increase of criminal offences in rural districts and a slight decrease in the cities, but the relative standing of city and country is 29.80 criminals per ten thousand of population in the one, as against only 2.46 in the other. The cities are therefore still the chief seats of evil-doing.

An interesting and important table of comparative figures shows to what extent the use of liquors is responsible for the crime committed in Canada. For the five years, ending with 1902, there were 2,286 convictions of non-drinkers, 6,794 immoderate drinkers, and 13,699 moderate drinkers. From these figures it is to be concluded that non-drinkers constitute a very small proportion of the criminal class, and that instead of the immoderate drinkers being the chief offenders it is the moderate drinkers who are responsible for three-fifths of all the serious crime in the country.

Another interesting feature is the restraining influence of the married state; but education does not appear to have a similar effect. The percentage of more or less educated criminals is considerably larger than it was twenty-five years ago, and the records would seem to show that although ignorance encourages crime, education does not materially check it. The breakers of the law are to-day chiefly persons of at least elementary education.

Canada has no room for the criminal, and it is a matter of national gratulation that the average of lawlessness is small, and becoming smaller.

Settlement of the Alaska Dispute

BESIDES her natural desire to retain control of her own market, Canada has another reason for not granting additional privileges to Britain in the adverse decision recently given in the Alaska boundary case. The dispute, which had existed for over thirty years, was finally referred to a Commission made up of three American members on the one side, and two Canadians and one British member on the other. The finding of this commission was that the American contentions were substantially correct, Canada gaining merely the Portland canal and two of the four islands at the entrance to Port Simpson. The United States has thus been given not only control of the coast, but holds a strategic position opposite Canada's new Pacific port.

This verdict, although an unfavorable one, would have been accepted by Canadians without complaint, but for the fact that the

justice of Canada's claim had been unquestionably proved and admitted, and the compromise, in which Canada gets the worst, seems to have been an after-thought. Lord Alverstone, the British member of the Commission, was accused by his Canadian colleagues, and by many leading newspapers in both countries, of deliberately sacrificing Canada's interests in order to preserve the good-will of the United States. The incident has come unpleasantly at a time when imperialism is being so warmly advocated. Having thus suffered at the hands of a British tribunal Canada will certainly not be over-ready to accept Britain's advances in the direction of further trade privileges.

The boundary case is now, however, finally settled, and it is a matter of international satisfaction that it is so. The award of the Commission is binding, although the vigorous protest of the two Canadian members will become historic. Canada has lost territory without having the reasons made clear, and she will probably never be convinced of the justice of the verdict; but having agreed to the arbitration she cannot now but accept the result. It will at least be an advantage to know what territory is Canadian and what is not.

The Industries at Sydney and the Soo

TWO great industrial enterprises in Canada have been passing through severe financial tests, which they have, however, endured in such a way as to leave no doubt of their ultimate success. The immense Clergue industries at Sault Ste. Marie, famous all over the continent, temporarily suspended for lack of funds, while the iron and steel works at Sydney have been compelled to make heavy loans to meet immediate necessities. Much has been made of both facts, and pessimistic forebodings have not been wanting. But Canada's industrial soundness has not been in the least affected.

The Clergue enterprises were of colossal proportions, conceived by a most daring promoter, and maintained at a necessarily heavy outlay. It was inevitable that for the first few years enterprises so immense as these should cost more than they yielded, and so far as any blame can be attached to the management it lies in the fact that new undertakings were added without the ordinary precaution of first getting the initial ones on a paying basis. As a natural result, the capital was exhausted, and there came a time when it was impossible either by loans or by the returns from actual business to raise sufficient funds to carry on the works. The mills were accordingly closed and the operations of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company came to an abrupt standstill in October.

A New York firm of capitalists who hold a $5,000,000 mortgage on the plants were, after considerable litigation, given possession and appointed a receiver, who resumed partial operations, pending the sale of the works on December 15th. Arrangements are being made meanwhile which it is expected will result in the satisfactory disposal of the entire enterprise to a new company. One thing remains sure—the natural resources upon which the Clergue enterprises have been built are genuine and are in themselves a guarantee that the allied industries at the Soo will eventually prove a great success. Their present interruption is merely a temporary financial embarrassment. The same applies to the Sydney industries, which have recently been considerably extended, calling for increased capitalization; but, like their sister industries at the Soo, they are firmly founded.

Nova Scotia, the Mineral Province

IN the rapid growth and development of the Canadian west, the eastern provinces have sometimes dropped behind in the attention of the general public. They have, however, been steadily, if not so rapidly, forging ahead, and a share of the prosperity with which the nation as a whole has been favored has fallen to the older portions of the Dominion. Recent statistics show that in one direction at least easternmost Canada has made remarkable progress during the past year, namely, in mineral production.

The output of metallic and non-metallic minerals for all Canada in 1902 was $70,000,000, the largest figures on record. By provinces the largest mineral output has heretofore been that of British Columbia, but first rank now goes to Nova Scotia, whose grand total is $19,502,130, some two millions ahead of the western province. Ontario is third, while the Yukon takes only fourth place, with $12,600,000. It will be news to many that Nova Scotia, the province down by the sea, surpasses the Klondike in mineral production, but the statistics show it so, and at the same time testify most encouragingly to the industrial life that is latterly manifesting itself in the east.

Of Nova Scotia's total output a large proportion was of coal, some 4,725,000 tons out of a total 6,550,000 tons for all Canada being her record. The industries in Cape Breton are both cause and effect of much of this development. Valuable gold and iron deposits also go to make Nova Scotia the banner mineral province of the Dominion.

The Possibilities of Hudson Bay

AN expedition of which less has been said than of those to the far Arctics, yet from which more practical results are, perhaps, to be expected, is now at work in Hudson Bay. It has been sent by the Canadian Government, under the charge of experienced navigators, and will be away two years, during which time it will make a thorough investigation of Canada's great inland sea.

The objects of the expedition are threefold. Of first importance will be the rehoisting of the British flag at various trading-posts, and the assertion of Canadian authority over the entire region. Heretofore jurisdiction over Hudson Bay has been neglected, and as a result Scotch and American whalers have become somewhat aggressive, prosecuting extensive fisheries without paying duties to Canada. These are to be warned away, and a governor of Hudson Bay left in power, with a detachment of the North-West Mounted Police. Possible international complications will thus be prevented by taking visible possession of the country.

A second purpose of the expedition is to thoroughly examine into the practicability of a railway to Hudson Bay. This project is based upon the belief that a direct line from Manitoba to a Hudson Bay port would provide the shortest route for moving western wheat. The one essential is the navigability of the Bay, and this the exposition will investigate during the two seasons. If its report is favorable a subsidy may be given, but if not, the project will be finally dropped.

Still another part of the expedition's duties will be to prospect a deposit of iron ore which is known to exist on the shore of the Bay. During the coming winter overland expeditions will be made north of Chesterfield Inlet in the hopes of locating gold fields. In addition, the expedition will make careful observation of tides, fish and animal life, geological formations, etc., these several duties constituting a work of great importance to Canada.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

By FRANCES M. CASSIDY

AMERICANS who are astonished when they learn of the marvellous progress of Canada in spite of her comparatively insignificant population, will find an explanation in the achievements of the people. That 6,000,000 Canadians controlling a larger territory than the United States should make more proportionate advancement than the progressive 80,000,000 people occupying the country to the south of us—which has been repeatedly proven by statistics—is a distinction that we may well feel proud of and ought to inspire us to redouble our efforts in the struggle for a leading place among the nations. But the inspiration should be still more pronounced with the revelation of the possibilities of the Great West, the best proof of the existence of which is seen in the American invasion of that section of Canada. During the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1902, according to the returns of the Immigration Department, 19,570 persons from the United States took up homesteads in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, an increase of nearly 300 on the number of settlers in the previous year. As it is estimated that on the average each of these immigrants was the head of a family of five, the inference is that during that fiscal year about 100,000 Americans came across the border for the purpose of making homes for themselves with us. And this flow has been steadily increasing.

Editorials in representative newspapers throughout Uncle Sam's domain are indicative of the alarm caused by this wholesale exodus to Canada. The Four States Immigration League, embracing 57 trade bodies in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Alabama was organized last January to divert the migration to the South, where more capitalists and laborers are sadly needed. The League recognizes the fact that this stream that has turned Canadianwards is largely due to the energetic work of the agents of this country, who have been drumming up settlers for the Canadian North-West by setting forth its attractions for the home-seeker. The Four States League proposes to adopt, as far as possible, the Canadian methods, and bring to the attention of the migratory element the fact that American seekers of new homes and enlarged opportunities have no occasion to look beyond the borders of their own country.

The American invasion of Canada seems to be but the old pioneer movement that settled the States of the West once more reproduced, and is led by hardy, welcome farmers. The prairie schooner is again doing duty, and, carrying families with their household goods from the railroads, plunges into the almost trackless interior, where homes will be set up and a new colony established. A common sight in the West is a field whitened with tents—the temporary resting-place of immigrants who are trekking across country to their newly adopted homes. Travellers on the Canadian Pacific Railway may see the encampments, as they are rushed over the boundless prairie, from Winnipeg to the eastern foothills of the towering Rocky Mountains, a distance of 1,000 miles. Carloads of settlers' effects and stock cross the border by the hundred, and, in many cases, the stock is driven before the trekkers. Owing to the comparatively light snowfall, and plentitude of feed in Alberta, it is an excellent section for stocking in the winter, in fact it is not infrequent for carloads of cattle to be sent from the East to be fattened on Nature's great pasturing ground in the West for eventual shipment to Europe.

The type of the new arrivals is generally that of the self-reliant and energetic people

who are the mainstay of the Western States. Most of them are experienced farmers, and have that degree of solidity and responsibility which family ties and the possession of some property ordinarily give. The result has been to make the business men of Western Canada unusually sanguine in temperament. Prosperity is a fixed thing with practically every man who in any way has his finger on the business pulse. The West is going ahead with strides, and is largely responsible for the unprecedented progress made by Canada during the last decade.

That there should be such development in the West is the most natural outcome of a happy combination of circumstances. It has practically inexhaustible resources. The countless arable acres are being settled rapidly and pricipally by experienced, intelligent Anglo-Saxon farmers. The amount of capital invested has been increased by millions within the past few years so that mining and foresting keep pace with the cultivation of land. Vast acres of paper pulp-wood, so much required in the United States, have been discovered from the interior of Labrador to far-away Alaska. On 900,000 acres under cultivation out of 205,000,000 acres of arable land in the North-West, Canada holds a leading place in the world as a grain-producing country. The Territorial Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin which estimates the total wheat crop for this year at 15,042,000 bushels, an increase over last year of 1,085,150 bushels. And this is on the acreage of only 727,998, with millions of available acres. The average yield will be over twenty bushels to the acre, showing fertility that is much more productive than agricultural sections in the United States. The acreage mentioned represents an increase over last year of 102,241, largely owing to the influx of Americans, and an increase over the previous year of 223,301. Not only will the total yield be the greatest in the history of Canada, but it will be lighter than last year, which indicates that with next year as a good year the yield will be phenomenally large. But the crop is not confined to wheat. It has been officially estimated that the 365,719 acres of oats under cultivation will produce 11,803,000 bushels this year, an increase over 1901, the best year, of 689,934. bushels. The estimated yield of barley is 1,116,300 bushels on 42,445 acres, an increase of 345,883 bushels with an increase of 6,000 acres sown with barley. Flax is the best yet, having an acreage of 27,599, an increase of 10,532 over last year. The estimated crop is 234,500 bushels, against 258,185 bushels last year.

The pulp industry promises to be one of the principal factors in the development of Canada, more especially because paper pulp-wood is becoming so scarce and consequently so valuable in the United States. The forests of that country, it is estimated, are being destroyed at the rate of 25,000 acres per day, of which fires, recklessness of woodsmen and the wood-pulp manufacturers, take the greater portion, and the legitimate uses of the forests are diminished. Unless drastic measures are taken, the woodlands of the United States will be things of the past within the lifetime of a generation. On the other hand, the supply of pulp-wood in Canada is practically limitless, and, moreover, through where it is mostly found, around the Hudson Bay, there is available water-power everywhere, so that there are natural and admirable facilities for paper manufacture. The forests of pulp-wood extend from the interior of Labrador to Alaska. The area of the pulp-wood forest is estimated roughly at 450,000,000 acres, which, if even it is not exactly correct, will convey some idea as to the vastness of this invaluable Canadian resource. The United States has drawn largely upon this supply, and the demand is increasing every year.

The crowning evidence of the prosperous past and the hopeful future of Canada as seen in the West, is the projected transcontinental railroad. Nothing has been so effective in opening the eyes of our American cousins to the immediate possibilities of their neighbor, which is looming up as a country that promises soon to be the equal of their own in more ways than territorially. The unparalleled increase in trade for the last decade has simply forced the hands of the Government in the matter of taking into

consideration the construction of a line that will open up the agricultural, forest and mineral belts across northern Canada.' And the increase has been mainly due to the development of the West as shown in the official statistical returns which give agricultural products a leading place in causing heavy trade returns.

The *Baltimore Sun,* a leading representative American newspaper, that circulates from ocean to ocean, and is a power in moulding public opinion throughout the South, has the following to say editorially of the prosperity of Canada:

"Combined imports and exports, which in 1871 were $170,250,000, had increased in a few years to $381,000,000, and in the last two, have grown from that figure to $467,000,000. In five years the percentage of increase has been 65 per cent., which is twice that of the United States and nearly two and a half times that of Germany. This rapid growth is due to the development of hitherto neglected natural resources, agricultural and mineral, consequent upon the introduction of foreign capital. The chief means of promoting it has been the construction of railways and canals, upon which vast sums have been judiciously spent. The growth and prosperity of Canada are directly traced, in fact, to improved means of transportation. In 1871 Canada's railroad mileage was but 2,500 miles. The completion of the Canadian Pacific, ten years later, brought it up to 14,000 miles, and at present it is about 20,000 miles. It is the story of our West and North-West all over again. The new mileage opens a way to the markets of Europe for the products of Canadian industry, and Canadian exports of grain, etc., multiply rapidly under the stimulus of a constant demand. As Canada has still immense areas of virgin soil of a productive character, vast forests of merchantable timber and great wealth of undeveloped mineral resources, the expansion of her industry and commerce may be expected to continue unchecked for many years."

And the Americans in the Western part of the United States, being in closer touch with their kinsmen across the border, are realizing the prosperity of the latter by demanding more reciprocal trade relations. The Minnesota branch of the National Reciprocity League has issued a circular which shows that the business men of that section intend to have a slice of Canada's trade if it is at all possible. Each interested State is urged to raise at least $100,000 to attain the desired result.

HEARTS.

The heart of a child
Is a wondrous place,
'Tis filled with a mild
And beautiful grace.

The heart of a man
Is sordid and vile,
Tis the seat of lust,
'Tis the haunt of guile.

Though the heart of God
Is beyond our ken,
'Tis more like the hearts
Of children than men.

JAS. P. HAVERSON.

OTTAWA—THE POLITICAL CAPITAL

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

"A SUB-ARCTIC lumber-village converted by a royal mandate into a political cock-pit," after some such fashion runs Prof. Goldwin Smith's caustic epigram.

Like all good epigrams it has a certain foundation of fact. The choice of Ottawa, an obscure little town notable only for its lumber mills, as the political capital of the new Dominion was no less a surprise than a disappointment to the majority of those interested.

With Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, or Kingston to choose from, just why Her Majesty, to whom the matter was finally referred, hit upon Ottawa has always been somewhat in doubt. From the point of picturesqueness of site and surroundings, there was indeed no room for criticism, but in regard to convenience of access much fault was found. "I tell you candidly, gentlemen, you might as well send the seat of government to Labrador,'" protested a prominent statesman in Parliament.

With the advent of the Canadian Pacific, the Canada Atlantic, and the Ottawa and New York railways, however, this objection has been completely removed, and now Ottawa is as easy to get at or away from as the most impatient traveller could wish.

Ottawa to-day presents a striking illustration of how two highly civilized peoples —even though their forefathers fought in fierce rivalry for the land they now peaceably share, and they themselves continue to be as dissimilar in language, religion and manners as they are in race—may, under favoring circumstances, make common cause for mutual welfare. You will find the English and the French each having their own quarter of the city, their own shops, their own schools, their own churches, yet united harmoniously under the same municipal, provincial and federal government. With few exceptions it may be laid down that, of the three divisions into which Ottawa naturally falls,—Lower, Upper and Centre-town,—the first is sacred to the French, while the other two contain the English elements of the population.

In general configuration Ottawa resembles other cities built up beside a river bank, in that its length much exceeds its breadth, and business is chiefly confined to one long central street, which, commencing at the Chaudiere Falls, pursues a devious way under various names until it reaches the Rideau River, three miles distant. Lying parallel with the middle portion of this long thoroughfare is Wellington Street, a broad and well-kept avenue, having on one side the splendid Parliament Buildings, and on the other many handsome banks, clubs and other edifices, the whole forming an architectural vista of which any city might justly be proud.

Parliament Square is, of course, the *piece de resistance* in Ottawa's scenic and architectural exhibition, and thither will we first betake ourselves. Though not so vast, ambitious or elaborate as the capitol at Washington, or even as some state capitols, the Houses of Parliament, with their attendant departmental buildings, uprising from amidst a wealth of flower, leaf and lawn, present a picture rich in harmony and grace, and artistically perfect. In 1860, two years after Ottawa had been made the capital, the first stone was laid by no less a personage than His Royal Highness Albert, Prince of Wales, whose adventurous voyage from home to open the great Victoria Bridge at Montreal thrilled all loyal colonists with intense enthusiasm and delight. It goes without saying that these big buildings enormously exceeded the original estimate of their cost. Little discrepancies of this kind seem to be inseparable from the construction of public buildings, and especially capitols, as witness Albany's. In the case

of Ottawa, the original estimate was $300,000, while the outlay upon the buildings in their present form has been over $5,000,000,—clearly showing that Canadians are not a whit less enterprising than their republican neighbors when they get a fair opportunity.

The buildings stand well back from the street, forming three sides of a spacious square, which is laid out in velvet sward intersected by broad paths and drives, and dotted over with brilliant beds of fragrant flowers. The Houses of Parliament occupy an ample terrace, raising them well above the level of the other blocks and throwing their stately proportions out into bold relief. They are built principally of a cream-colored sand-stone found in the vicinity, which affords an appropriate setting for the warm red Potsdam and Ohio freestone wherewith the windows, doors and corners are adorned. To view this edifice aright you must stand on Major's Hill on some glorious summer evening when the swiftly sinking sun invests it with a halo of mingled gold and fire. Then, as one by one the dainty towers, pinnacles and buttresses fade softly, the "symphony in red" becomes a "harmony in gray," and so remains until the rising moon converts it to a "nocturne in silver and gold."

Capacious as the Eastern and Western departmental buildings seemed, they were not long in proving inadequate to the needs of the rapidly growing government service; and in 1893, what is called the Langevin Block was built on Wellington Street, facing Parliament Square, at a cost of three-quarters of a million dollars. Within these three blocks and several other buildings near at hand are housed the different departments of the Civil Service, numbering twenty in all, and including over two thousand officials, from deputy ministers down to junior messengers. As will be readily understood, the Civil Service constitutes a very important element in the city's population from both the economic and the social point of view. The salaries paid its members are moderate enough, the very highest being $6,000 per annum, and the figures ranging from that down to $300 per annum; but in Ottawa rents are reasonable, food cheap, and education practically free, so that officials with a turn for thrift can get along very comfortably.

The sessions of Parliament usually begin in February or March and last three or four months. During this period Ottawa is at her best, and richly rewards those who then pay her a visit. Decked in the snow-white garb of winter, her stately buildings and innumerable cosy homes of warm red brick present a most attractive picture, while the surging tide of life that animates her streets, and fills to overflowing her commodious hotels gives one a vivid impression of her importance. From Nova Scotia to British Columbia the bustling members of the Commons and their potent, grave and reverend seniors, the Senators, have come together, and the intense feverish body-mind-and-soul-exhausing life of the session is in full swing once more. Then are the Parliament Buildings thronged with pompous politicians, sagacious statesmen, wily wire-pullers, pertinacious lobbyists and all that miscellaneous multitude of interested individuals who bear much the same relation to legislative assemblies that camp followers bear to an army.

After many years languishing in the cold shades of opposition the Liberal party at last succeeded in gaining power in July, 1896, and are still enjoying the sweets of office. Their leader, Sir Wilfred Laurier, than whom no finer type of French-Canadian has appeared in pubilc life, is the first of his race to attain the Premiership since Confederation.

Associated with him in the conduct of affairs are the best and strongest Liberals the different provinces could supply, such as Sir William Mulock and Sir Richard Cartwright, Messrs. Paterson and Sutherland from Ontario; Fisher and Prefontaine from Quebec; Fielding and Sir Frederick Borden from Nova Scotia; Sifton from Manitoba, and Templeman from British Columbia.

The Opposition is led by Mr. R. L. Borden, of Nova Scotia, an exceedingly able

and honorable gentleman, assisted by Mr. F. D. Monk, who, despite his name, is a French-Canadian.

The cope-stone of the Canadian Government pyramid is the Governor-General, who represents royalty, and is appointed to this high office directly by the Imperial authorities without hint or suggestion from those over whom he is to rule in the name of His Majesty. No bill can become law, nor order-in-council take effect, without his assent, and he may at any time reserve a bill for the consideration of the Home Government, so that theoretically he has a great deal of power, although as a matter of fact he rarely uses it, preferring to abide by the advice of his Council, upon whom the real responsibility devolves.

The Earl of Minto, the present occupant of the Vice-Regal chair, brought with him to his appointment a knowledge of the duties of his office gained when he was Secretary to Lord Stanley during the latter's term a dozen years ago, and has proven himself an amiable and popular, if not particularly brilliant or strenuous administrator.

Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General, is situated on the outskirts of the city, in the midst of a pleasant park, which ensures the privacy that is desirable. It is in no sense an imposing edifice, being simply the country mansion of a lumber king, enlarged by successive additions, a ball-room at the right, a dining-room at the left, and ranges of bedrooms in the rear, until it has become a very commodious and comfortable, although decidedly heterogenous pile, which serves its purpose fairly well, but will no doubt some day give place to a worthier structure. Here for half a year a very liberal hospitality is dispensed by their Excellencies, in the form of dinners, balls, private theatricals, skating and tobogganing parties, garden and tennis parties, and so on, according to the season. These constitute the most important social events of the season, and have the right of way over all other entertainements, an invitation to Rideau Hall being considered one which cancels all previous engagments.

Passing from the lighter side of life to the more practical and prosaic, we find two features of Ottawa's industrial development deserving special consideration; namely, her vast lumber mills with their allied concerns, and her remarkable equipment in regard to electric light and power.

Shrewd Philomen Wright, in the early part of the century, was the first to harness the Chaudiere Falls; but he has had many imitators, and to-day huge mills crowd each other on the rocky ledges, and the buzz and throb of mighty machinery cease not day or night for the greater part of the year. These lumber mills afford a very striking spectacle, which every visitor to the city should witness. The most interesting time to visit them is at night, when work is carried on under electric illumination, investing the busy scene with a weird picturesqueness to which only Dore's or Fuseli's pencil could do justice. The swift swirling torrent of the mill race, the dark mysterious pools wherein, all innocent of their coming fate, the rough red logs lie huddled close, the startling shouts of brawny workers, the ceaseless roar of ponderous machinery, all bathed in pure white glow or plunged in darkest shade, unite to form a picture which photographs itself forever on the memory.

So many million feet of sawn lumber are produced here every season that Ottawa may justly claim to be one of the most important lumbering centres on the globe. Indeed it is very doubtful if any other place exceeds her in the magnitude of her operations.

According to the most recent figures obtainable it appears that there are nearly $4,000,000 invested in the lumber business at Ottawa, that nearly $700,000 are annually paid out in wages, and that the value of the annual product exceeds $3,000,000.

Mr. J. R. Booth continues to hold the proud position of "lumber king," and the extent of his operations, especially when considered in connection with his remarkable railroad enterprises, to wit, the Canada Atlantic, the Ottawa and Arnprior, and the Ottawa and Parry Sound roads, give him a very high place among the "commanders of industry" of the continent.

But the turning out of planks and scantlings, laths and beams innumerable, by no means limits the range of the city's industrial activities. The opulent water-power supplied by the Chaudiere and Rideau Falls has been harnessed for other purposes of vital moment. Thanks in large measure to the far-seeing enterprise, and expert knowledge of two men, Thomas Ahearn and Warren Y. Soper, who had both begun life as telegraph operators, the electrical equipment of Ottawa for both light and power is not surpassed by that of any other city on the continent. Indeed statistics go to show that she can boast of having the largest number of incandescent lights in use per capita of any city in the world.

In the matter of water-power available for conversion into electrical energy, either right at hand or within easy reach, Ottawa occupies a unique position.

A careful survey of the vicinity has brought out the astonishing fact that within a radius of forty-five miles there are water-powers on the Ottawa, Gatineau, Mississippi, Madawaska, Bonnechere, and Lievre rivers, aggregating at low water a minimum of 917,403 horse-power, and at high water of 3,347,630 horse-power.

Very many of these, of course, may never be utilized, and at present not more than 80,000 horse-power are being worked, but what of the future? Ottawa certainly has reason to feel serene as to that, since cheap and convenient power is an all-important factor in industrial development.

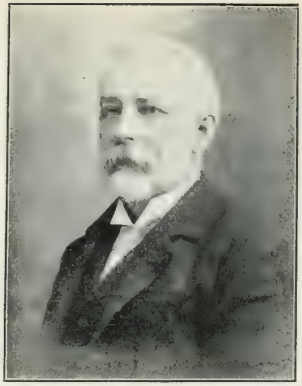
There are many other industries besides that of lumbering, which flourish at Ottawa. Flour mills at both the Chaudiere and the Rideau Falls; carbide and pulp mills, foundries and machine shops, carriage works, car builders, furniture factories, and so forth; representing in the aggregate a total of over $10,000,000 invested capital, an annual wage-roll of $2,500,000, and an output valued at $7,825,000.

During the period of unexampled prosperity which Canada is still happily enjoying, Ottawa has kept well in the van of progress. Thus while the imports of the Dominion have in the last five years risen from $118,218,000 to $212,270,000, an increase of 95 per cent., the imports of Ottawa during the same period increased from $1,792,000 to $4,272,000, or 250 per cent.

In regard to growth of population Ottawa has to yield the palm to only one other Canadian city, Winnipeg, being able to show an increase from 44,164 in 1891 to 61,151 in 1902.

From the last annual report of the corporation of the City of Ottawa, over which Mr. Frederick H. Cook so worthily presides as Mayor, we gather the following facts: The city covers an area of over 3,000 acres, has 100 miles of streets, and 25 miles of electric street railway. It owns property valued at $2,685,000, and includes taxable property assessed for $30,000,000, while there are exemptions on government and other accounts aggregating $14,000,000. The revenue from all sources for 1902 was $2,165,940, and the expenditure $1,455,056, leaving a comfortable bank balance of $710,884, which certainly speaks volumes for the excellence of the civic administration.

"Of all Canadian cities Ottawa is the most beautiful in its modernity," according to the *Morning Post,* of London, England, and with this tribute from so authoritative a source we may close our account of the political capital of Canada.



Hon. William Stevens Fielding

Hon. Clifford Sifton

Mayor Cook of Ottawa

The Right Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier

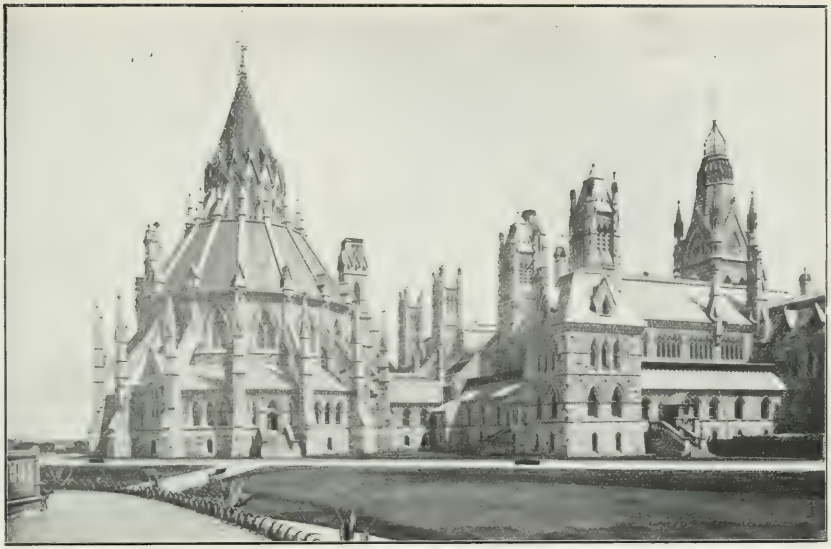
Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright

E. B. Eddy—Ottawa

J. R. Booth—Ottawa

HOUSE OF COMMONS—OTTAWA

WEST BLOCK—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



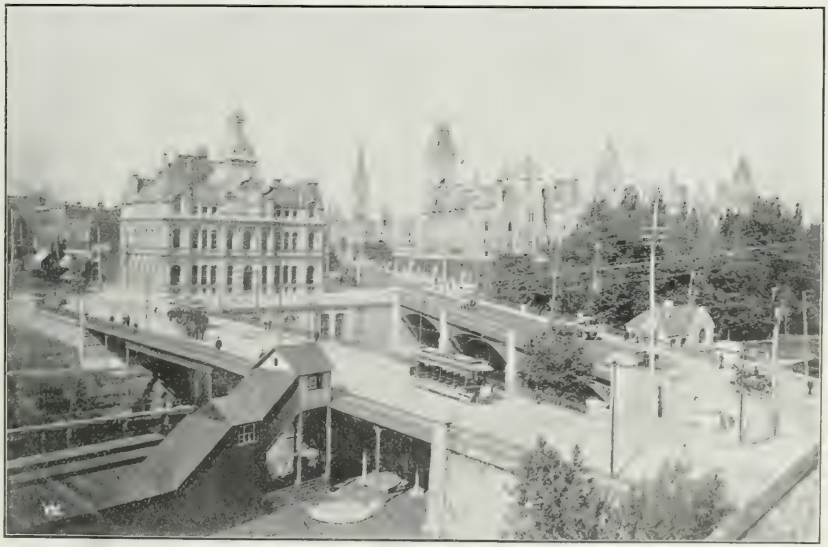
LIBRARY—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA

FROM MAJOR HILL PARK—OTTAWA

WEST BLOCK—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA

THE CLAY FROM THEODORE STREET—OTTAWA

EAST BLOCK—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA



POST OFFICE—DUFFERIN AND SAPPERS' BRIDGES—OTTAWA

SENATE—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA

INTERIOR OF LIBRARY—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA

INTERIOR HOUSE OF COMMONS—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA

PRIVY COUNCIL CHAMBERS—PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS—OTTAWA

WELLINGTON STREET—OTTAWA

ELGIN STREET—OTTAWA

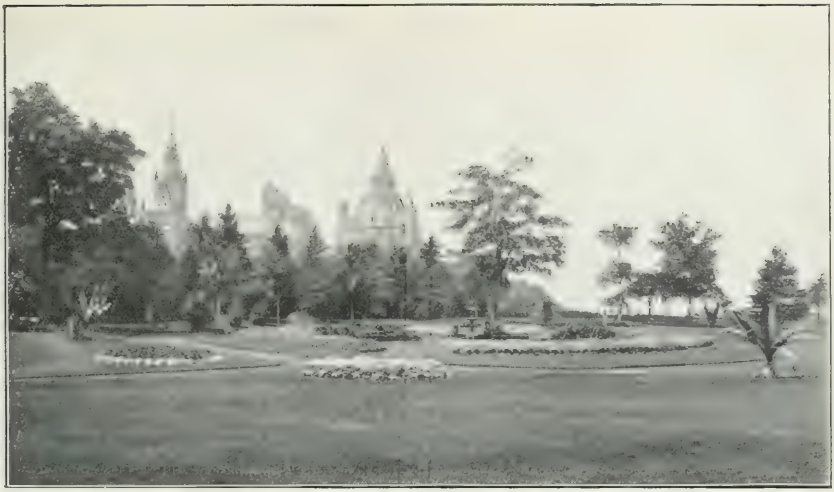
BRITANNIA-ON-THE-BAY—NEAR OTTAWA

BRITANNIA ON THE BAY—NEAR OTTAWA

SHOOTING THE CHUTES—AYLMER PARK—NEAR OTTAWA

RIDEAU FALLS—OTTAWA

MAJOR HILL PARK—OTTAWA



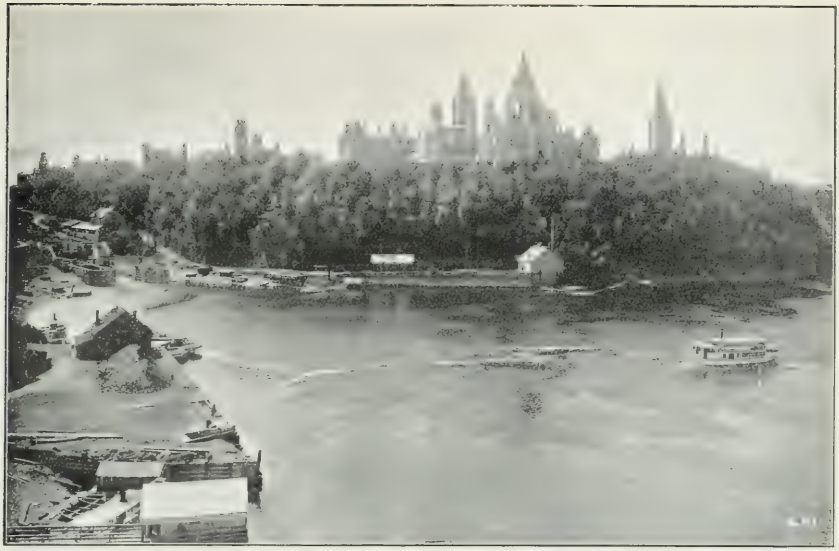
MAJOR HILL PARK OTTAWA

LOVERS WALK OTTAWA

FROM HULL SHOWING INTERPROVINCIAL BRIDGE

FROM PARLIAMENT HILL LOOKING WEST OTTAWA

This is Red Seal Coated Paper made by Ritchie & Ramsay, Toronto



FROM NEPEAN POINT—OTTAWA

CHAUDIERE FALLS—OTTAWA

WATERWORKS — OTTAWA

GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S RESIDENCE — RIDEAU HALL — OTTAWA

ROMANCE AND A DRAGON

By THEODORE ROBERTS

CHAPTER VII.

THE CRICKETER IN HOLY ORDERS.

COLONEL MONTGOMERY FARLEY, with innumerable boxes and bags, left London and his nephew, in the best of spirits. A few days later the barquentine *Southern Cross,* sailed in ballast, for Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, there to take in a cargo of fish for South America. Jack wrote a long letter to Bob Prendergast, and though he sent no direct message to Catherine, the seven pages of foreign note swarmed with passages penned, especially for her comfort and delectation. He described his lonely existence. He hinted, in some delicate, though somewhat mixed figures of speech and flights of composition, at the comfort he had from that star of love and hope across the sea. He told of Sparks, and of his uncle's sudden flight to foreign parts, in quest of romance. He ended the latter with "Expectans Equito" heavily underlined in ink. After mailing it he felt so much better that he went to his club and was quite companionable. He called upon the colonel's lawyers, now no less his own, and found them jovial and entertaining, and undismayed at the colonel's actions. He indulged himself in a pair of new riding togs, and woke the colonel's good hack from his long sleep. He made calls, and remembered old friends, and went out almost every evening. But a fortnight of it finished him, and with a book, a pipe, and the little locket, he kept his fireside and let longing gnaw at him.

Day by day he lost weight. He fell into an evil habit of keeping his bed in the morning until close upon lunch time, simply to shorten the day of painful inactivity.

April came and whispered in Jack's blood. He got out maps and guide-books, but he could see nothing on the maps but a big triangular island away to the westward. But no, that would only make it harder for both of them just now. When the time came to act; when his plans were made—then it would be quick and without hesitation.

He did not want to rush away to new adventures in outlandish places, for his life had acquired a new and beautiful value to him, and he had learned to appreciate the mail service.

While he was packing and unpacking his clothes, and pacing his uncle's rooms in a state of heady indecision, a letter from his lawyers reached him. It related to a small place of the colonel's down in Norfolk that had been unrented for several months. They were afraid the house was greatly in need of repairs. What had they better do about it? The letter contained information as to the exact whereabouts of the little property. Jack smoked a pipe or two over the letter, and a happy idea came to him. He replied to the lawyers immediately, to the effect that he would go down and look at the place. For a day he and Jollops were busy packing. They turned the key in the front door on a Monday, and went down to Norfolk with their belongings. The colonel's hack was to follow next day, in the care of a groom from the stables.

At the nearest village to the neglected (and most likely forgotten) property, they found a dingy four-wheeler of prehistoric design, and a driver with a black patch over one eye. By the time master, man, and outfit were inside, this ancient vehicle was full almost to bursting. Jollops showed only his head, so piled about was he with boxes, and bundles of rugs and bedding. Jack, with a folding camp-cot upon his lap and a dunnage bag stuffed with Jollops' kitchen outfit leaning fondly against him, lit a

cigar and gave himself up to meditation. The roads were vile. The nag was old. The cabby was a master of language, and had a voice that defied closed windows. He "blasted" the mud and the dark. He requested his horse to go to that place of which it is reported there is neither frost nor moisture, and which I, for one, sincerely hope is mythical. He asked the unheeding night if he were piloting an Arctic expedition, and how the devil the captain with the single gig-lamp had come to leave the white elephant and the kitchen range out of his list. Jollops heard and trembled. But Jack smoked on in complete oblivion to the kindly humor of the gentleman on the box. Action was bringing its solace, and this flying trip to an unknown and hitherto unheard of house smacked pleasantly of adventure. The swaying and jerking of the four-wheeler soothed him into a half-sleep.

Of a sudden the vehicle stopped. Jack awoke and found himself hurled, together with camp-cot and dunnage bag, against Jollops' protected position. The driver's voice, raised unpardonably high, caught his attention. Straightening his eye-glass and his cigar, he cleared himself from his household belongings, and kicked open the carriage door. By the light of a pale young moon in a misty sky he avoided a puddle, and with his first leap landed dry-shod on the turf at the roadside. He saw that the four-wheeler had no lights. He saw a dog-cart, with lamps, motionless in the road ahead, and on the high seat of the cart a cloaked and silent figure. He beheld the driver of his own conveyance upright on the box, jumping and swearing. He shouted to the fellow to hold his row, but he might just as well have held his own. So without more ado he climbed over the wheel and threw the disorderly cabby into the road.

"I hope that drunken fool didn't smash into you?" he called.

"No damage done, thanks," replied the driver of the cart. Jack shouted to his man. "Take that fellow inside with you," he ordered, "and keep him quiet if you have to kill him." Jollops descended from the narrow door, and after a brief encounter with the man in the ditch, assisted him, protesting violently, into the dark and untidy interior of his own four-wheeler.

After lighting his lamps Jack urged his steed alongside the dog-cart.

"Can you direct me to 'The Rookery,'" he inquired.

"Delighted," replied the stranger. "Drive on about a mile and you'll find a white box of a house, about a hundred yards off the road, to the left, without any trees near it. That's 'The Rookery.' May I ask, sir, if you are thinking of renting it?"

"Why, no," said Jack, "I'm going to put up there awhile myself."

"Ah, you are the owner," exclaimed the other.

"Yes," replied Jack.

"You'll find the stables in fair order," said the man in the dog-cart, "but the house is dismal, and out of repair. My name is Tomkins. I'm curate here. Wadham is my college."

"My name is Farley," said Jack, "and I slumbered at Oxford for a little while myself."

"May I turn and go to 'The Rookery' with you?" asked the curate. "Fact is I am due at a party in the village, and looking out for an excuse to keep away."

"Please come. Lead the way, if you will," invited Jack cordially.

The four-wheeler lumbered heavily after the high-wheeled cart. Half-smothered cursings and occasional bumps and jars, came faintly to Jack's ears. At last they reached the gate of 'The Rookery.' The curate had left it open, and was already on his way around to the stables. Jack drew up at the front door of the empty house. Dismounting from the box he liberated Jollops and the driver. Then taking a bunch of keys from his coat-pocket he unlocked the door with the largest of them. The curate reappeared, and after informing Jack that he had put his mare under cover, as she was delicate, the four men carried the bags and boxes into the house and heaped them in the narrow hall. The

driver, thanks to Jollops, had become a pattern of meekness and energy. Jack gave him a soverign, and wished him good-night.

"Saved again," exclaimed the Rev. Mr. Tomkins, thinking of the party he had jigged.

He produced a cigar-case from the side pocket of his checked ulster, and after passing it to Farley, helped himself to one of the cheroots, with which it was stuffed. He was a tall, lanky young fellow, with exceedingly long feet, on the ends of exceedingly long legs. His face was clean shaven. Inside, by the light of a carriage-candle, Jack obtained a clearer view of this accidental friend. He feared that he had entertained a bore unawares, so mild was the clergyman's cast of countenance, and so faultlessly pink and white his complexion. But the cheroot was exceptionally good, he had put his mare under cover ; and he had disclosed a manly desire to keep away from a social gathering of some sort in the village.

"Perhaps he is better than he looks," Jack thought, hopefully. There was not a stick of furniture in the house. There was no cooking range in the kitchen. The floors were deep in dust. Tomkins discovered some coals in the scullery, whatever they were doing there. Jack found a neat pile of firewood locked away in an out-house. Soon they had a cheerful fire going in a grate in one of the front rooms on the ground floor.

As they had no chairs, Jollops set up two camp-cots. By the dim light of the curate's carriage-candles they made a supper off a meat-pie, two tarts, and some bottled beer, which they had brought down with them from London. Jack and Tomkins sat together on a cot, with the pie between them, and Jollops pulled corks and refilled glasses.

"Eat with us, Jollops ? You must be as hungry as we are," said Farley. So Jollops, with a mouth full of tart and his dignity unimpaired, waited on his master.

After supper, while Jollops pottered about, Farley and Tomkins smoked and yarned.

"I find this a very satisfactory field of labor during the summer," said the curate, making a long arm for his glass of beer.

"Ah, more church work in summer than in winter ?" inquired Jack, politely.

"Why, no," replied Tomkins, without embarrassment, "but there is more cricket."

Jack stared at his guest's placid cheeks, yellow, well-brushed hair and unclouded brow. And while he stared, one of those blue, unworldly eyes closed slowly, and he understood.

"Why don't you stick to cricket ?" he inquired.

"I do. I play for the county," replied Tomkins.

"But why did you enter the church ?" asked Jack.

"One can't live by cricket—unless one cares to be a pro," explained the curate.

Jack looked his disappproval, and the other man read the signs. He flushed quickly.

"Don't mistake me," he exclaimed. "I believe what I preach, and I practice it, too, as nearly as I can. But, though I never before confessed it, I'd rather play at Lord's for All England than be made Archbishop of Canterbury."

"And more likely to, I think," replied Jack, laughing. Tomkins remained at 'The Rookery' until close upon midnight, making many confessions and finishing the beer. He begged Farley to come over with him—only two miles— and put up in his cottage for the night. Farley refused the invitation, as he wanted to look around the house and grounds at the first peep of day.

"Well, then I'll send over some bread and butter, and things for your breakfast," said Tomkins. "You see you are one of my parishoners now and I must look after you."

This was the beginning of a friendship which always proved entertaining to them both, and later, as my story shows, decidedly useful to Jack Farley. Even Jollops realized at last that it was fate who had guided the drunken cabby into the curate's dog-cart. Otherwise, perhaps, he would never have had that delightful trip in the *Sea Eagle* as owner's steward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COLONEL WRITES—THE VICAR KICKS.

There was a paddock back of Jack's stables and beyond that a narrow meadow, a spinney, and a deserted rookery of elms. Tomkins found Jack, late one morning, exploring the wilderness of damp underbrush, and gave him a letter. It was from Col. Farley, and was dated at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland. Jack seated himself upon a rusty contrivance which some former tenant had set up with the intention of trapping poachers, and opened the letter. The curate leaned against a tree, puffing his brier and waiting for news. He was vastly interested in what he already knew of the Farleys, and eager to know more. The colonel's letter was both lengthy and entertaining. It touched lightly upon the incidents of the passage across the Atlantic —the rough weather, the fair sailing, the games of cribbage, and the fact that Farley had already won three pounds ten from Sparks. It told of the first chapter of the great novel—of how Sparks had worked it out, tramping up and down the cabin in his oil-skins, and how the colonel, clutching the ink-bottle in one hand, had penned it, despite the plunging of the barquentine. I quote the following passage in the colonel's own words, as it is an important part of my story :

"We had not been in the harbor fifteen minutes before a young fellow came aboard and enquired after Captain Sparks and Colonel Farley. Now, how the devil did anyone know I was on the *Southern Cross*. The cook brought him into the cabin, where Sparks and I, just shaved, were having a glass of grog. Sparks welcomed him with delight, and then introduced us. He proved to be Mr. Robert Prendergast, no less, brother of the incomparable Miss Catherine. I waved all family traditions and greeted him like an uncle. He is remarkably fine looking—for a Prendergast. His manners are equal to his appearance. We got out another glass, and I soon learned from his remarks (though Sparks was none the wiser) that he, too, is on the inside. After spinning a few yarns we went ashore together and Sparks and Prendergast arranged some particulars about a cargo of fish. It happens that young Prendergast was on the lookout for the *Southern Cross* to give her freight for South America. He manages the Harbour Grace branch of their business, and visits the place about once a month during the summer. These "marchants" seem to have everything their own way, and go about their business with as much high-headed assurance as the Hudson's Bay Company factors. I believe the Prendergasts are the largest exporters and importers in the colony. Sparks assures me they are very satisfactory people to have dealings with. I hope you will always find it so, my boy. We found the town a dull place, though I believe it was gay enough ten years ago, and all three spent the evening aboard. Sparks played his banjo and Prendergast and I sang. I mixed the punch, and after a glass or two, I read to our visitor what we had written of the novel. Prendergast was greatly impressed, and in spite of all we could do, insisted upon sending a man ashore for his flute. But before the sailor was back with it Mr. Prendergast was sound asleep on the cabin locker. He is a delightful companion, but both Sparks and I are a bit shy of the flute. I have heard that it takes a man five years to learn to make a noise on an instrument of this kind, and another five to play a tune. Ten to one Prendergast has learned to make a noise. I hunted through my despatch box and unearthed a simple little bracelet engraved with the Farley motto—it belonged to my mother—and this I gave to Prendergast to convey to his sister with my sincerest wellwishes. He was delighted, and thought no more of the flute. It was still quite early when he left us for his quarters ashore. We expect to get close in to our wharf about noon, and begin taking our cargo of fish, in drums, right. Then it's up anchor for Rio Janiero."

Jack retailed a little of the contents of the letter to Tomkins. Then they went up to the house to look for lunch. Instead of

lunch they found the vicar, who returned their greeting stiffly and requested a moment's private interview with Mr. Tomkins. Farley retired to the kitchen and helped Jollops with the chops. Presently the vicar drove away and Tomkins appeared at the kitchen door. Dismay was depicted on his maiden cheeks and azure brow.

"Taken clear!" he remarked—"my middle stump."

Jack placed the chops on the dish and awaited further enlightenment. His friend's woe-begone countenance all but moved him to laughter. Fancy a full-grown man getting into such a funk simply because a parson—a brother parson—wigged him.

"You know I hold this job by the vicar's private appointment," continued the curate, "and now he says he's had enough of me. He has thought so for some time. The ladies in the village have told him that I do not attend to my duties—because I cut their sickening tea-parties." He looked at Jack.

"I'm glad you see the joke," he said.

"I don't, honestly," confessed Jack.

Tomkins kilted up the tails of his clerical coat and seated himself upon the edge of the coal-box. He smoothed his yellow hair with his white hands and sighed.

"Let us look up those chops before they get cold," suggested Farley. But Tomkins remained in his attitude of dejection.

"It's not only the spoiling of the eleven," he said, "but it hurts me professionally."

"Rot," exclaimed Jack. "Why, man, you've done your work. You're simply a bit unpopular with the ladies. I'll wager that the vicar himself is well enough satisfied with you."

"Who ever heard of a successful clergyman who was unpopular with the ladies?" enquired the curate.

For answer Jack dragged him into the dining-room by the arm.

Late that night, while Jack was lying in his narrow bed wide awake, a remarkable idea came to him, and without loss of time he began to make his plans. "I hope Uncle Farley will not object to being taken at his word," he thought—"A yacht and a private chaplain—my hat, but it will cost a pretty penny."

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY DISCORD.

Mr. Prendergast, seated at the head of the dinner-table, had been eyeing Catherine's left wrist for some time, over the wreck of grape stems on his dessert plate. Bob, who noticed the glances, sipped his port wearily. Catherine, all unconscious, chatted gaily with her mother. She sat forward in her chair, with her elbows on the table, and her pink knuckles under her chin. The threads of gold on her white wrist caught the candle light in a circle of yellow flame. Mr. Prendergast, for a man of large affairs, had a surprisingly acute eye for details.

"You have a new bracelet, Catherine," he said.

The girl's chatter died out in the middle of a sentence, and for an instant the color faded from her cheeks. Something about it all made Bob think of a bird, winged while in full flight across the open and the sunlight. The remark was followed by an awkward pause. Mrs. Prendergast blinked at the bracelet with an injured air, and Bob fumbled with a decanter in trying to fill his glass.

"Yes," replied the girl, turning her face toward her father.

"Something I brought home to her," said Bob.

"I wonder you did not show it to me," said her mother.

Mr. Prendergast was about to turn his attention to something of more importance when his wife leaned forward, and stared at the clasp of the bracelet with short-sighted eyes.

"Expectans—what is it?" she enquired.

The Honorable H. Hyde Prendergast straightened himself in his chair.

"Read it my dear," he said.

"Expectans Equito," read the lady slow-

ly. "and I am sure I do not know what it means."

"It means," remarked Mr. Prendergast in a voice very nicely modulated—"why it means deceit and disrespect."

"A more literal translation is 'waiting I ride,'" said Catherine.

The elder lady looked puzzled. She had not been born in the West Indies, and so may be pardoned for an ignorance of the Farley motto. Bob felt the blood tingling in his cheeks. Mr. Prendergast seemed to be feeling for his breath. Catherine alone appeared unmoved, and sat gazing at her father with polite unconcern in her clear eyes.

"This is in direct disobedience to my orders," said Mr. Prendergast at last.

"I believe you told me not to see, speak to, or communicate by mail, with Mr. Jack Farley," replied Catherine slowly, "and I have done none of these things."

"Why add anything more to the list of —ah—prevarications with which you have hoodwinked your parents during the past fourteen months?" enquired her father, gray with anger. His voice rang low and hard, with a note in it that his wife had never suspected. The girl rose from her chair, white and trembling.

"You have called me a liar," she said.

Bob spilled his wine and cursed confusedly under his breath.

"Perhaps you have not accepted a gift from Mr. Jack Farley," sneered Mr. Prendergast.

"I have accepted roses from him," replied Catherine, "and—and—they were very comforting."

Bob found his voice.

"I brought that bracelet to her from Colonel Montgomery Farley," he said. Catherine smiled at him, and he wondered at the change that had come so suddenly to the bright and beautiful mouth—though the eyes were still bright and the mouth still beautiful.

"Any other—ah, gentlemen?" enquired her father.

Mrs. Prendergast began to cry softly into [illegible]

"You will be very sorry for this," said Catherine.

"I am already," retorted Mr. Prendergast—"very, very sorry that a child of mine should deceive me, and disobey me, and disgrace me."

"Make it two," remarked Bob, huskily.

Catherine left the room, and her mother hurried after her, bent upon a course of petting and scolding. Her grasp of this sudden disturbance was still woefully incomplete. As soon as the door was shut Mr. Prendergast turned the vials of his wrath upon Bob. Bob heard him to the bitter end in silence. Then he gulped his wine and replied without fear. With respectful demeanor and quiet voice he stript his father's garment of pride and stupidity to tatters. Then, lighting a cigarette, he left the room, and Mr. Prendergast with his elbows among the dessert and his forehead between his hands wondering if he were really such a cad.

Bob lunched at the club that day and did not return home until close upon dinner time. He found Catherine chilly and polite with the others, and tender with him. His mother looked as if she had gone through with something more violent than a charity bazaar, and Mr. Prendergast's manner was strangely subdued and suggested the early Christian martyrs. Dinner was scarcely less cheerful than usual, and Bob retired early to the attic and his flute. He was tremendously relieved to find that the tempest had subsided without damaging the teapot.

There came a light knocking at the door and Catherine entered the room.

"You are a dear," she exclaimed, her eyes shining. Bob sighed and put down his flute.

"I promised again not to write to him," she said, "and I promised mother not to elope with him. I even promised to have her at my wedding should I ever marry."

"Well, you certainly have done it," said Bob, in disgust.

The girl smiled and looked at the blueprint on the wall.

"What a head for invention you have,"

she said, "and yet you are awfully stupid about some things."

"I am not stupid enough to bind myself with fool promises," retorted Bob. "I told the pater I'd choose my own friends, and if he did not like my choice I'd cut clear of the business and this house altogether."

"I shall keep my promises," said Catherine, slowly, "and much good may it do them. I shall respect my own word to the letter, but why should I consider the feelings of people who care nothing for my feelings."

"But you don't mean to cut up just to hurt them, do you?" enquired Bob, anxiously. "You'll play the game, Kitty? and the game is Farley, you know."

"Of course, I shall play the game—and it shall be my own game," replied the girl. "And you may help me," she added.

"Do you love Farley?" asked Bob.

"Yes," she said.

"Would it cut you up much if you never saw him again?"

"It would—it would break my heart," she whispered in a voice so intense that Bob wondered why he had asked.

"I'll help you for all I'm worth," he said, and took up his flute. But she pulled it away from him.

"He asked me to marry him," she said, "and then I told him to wait until father and mother were willing. But now I do not care. Do you understand, Bob?"

"Then why did you promise all those things," asked Bob.

"Oh, those are easily kept," she replied, laughing, "and I hate writing letters anyway. You are a splendid correspondent though."

Bob shook his head.

"Give me my whistle, that's a good girl, and enlighten me at your leisure. All I can say is it will be a gay wedding if the pater and mater attend. They'll sand-bag the parson, I'm afraid, and do for the bridegroom for sure. I wish I could think of some scheme to help you out."

Catherine puckered her brows.

"You must write to Jack," she said, "and —and—oh, ask him his intentions?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Bob.

"But you must," urged the girl. "Don't say I suggested it, for, of course, I know them, but do the anxious brother act off your own bat."

"He'll think I'm an ass," cried Bob. "Why, he is my friend."

"But we must start right," persisted Catherine.

"I don't call it good form," said he. "Surely you know his intentions?"

"Yes, but you are not supposed to know all that I know, stupid."

Next morning Bob mailed the following to his friend Jack Farley:

DEAR OLD CHAP:

We've had the devil of a row over that bracelet the Colonel gave Catherine. The pater went completely off his chump, and Catherine and I stuck out for liberty and the rights of man. We are once more at peace, of a patched-up kind. Catherine has taken the bit in her teeth, though she keeps her lips over it and looks about as docile as usual. Just what she is up to I can hardly say, but I am quite sure she will play her heart against family traditions to win. As I have never been fully taken into your confidence I am a good deal at a loss as to what to help her to in the way of advice. My father feels as pleasantly as ever towards you. Damn it, Jack, I can almost wish that we had been spared the doubtful blessings called grandfathers.

This sounds rather rotten, I know, but please read it right. I want to play the game, you see, and as the governor's rules don't suit me I'm looking for yours. It seems to me that, like it or not, duty has pushed me into the field. So forgive my cheek, and remember that this scrawl is written by an anxious brother and your sincere friend

R. PRENDERGAST.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE SPRING.

With the awakening of Spring life took on a gayer aspect in the northern colonial city. Lent was over and the conservatories bloomed with hyacinths and Bermuda lilies. Despite the grime and mud of the streets and the proverbial (and fictitious) odor of cod-fish, London gowns and Paris hats took the air as if all the world were there to see. Sir Hardwick Brice appeared in a spring overcoat and fawn-colored spats, and His Excellency the Governor, with a

bachelor's recklessness, ran his secretary a close second in the splendor of his attire. Bob Prendergast and young Burton and perhaps a dozen others had received bulky parcels from their London tailors in plenty of time for Easter Sunday.

Bob received a letter from Jack Farley, which relieved his mind of much of its burden and warmed him with a pleasurable glow of romantic anticipation. Jack proposed kidnapping and mentioned an intended trip to New York to buy a schooner-rigged yacht for the purpose. At the first reading Bob's breath fairly left him, but upon retailing the suggestion to Catherine, and noting the signs of pleasure in cheek and eye, he recovered himself and gave it his consideration.

"But how do you intend keeping your promises if he carries you away like a bally pirate?" he asked.

"I shall think it over," she replied calmly.

In this same letter Jack wrote that his intention was to win Catherine for his wife as speedily as possible, and that only her objection could turn him from it. Altogether the letter was eminently satisfactory, and Bob went about his business, and his pleasure with interest. So firm was his faith in the ability of these two lovers, now thoroughly roused to action, that he fell into a habit of looking upon his parents with no small degree of pity as people already sadly outwitted at a game which they themselves had brought upon the table.

One evening returning home early, he found Sir Hardwick Brice in the drawing-room and Catherine at the piano. He watched them for several seconds from the doorway. Catherine's gaze was not at the sheets of music before her, and she played softly, and even waywardly it seemed to Bob. The baronet sat in a low chair well from the piano with his immaculate hands folded upon his immaculate white waistcoat, and his eyes turned upon the player's back in [illegible] approval. Bob moved quietly away and continued his advance upon his attic dear. "Poor old Brice—[illegible]" he muttered cheerfully, as he ascended the stairs. It was true. Brice himself realized it with a pang of sweet regret, as he watched the slim back and white shoulders, neck and spell-weaving hands, and his past drifted across his inner vision like a foolish, unmeaning pantomime, and the future threw a rose-light upon a sunlight sky. Then the memory of a trinket found in the mud of the road came to him, and, for some whim, disturbed his peace.

"Am I really down," he wondered. "It seems so, or I would not be frightening myself with such ghosts as that. I am not much worse than forty. My figure is all that could be looked for in anyone but a tennis-player. And—beast that I am to consider it—I am a baronet." With a sigh unheeded by Catherine he returned to the contemplation of the rose-lit future. Catherine had her eyes fixed upon the wall behind the piano. Of course she did not see it, or she would have looked at something else. She saw a small portion of the rail of a vessel, and near it a tall young man in a long ulster, with a pipe in his mouth, and his cap pulled down. She did not ask if it were a memory of the past, a glimpse of the present, or a vision of the future. But she knew that the man was Jack Farley, and she could see his face as distinctly as if it were within the reach of her hand. Over and over again she read the love and determination in the brave eyes, and all the while she told her dream to the sympathetic key-board, and it understood, being wiser than the baronet.

Bob, high up in his own room, with no engagements to distract him, put on slippers and smoking-coat, lit his pipe and fell to work upon a letter of importance. It was to a New York lawyer and capitalist, and concerned a copper mine (at this time a patch of cheerless rock and thin soil) in Notre Dame Bay. Bob was sure of a good thing in this claim, having examined the site and the ore himself, and was anxious to develop it immediately himself, and upon a large scale. His father had refused to come into it, having scattered a good deal of money around the coast in similar ventures, and Bob was forced to look for foreign capi-

tal. His letter to the New Yorker concerned also their mutual friend, Jack Farley. He suggested that Barcomb, the lawyer, should come north in the early summer with Farley, and see the copper deposit for himself. Then he told what he knew of Jack's plans (saying nothing of their purpose), named a figure for a half-interest in the mine, and concluded the epistle with an offer of the hospitality of the whole island. Feeling that he had not only done a good bit of business, but had also fulfilled a social duty to a friend by writing the letter, he retired to bed with his pipe, his flute, and a copy of *The Field*. Contentment wrapt him round, for his new clothes fitted him, he had taken a little trouble for friendship's sake, and life was full of entertainment. He fell asleep at last and dreamed that Jack and Catherine were standing on a sunlit "landwash" hand in hand, watching bars of copper being turned out of the solid rock by his patent pulp-wood barker.

Sir Hardwick Brice returned to Government House and spent a restless night, now vowing that he did not care a rap for the girl, and next moment certain that he would die for her. When sleep came to him a little while before dawn, it brought no vision of Catherine, but many disturbing dreams of his infirm old mother, with her ancient, priceless jewelry, calculating eyes and disdain of anything and everything "Colonial." When his man awoke him at nine-thirty he sat up with the uneasiness of the night still upon him, and wondered for a moment what it was that had disturbed his heart's equilibrium. Uncertainty had him in its clutches all the morning, and after lunch he went riding with young Burton. Burton seemed in no better humor than the baronet, and spent the first few miles in cursing the roads, the man who had shod his horse, the cost of living, and the emptiness of existence. His companion's bad temper at length began to amuse Sir Hardwick, and presently lighting a cigar, he found himself returned to his usual buoyant frame of mind. Trotting easily where the road permitted, but scrambling for the most part, they were soon beyond the low ridge of spruces and tumbled rocks, and lost sight of the dingy roofs of the town and the green waters of the harbor. Before them the road held on across an uneven barren, and was little better than a trail. Save when it edged round some giant boulder of granite, it was noiseless and yielding to the horses' hoofs. Before them, and several miles distant, the Atlantic rode in, everlastingly shattering its squadrons against the courageous cliffs. About them lay the barrens, varied, alluring, and voiceless as the grave. The faces of the scattered ponds were now and then darkened by a passing flaw of wind. The knolls of granite and reviving moss shone in the sunlight. The "spruce-tuck," stunted, twisted, and black, crowded in the shallow valleys. Brown and level basins of mud, soon to be crisscrossed by the delicate foot-prints of the snipe, glistened like upturned mirrors or discarded shields. All this lay in, or crept out of, a lifeless setting of brown and gray bog-moss, knee-deep, and heavy as a sodden sponge. In the Autumn the barrens are dry and warm, and grouse feed in the covers and across the berry-decked knolls, but to some people they are always beautiful, luring with a promise of mingled delight and heart-ache. Even in spring they have their fascination.

Brice rode with his attention all given to the landscape, and even Burton felt a little of the charm of this desolate country of his. The horses chose their own pace and shuffled comfortably along the damp trail. There was no glint of wing. The wind passed over the knolls and the valleys with noiseless feet, and only the cold waters of the ponds stirred at his passage. The smoke of the baronet's cigar trailed across the sunlight in their tracings of vivid blue.

Suddenly, unheralded by any sound, appeared a black mare and a lady in a riding habit around an elbow of the trail ahead. The lady was Catherine Prendergast. She walked with the bridle over one arm and her long skirt held up under the other. Her slender riding-boots shone against the dull loam of the path. The men drew up and lifted their hats. She greeted them gaily

and without embarrassment, but they saw that her eye-lids were red, and that upon her cheeks gleamed a moisture suggestive of tears.

"I'm in luck to meet you" she cried. "for I think one of my girths is unsafe."

Brice and Burton dismounted simultaneously and collided in the narrow way. Burton was the first to reach the mare.

"It looks all right," he bagan, but the baronet shut him up by stamping heavily on his toe.

"I think it will last if I pull it up a hole," said Brice, fumbling gravely with the buckle. His eyes sought those of Burton across the saddle, and Burton blushed and held his peace. After helping Catherine up, they waited at their horses' heads in indecision. She thanked them, smiling beautifully from one to the other, and starting the mare into a brisk trot, cried "good-bye" over her shoulder. Sir Hardwick grinned whimsically at his companion.

"Would you make a liar of a lady for a little thing like a saddle girth?" he remarked.

"I am an ass," was all Burton could find to say in reply.

Presently they turned and followed the hoof-prints of the black mare back to town. But Burton wondered what she had been crying about.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MASKED BALL.

Young Burton advanced upon the side entrance of Government House in his father's carriage. He alone represented his family at such frivolities as this. Very elegantly he reposed on one seat and rested his feet on the other. His brow was tragic. He inhaled the smoke of his cigarette with the air of one not to be intimidated by either man or devil. He was in a very bad way, thanks to the charms and seeming heartlessness of Miss Prendergast. Descending from the carriage under the porte-cochere, he stumbled against a man in a brown ulster, a cloth cap, and a silk mask, and his card-board breast-plate (he stood for Porthos) was dinted by the contact. He swore gently.

"I beg your pardon, but this place is so damn poorly lit," he added, peering at the chin of the unknown. His remark was answered by a silent bow. They went together into the dressing-room and there the unknown discarding his ulster and cap, appeared as a tall and broad-shouldered Elizabethan beau. His costume was rich, but looked as if it had been hurriedly donned. Burton noticed that his kid gloves of a lilac hue, were already on, and that his mask was a full two inches longer than any others in the place. There was something familiar about the shoulders. Was it Benson? No, too tall by an inch. Was it Wally of the *Alert?* Perhaps, though someone had told him that Wally intended representing Neptune. Anyway, what did it matter to a man with a shattered heart and a headache from too many cigarettes? He tosssed back his cloak, hitched up his rapier, and, advancing upon the gay throng within, quickly forgot the quiet Elizabethan courtier.

Masks were not to be removed until after the first two dances—the whim of His Excellency's sister, Mrs. Hampton,—until the masks were off dance-cards were not to be filled. Bob Prendergast, in the garb of a Spanish buccaneer, stood beside Catherine awaiting the music of the opening waltz. Catherine was wonderfully and beautifully gowned, and knew herself what she represented. Bob did not. Suddenly she touched his arm.

"Here comes Sir Hardwick," she said.

The secretary wore a court suit, several orders, and a narrow mask.

"Remember this is your dance," she whispered to Bob.

The secretary came to a halt and bowed.

"May I have the pleasure of this?" he murmured.

Close upon his heels trod the tall gentleman in the lilac gloves.

"I am sorry, but I am already engaged for this," replied Catherine.

Sir Hardwick moved on. The orchestra struck up.

"This must be ours," said he of the incongruous gloves.

The voice was low and unnatural. Catherine drew herself up and Bob stared for a brace of seconds. Then he leaned toward Catherine.

"Expectans Equito," he whispered—"but remember your promises."

Next moment Catherine found herself among the waltzers with one hand upon Jack Farley's arm, and one in his hand, and his arm about her waist.

"If you have promised not to speak to me, dearest, I will do all the talking," he said. "I heard about this masked ball just in time to invite myself and come. I was in New York. Her chin touched his arm just below the shoulder.

"When the masks are off," he said, "I shall slip away and leave you to the others. But next time I come—" he paused, as they narrowly avoided Sir Hardwick and a lady in yellow. "I shall not run away then—alone—unless you—"

Catherine lifted her chin from his arm.

"I forget if I promised not to speak to you," she said, "but now I do not care what I promised. As they have tried to break my heart I think I may break my word."

"Your dear heart," he breathed into her ear.

"Hold it safe," she replied, with a rare ecstacy of tone on her quiet voice.

"It lights the world for me," he said huskily, "and the touch of your lips that night in the dark—"

"Jack, you must have dreamed."

"I have dreamed it a thousand times since then."

Just then they collided with a weighty couple.

"Shall we rest?" suggested Catherine.

"Please—outside somewhere," said Farley.

He guided her through the crush of dancers and then followed her into the conservatory.

The third number on the programmme was a two-step, and through it Catherine led the governor's secretary at a killing pace. Masks were off, but nowhere in the room could young Burton detect the Elizabethan courtier in the lilac gloves. He looked at his dance-card, upon the tinted surface of which he had scrawled a few names, and saw that he was free for the next two dances. Procuring his cigarette-case from his overcoat pocket he strolled out to one of the lawns. The night air was none too warm. Overhead the black crests of the trees swung against a sky scarcely less black. Burton moved quietly across the damp grass and was about to set a light to a cigarette when he was arrested, match in hand, by the sound of Bob Prendergast's voice. He returned the match-box noiselessly to his pocket.

"It is a dashed shame, old chap, that you should have to dodge around like this," said Bob.

"We'll try to put an end to that," someone replied, "and I'll tell you straight, Bob, this is no night to pity me."

'Did you say a schooner?" inquired Prendergast.

"Yes, and a new one. Barcomb helped me find her, and I left Tomkins beating down the price," the other voice made answer.

Burton stole nearer.

"It seems a good deal like pirating, but I'll help you to it," said Bob.

"We must have our plans cut and dried. Catherine thinks some time in June or July, and a straight start from one of the northern bays would be a good idea. If you could—" Just then the speaker was interrupted by a smothered curse from Mr. Burton, who, in creeping closer, had stumbled over the iron pole of a garden-roller. Before he could straighten himself his neck was in the clutch of crushing fingers.

"Now then, keep your mouth shut," admonished a voice in his ear.

A wax-match was struck and held up.

Bob laughed.

"Why it's only good old Baby Burton," he exclaimed.

Farley released his captive and lowered

the muscular and ready hand to the grasp of the other's.

"Why, yes, I think we have seen each other before. Sorry I grabbed you like that. Had no idea it was you. Second time we've met to-night, hey."

"Not at all. Deuced glad to see you. Don't mention it. Just came out to have a puff," replied Burton, between gasps.

"See here," said Bob, "I wish you would run in and cheer up the ladies. Farley and I have something to talk over of a very private nature, if you don't mind, and our time is limited. And, I say, don't mention this meeting with Farley for the life of you. We are trying to work someone out of a copper claim, and a word of his visit to the island would spoil the whole game."

"I'm off," said Burton, good naturedly, "and mum's the word—now and at supper. Sorry you can't stay for a glass of it, Farley."

He lit his cigarette and retraced his steps to the side door of the house.

"Wish people wouldn't take me for such an everlasting silly fool," he muttered. "Why, it's easy! Copper?—in your eye! Last fall he was here on the same business. Ran into him at the club. Well, I am sorry for that silly ass, Brice."

In the contemplation of the baronet's threatened downfall he almost forgot his own discomfort. As he returned to the ballroom he smiled broadly.

"And that prig, Prendergast, really seemed to think that I have nothing to do but obey him, and keep his rotten secrets," he remarked. Presently he was waltzing faultlessly with Catherine.

Sir Hardwick took Catherine in to supper, and together they engaged in a comfortable repast. The champagne had been chosen by the baronet himself, and game, salads and jellies were in accordance with the wine. Catherine made a picture of eating, but her mind was busy with Jack's affairs, and her heart in a strong glow with the memory of him. They had entered the supper room among the last, and by the time the baronet was through with his peach the room was nearly empty.

"If I could only manage a cigarette," he sighed. Then came inspiration to Catherine.

"If we could find a quiet corner," she said, "I am sure I would not mind. We are such old friends, you know, and I really enjoy the smell of cigarette smoke."

Sir Hardwick's heart leapt so merrily at the good-fellowship of the lady's words, and the prospect of a Melachrino, that it felt quite uncomfortable against his supper.

"I know a nook in the fern-house with two chairs in it where Rosehaw and I often smoke on wet days," he replied, "and I'll blow all the smoke onto the plants."

"But will it not be too damp," suggested the girl.

"Dear me, the last fern it has seen was kept there by John Cabot," replied Brice, "and now it's so dry that two geraniums and some broken flower pots are the only things we can keep there."

They found the nook, which was shielded from the main conservatory by a couple of palms in the doorway, and no sooner had the good-natured secretary lit his cigarette than Catherine bent toward him, and lifted her clear eyes to his, and told him her romance. The baronet sat quiet and motionless throughout the narrating of it, as one stunned. "And you,—you are so clever and know the world so well—you will help me," she concluded softly.

Sir Hardwick sighed and the Melachrino reeked its fragrant blue life away, unheeded, between his fingers.

"It is all so unfair. What has Jack ever done to any of our family? Why should I suffer because our ancestors drank too much and acted like fools?" she said presently.

"You must not suffer," replied the baronet. He did not look at her just then, but puffed nervously at his cigarette. He remembered then the fears he had entertained as to what his mother would think of a colonial daughter-in-law, and he saw himself as a stout, middle-aged, calculating fool.

"You must let me know your plans. I shall be more than delighted to help you. In fact, Miss Catherine, I—"

But she quickly placed both her hands

upon one of his, and silenced him with laughing expressions of gratitude.

During the afternoon of the day following, the governor's masked ball, Burton accosted Sir Hardwick, on the golf-course above the town. He told him of Jack Farley, of his attendance, uninvited, at Government House, and what he himself thought of it all. The baronet opened his cigar-case, and selected a weed without offering one to Burton.

"You seem to be troubling yourself unwarrantably about other people's affairs," he said.

"But—why, I thought I was doing you a friendly turn," Burton hastened to reply.

"I once heard you call yourself an ass," said the baronet, urbanly smiling, "and if you will please do it again you'll save me the trouble."

CHAPTER XII.

THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE.

Mrs. Hampton was a lady of some thirty-four years of age and possessed of an adventurous spirit. She had a husband—a thin, tea-hued Anglo-Indian, whom she loved tenderly, but got along very well without, and whom her brother, the governor, disliked in his quiet way. Her husband was looking after his affairs in some unnamable quarter of the Indian Empire at this time, and she was keeping house in the Northern colony, for her bachelor brother. She was a charming hostess, and a lady of wide and varied information. It has been said—true, only by a midshipman—that she knew more about horses than a vet., a great deal more of history than Judge P., and as much of men and women as the inmates of a ward-room. Her knowledge of books seemed unlimited—at least to the aforementioned middy. Add to all this that she was pretty, a good friend and nothing of a flirt, and managed her brother without his knowledge of it, and you will understand Sir Hardwick Brice's warm regard and high consideration for the lady. She was the power behind the throne, and only the throne was ignorant of the fact.

Close upon noon of a day soon after the masked ball, Sir Hardwick, pipe in hand, found Mrs. Hampton reading a book in a red covers, on the east lawn. He glanced at the volume. "What, those animal stories," he exclaimed, in dismay. She closed the book sharply and looked at him with an air of disapproval.

"You should bring your troubles to me at breakfast," she said.

"But Harry, my dear lady," expostulated the baronet.

"Oh, yes, and he, too, will soon be looking for me. His trouble is with the French, over a fisherman's lobsterpots, but I think I fixed it for him yesterday with M. d'Arency," replied the lady.

"You are a treasure to the Government and to your friends, Mrs. Hampton," exclaimed the secretary.

The lady laughed. "And you men get the credit," she said—"Sir Henry Rosehaw, K.C.M.G., late of the Colonial Office, and that invaluable man, Sir Hardwick Brice, Bart., LL.D., etc., late Chief Justice of I don't know where—little wonder that in such master-hands, the affairs of the colony prosper."

"But really, my dear lady," cried the baronet, "would you have me write home to the Colonial Secretary that Mrs. Hampton is running the shop? To begin with, Harry would deny it."

"And you?" she asked.

"Oh, I'd stick by my chief."

"Of all the ungrateful—why, I have no words to express my contempt for you," she cried.

"It must be pretty bad," said the baronet. Mrs. Hampton smiled pleasantly, and after glancing about her, returned to the perusal of the stories.

"Please leave the domestic affairs of the polite porcupine alone for a little while," begged Sir Hardwick, "and gave me some light on a very entertaining and complicated matter." He told her Catherine's story, and the amount of attention she gave to the narrative was all that could be desired.

"How do you come to be mixed up in this Mr. Farley's love affairs," she asked, eyeing him severely. The baronet laughed awkwardly, but seated himself upon the grass at her feet, with his usual grace.

"Be careful, or you will catch your death of cold," said the lady, and she moved further along the bench upon which she was seated.

"Death—the comforter," murmured the baronet, with an exaggerated sigh. But he changed his seat.

"I suspected as much," replied Mrs. Hampton.

"You see," said Sir Hardwick, "I do not know Farley. Have seen him once or twice, though."

"You take him on trust, then."

"His recommendations are good, my dear lady."

"I know his uncle, Colonel Farley. If he is on the lady's side it must be all right," she said.

"Oh, I can answer for the lady's side of it," said he, with some show of feeling.

"I should never have given her credit for such daring," remarked Mrs. Hampton.

"Really," replied the baronet, "I do not see anything so unusual about it."

"Have your eyes tested," advised the lady.

"I have looked at the affair with my heart," said the baronet, with his left hand upon the front of his waistcoat.

"You sentimental?" she cried.

"Philanthropically so," he explained.

"This is as good as a play," she exclaimed.

"It will cost you more," said the baronet, quietly.

"But I intend taking part in it on the stage," she said.

"Thank you," he whispered, "I knew you would. But I'm afraid it will cost more to play than to look on."

Mrs. Hampton recovered her book.

"Now run away and leave me with the entertaining porcupine," she said, "but let me know what that troublesome man does with his yacht and I shall do the rest."

Sir Hardwick took himself off, wondering what interest a lady with the affairs of men and women to attend to, could find in porcupines.

"Beastly things with quills in 'em, as far as I know," he said.

That day was full of business for Sir Henry Rosehaw. He had no sooner finished discussing the case of the lobster-fisher with his secretary, and then with his sister, than a newspaperman from New York interviewed him on the mineral outlook of the island. In the afternoon he decided to ride, but Mrs. Hampton made him come with her to make an informal call upon the Prendergasts. No sooner had they entered the Prendergasts' house than she threw him at Catherine (figuratively speaking), and he wondered what game she was up to.

"Surely she doesn't want me to marry?" he thought, blindly, as Catherine, lovely and sadly smiling, led him to the tea-table.

Soon he was interested in the girl, in spite of his vague fears. He had never noticed her especially before. Now he saw her beauty, and the wistful tenderness of her eyes. He marked the fine quality of her voice and the charm of her conversation. Ever and anon he cast furtive glances at Mrs. Hampton, trying to get his cue or some hint of her game. That lady, however, seemed to pay him not the slightest attention. So he drank enough tea to spoil a thirst for anything he might get later at the club, and was vastly interested in Miss Prendergast. At last his sister dragged him away. As they strolled homeward she remarked, casually—"How sorry I am for poor Catherine Prendergast."

"Why?" he enquired.

"Because she is unhappy."

"Thought she looked it—about the eyes, don't you know. But she seems fit enough other ways," said the governor.

"Poor girl," sighed Mrs. Hampton.

His Excellency turned and looked at her.

"Really, Nell," he said, "you don't often seem so cut up. What's the matter with the girl? Hasn't she enough money to throw about, or is it that she has some internal trouble?"

"She has money enough—but I shall not

tell you anything more, just now," replied the lady. He had to be content with that, and excusing himself on the plea of important business, left her to return to Government House alone. Lighting à cigarette and swinging his stick, he shaped his course for the club. He had not gone far before he sighted his secretary driving alone in a high, yellow cart. Sir Hardwick waited, and his chief got up beside him.

"You look festive," said the baronet. "Where have you been?"

"Calling at the Prendergasts," answered the governor.

Sir Hardwick saw the work of the master-hand, but said nothing.

"Dashed sad thing about Miss Prendergast," continued Rosehaw—"If it's true."

"True enough," replied Brice.

"She looks in fair condition," said the other, "but appearances are rather apt to fool people, I believe."

"Especially when that's the intention," said the secretary.

The governor did not think this remark worth considering.

"She should have it seen to," he said.

"Seen to?" enquired Brice.

"Why, yes—the internal trouble," said Rosehaw.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the baronet, "what are you talking about? Why, she's as—as—well, a dashed sight sounder than you. You would know if you'd ever two-stept with her."

He laughed quietly.

"Glad you are able to see your own jokes—I'm not," said the governor.

"Forgive me," Sir Hardwick hastened to say, "but where did you pick up that rot—I mean information."

"From Mrs. Hampton," replied the other, shortly.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROMANCISTS.

The barquentine *Southern Cross*, seventeen days up, from Rio, lay off Bridgetown, Barbadoes, waiting for the doctor to come alongside. She had left part of her cargo of fish in Rio, and part in Perhambuco, and now carried about fifty tons of sand for ballast, and a part cargo of coffee and furniture wood. Her captain, romantic soul, had an idea of starting a trade between the forests of Brazil and the furniture factories of St. Johns. The doctor came off in a gig with a striped awning, and after friendly greetings, and some reference to a story that Sparks had told him several years before, requested them to dump their ballast, before taking up their berth inside the harbor.

Colonel Farley, leaning over the rail aft, attired in a pyjamas and a pith helmet, gave audible vent to his displeasure.

"What's the matter now?" enquired the doctor, looking up.

"The matter," replied the colonel, "is that I want to get ashore immediately, and find a drink with ice in it."

Sparks hastened to introduce them.

"Show your tongue, Colonel Farley, an' I'll give you a clean bill an' take you ashore with me now," said the medical officer.

The colonel shook his head.

"I'll not take a drink without the skipper, sir, even if it has ice in it," he explaned.

"Trusty comrade," exclaimed the mariner.

Dr. Deveber told his men to pull away. "I'll send off enough for both of you," he called back,—"but you'll be shifting the old tub before sundown."

Hatches were cleared, buckets rigged, and the mate and the crew, keen as the colonel to get ashore, set to work on the ballast with a will. Sparks and the colonel retired to the cabin and set about revising the pages of their last chapter. It was a long chapter and contained many points upon which the authors differed.

"I bow to your superior knowledge in all matters of seamanship, marine disaster, and women," said Farley, "but you must admit that my handling of an infantry captain should be truer than yours."

"It's true enough," admitted Sparks, "but it strikes me as stiff."

"But, my dear chap, the fellow himself was stiffer than the devil," cried the colonel.

That was as near as they ever came to a misunderstanding of any kind. The next point under the discussion was a matter of grammar. Sparks, after raising the question, washed his hands of it, by saying that English grammar was beneath the notice of anyone who had sailed around the world. The colonel racked his brains trying to recall the long neglected elementary scholarship of Eton and his youth. At last they decided to rewrite the whole paragraph.

"We're strong on spelling, anyway," remarked the cheerful sailor. In the meantime Mr. Pike and the crew sweated in the hold and at the winch. Presently a bumboat pulled alongside and a bag of ice, several bottles, and a packet of letters were handed up. The cook carried them aft to the cabin. Most of the mail was for the captain, his comrade having failed to leave an address behind him at any of his clubs. One letter, however, was for the colonel.

"From Jack," he said, and before opening it cracked the ice and packed it around two of the bottles, all in the cook's bread-pan. Sparks perused his business letters with a casual air, and hurried to his newspapers, the first of which he opened at a page headed "Literary Chat."

"Before long they'll be writin' this sort of information about us," he remarked. "How'll it sound, colonel? Colonel Montgomery Farley (retired), part author of the well-known novel, 'The High Seas of Life,' wears pyjamas while on ship-board, likes his coffee hot and his eggs boiled three minutes, and bathes frequently. William Dickenham Sparks, master-mariner and collaborator with Colonel Farley, in the creation of 'The High Seas of Life,' always writes by dictation, and dotes on primroses. To a representative of ours he said, only yesterday, 'Yes, as you have already guessed, the best parts of the novel are mine.'"

By this time the colonel had read Jack's letter, and without heeding his friend's frivolous remarks, exclaimed, "Bless my soul, Sparks, that boy has taken me at my word and will be the ruin of me."

"Jack?" enquired the skipper, immediately interested.

The other nodded.

"Then don't fret," said Sparks. "I'd leave my daughter, let alone my fortune, in his hands, if I had one."

"Which?" asked Farley.

Without replying the sailor took up a page of the manuscript, neatly inscribed in the colonel's small, round hand, and read aloud with gusto. The colonel, smiling placidly, leaned back on the locker and gave ear. They were thus employed, when a small man with a red beard, quietly entered the cabin. The stranger, after a quick and comprehensive glance, paused at the door and listened. Neither of the romancists noticed him. Sparks finished his reading with a victorious lift of the voice.

"Not half bad, by Jove," said Colonel Farley.

"Capital," exclaimed the stranger.

"Damme! Do you take this for a Thames collier?" cried Sparks, flaring up and turning upon the intruder.

The colonel stiffened himself on the locker and stared at the stranger with something of his old air of well-bred insolence.—a look that said plainly enough, "dash your impudence."

"I must beg your pardon, gentlemen," the stranger hastened to say, "but the men were so busy that I came right in. My name's Jones. Deveber gave me a note of introduction."

He passed the captain a folded page torn from a note-book, upon which was written in pencil, "My friend, S. Bailey Jones, of Boston. A good chap and a publisher. Been down in these parts for his health nearly a year."

They shook him by the hand and seated him upon the locker.

They uncorked the bottles and set a glass before him.

"A publisher," whispered Sparks to the colonel, as their heads came together above the corkscrew. Mr. Jones proved himself a good chap indeed. He would not budge from the barquentine until her ballast was all out, and his new friends were ready to go

ashore with him. By that time he had heard, with delight, seven chapters of the great romance. S. Bailey Jones was one of those delightful persons who combine scholarship, business ability, love of good fellowship and the unusual, and courage enough to face ill-health, all in one frail body.

"The world is full of gentlemen, if one only takes trouble to leave his club and look about him," said the colonel to Sparks.

During the next couple of weeks Sparks was a busy man, superintending the loading of his barquentine with molasses. But he spent his evenings and nights ashore with the colonel and Jones. They had rooms out of town, at "The Marine." When the people of Bridgetown heard that a Farley was in the island they flooded that worthy personage with invitations of every kind. It was too warm for literary work, anyway, so he gave himself up to the social whirl. Jones, who went everywhere, kept near him, and once or twice he even managed to drag Sparks, resplendent in a suit of white duck, in his frivolous wake. But in the presence of parasols and tea-cups, the romantic little mariner displayed a woeful lack of both courage and wit.

The molasses was all abroad and the hatches down. Decks and bulwarks were scrubbed clear of the sticky, high-scented leakage. The windlass, foreward, was mended and a new mizzen-gaff set up. Sparks fixed his papers and settled the bills, and not finding the colonel at the club, left a message to the effect that all their traps were aboard, and that, D.V., they would sail at sunrise. Then, with a shilling cigar between his teeth, he set out toward the resident quarters of the town in search of his friend. He had dined well, and now, with the stress and worry of the uncongenial toil behind him, and new ideas for the story already working in his brain, he sauntered along in a glorious frame of mind. He was at peace with the world and didn't care who knew it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

The National Monthly Magazine
Is the best in Canada that I have seen;
It is Canada first in every thought,
What every Canadian should be taught.

It is just the thing our country needs,
It is sowing good Canadian seed;
Of Canada, the Publisher is filled to the brim,
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In less than two years of publication
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The illustrations in it are the best that's made,
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THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER XV.

PRAIRIE JOTTINGS.

THE drive home across the prairie is made leisurely. All day, the wind was like the fiery breath of some monstrous dragon that panted upon us, but now the winds were cooler and blew their own freshness into us. There were no clouds, or only faint pencilings and voyaging wisps scarcely discernible. The smell of ripening grasses and the vague health-giving scents from the field filled my senses with delight. The horses stood, while here and there, knee-deep, waist-deep, we gathered huge bunches of mead flowers, those dainty darlings of Nature!

This pretty crimson flower is called "the prairie chicken," sometimes "the shooting star." Its pose is full of spirit. What armfulls of yellow wild sunflowers, and buttercups, too, with their golden-varnished petals! The vetches look for all the world like little yellow butterflies that are sleeping after a long caper in the sunshine. How blessed old Linnæus would have joyed his soul in this floral elysium, this color-glory!

The buffalo apples are about the size of green-gages, and grow low on the ground. They are good for pickles, and the children eat them raw. The wild cotton, which grows in the swale grass, with rootstocks deep in the mud, is too delicate to stand plucking. It loses its head straightway. Its waving airy appendage tempts you into the bog. A solid bit of turf near the edge looks substantial. You step out on it only to find deception and lies. It is a bottomless pit.

The fireweed, castilleias, and bluebells are more substantial, and we gather such lilies —great lucent red blooms that burn like sacred lamps in their shrines of dark green.

Browning saw flowers best, and for him, the lily

"At the end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
Like a thin, clear bubble of blood."

Humanity was first placed in a garden. Would they had stayed there. Our manners had been better, for one has it that no lily was ever guilty of vulgarity. The trees sigh and sing: they never swear.

All the way, we saw prairie grouse keeping a sharp lookout for tea time. In the autumn they become wilder, for the first few shots puts them on edge. How ill-balanced and gawky are the gestures of the wild ducks as they wobble through the air in search of food for their yellow-gaped, skinny weaklings. The mother-bird takes entire charge of the brood herself, for the dandified drake deserts her as soon as there is any possibility of his having nursery duties thrust upon him. He is almost human in his selfishness. The Manitoba sportsmen do not hunt the duck afoot. They drive from one tarn to another and shoot from the buggy.

A night-hawk fluttered from the prairie just in time to escape our horse's hoofs. Its plumage is mottled and the color of dust. Every turn of the trail opened up some new vista or stirred up some animal or bird. Now, our attention was attracted to "Opeechee, the robin" with his clear ringing military call, or to that sweet-voiced troubadour of the plains, the meadow-lark. Perhaps it was a flock of wild doves sunning themselves that we saw, or a swarm of butterflies chasing each other into the sky, for the mere fun of the thing, and now and then, a hawk swooped out of the upper regions like a feathered thunderbolt.

How full of movement is all the scene! The prairie fairly teems with life, with flowers, and badgers and with Jack-rabbits that

are as big as English hares. The gophers sit and stare at you with prodigious mendacity. They only need opera-glasses or lorgnettes to make them members of society. If you are an innocent Easterner the people out here will tell you that the government surveyors used the gophers for pegs. Be sure and take it all in. It will give them "the laugh" on you.

In the half-light, a sneaky figure slurred away in the distance. It was the Ishmaelite of the prairie, the coyote. His bark is a half-keyed shriek that suggests the lamentation of a lost soul in Sheol.

In the evening we visited a tent on the prairie, where a little Indian girl of five years lay dying of a brain affection. We had been in many a death chamber, but never one like this. In every scene it is two or three impressions that are stamped on the mind. Here, it was the snuffling of dogs, the stifling heat of the fire, prostrate forms of sleeping children, the stertorous breathing of the dying girl, a vivid red cross on a box the doctor had left, and in a half-light, the strong, sweet face of the school nurse.

The father, John Noel, is a Sioux Indian. When he was but the age of this dying child, his tribe fought the Crees on the spot where Brandon now stands. He, alone of all his people, was left alive. After wandering sometime on the prairie, the little fellow was found and cared for by a white man.

When the Indians die, they are buried with the whites in the cemetery on the plains. I walked over the little necropolis one day and read the epitaphic literature. Some of it was the crude manufacture of the home muse, but all was pathetic. Some few of the "stones" were made of boards painted white, with sprawling black letters and an attempt at ornamentation. A plain wooden cross with no name marked one grave. Another bore Masonic symbols, and barbed wire protected a third from possible stray animals. In this cemetery rests the body of Mrs. Vidal, late of Sarnia, Ontario. For years, she was the lady superintendent of the Indian Schools at Elkhorn, and to this day her charm of manner, breadth of intellect, and kindliness of heart are remembered and spoken of with deep affection by her friends and co-workers. And she must have had a remarkable character, for she has left the stamp of it on the handsome face and strong, gracious personality of her daughter and successor, Mrs. A. E. Wilson, the wife of the principal.

There was one grave, I forget whose, but it bore the words, "*Then* death rock me to sleep." The words bothered me for days. Do any of us ever come to "then"? When is then. When the time that we willingly resign life. Someway or other we prefer to endure the headaches, heartaches, and festers of the mortal body rather than pass willingly to the inheritance of an incorruptible body, even though it enable us to stand with undazed eyes before the glare and glory of the great white throne. But what odds about our feelings, what odds about the when of "then," the inexorable Dustman will rock us whether or no. We may cry and plead wakefulness, we may offer bribes and fees, or we may be very tired and drop off soon, but what odds to the grim nurse, for he is deaf, and blind, and dumb.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEAUTIFUL PLAINS.

Carberry is a flourishing place. It has one hundred telephones. It is a four-elevator town. Perhaps there are several more since I saw it for progress with a capital P prevails in this part. Villages are rated in Manitoba by their elevators, for they are the outward and visible signs of inward and material riches. Barns are not plentiful after you leave Ontario, indeed, they are rare enough to be noticeable. There has been, however, a barnward tendency of late. Formerly the farmers could not afford to hold over their grain until the next spring, but now, being richer and increased in goods, they are not forced to market their cereals disadvantageously. This has called for the erection of granaries.

The country hereabout is as "level-headed" as the men who hold it. The clay,

a black soot-like alluvium left by some post glacial deluge thousands of years ago, is practically inexhaustible in richness.

Leaving the village behind us, we set out one fine morning to visit a cattle farm some miles to the north. What a pleasure to lie back and resign oneself to the keen delight of swift motion and bounding blood! This is the climate, beautiful and bright, where

"The lungs with the living gas grow light,
And the limbs feel the strength of ten;
While the chest expands with the maddening might
God's glorious Oxygen."

The prairie inspires you with a sense of freedom. Perhaps it is because there are no restrictive fences or boundaries. And what a sight to eyes undimmed by familiarity! Thousands upon thousands of acres of wheat without a straw out of order, their tips just breaking into gold. The hot winds tossed it about in a cadenced refrain, and played upon its yielding harpstrings till it actually laughed and sang. This will be a hearty harvest-home for Manitoba. Their bins of wheat will be bins of yellow gold. In imagination you may thrust your arms deep down into the sliding, slippery, sheeny stuff. It is as hard to clutch, as hard to hold as the minted metal. It is to these very plains that the world is turning its eyes for food, for the song of the Manitoba binder has been heard round the earth. The wise tell us that could Imperial Rome have only grown sufficient wheat in Italy to feed her legions, she would still be mistress of the world. But her glory has departed and the Lords of the World are they that have the mastership of wheat. It is a big bid Canada will make for it.

After an hour's drive through the wheat, our route lay through an undulating country, covered with wild cherries, prairie willows, clumps of hazel nuts, roses, and scrubby oaks that looked like dwarf apple trees. Indeed, it seemed as if a bit of everything grew except Canadian thistles, and there is a fine for the man who lets these pests propagate on his soil. Twice we drove over a graded railway that lies unfinished. It was intended to run from Souris to the [illegible] and was to be the direct torate of Mr. Alexander Young, of Toronto. There is no possibility of its being completed.

Pine Creek is a clear little stream that runs when the thermometer is at 40 deg. below zero. The water felt that now. The stockmen of the ranch we had come to visit use it as a refrigerator. They have thrown a pole across it, to which are tied pails of milk that sink into the cooling waters.

Hundreds of cattle are enclosed in this range. We drive through the grazing ground up to our hubs in grass, over shrubs, chaparral, up and down hills, and all the time among cattle well-fed and sleek as seals.

Farther west, the animals are sometimes raised on air, and free air, too, but in Manitoba the meadows are lush and sweet. The drawback is—there is always one—the cattle must be fed in the winter. This is why the stockmen lay up a goodly supply of provender.

With ordinary luck, the animals reared on the ranches produce yearly income, so that a direct return may be expected, and the expenses of maintaining the ranch may be more easily reckoned than those of a farm. And ranching all through the west is fairly on the boom. It is no longer a doubtful experiment, but a substantial, evenly-balanced industry. The gains of a well-managed ranch are so big that I venture to assert few businesses either in the Old World or in the new can equal it as a profitable investment. Easterners have an idea that the ranch is conducted in a happy-go-anyhow style, and are surprised to find that details are as closely observed as in banking. The management is practical from the word—"Go," and all necessary working expenses are shaved as fine as silk.

And is not our word "pecuniary" derived directly from the Latin *pecus*, thus showing us that the cow was once the unit of all values. Our forefathers, centuries ago, bought our foremothers with so many cows, according to her use or beauty, just as an American woman of to-day with a very slight modification of custom, pays so many dollars to buy an Englishman, taking his title with him as a necessary accompani-

ment. In fact, if you care to take the trouble and go back far enough, you will find that the Aryans were all cowmen and their great feuds were over herds of cattle. Those who know, say that the word for king in the Sanscrit means chief, or one who was "boss" of the ranch. "The Beef Barons" of Canada may well be proud of their title.

You are not long in Manitoba till you learn that the great sport of the country is horse-racing. And why not? It is the finest sport in the world. For real ecstatic, nerve-thrilling delight there is nothing comparable with it, except the landing of a hard-fighting audacious trout. And then all well-informed people know that the horse has a soul. Our forbears realized the horse was more than a beast, for the centaur of olden times was represented as part horse and part man. I am not confusing the sport with the too often attendant evil of betting, although that prevails in Manitoba too. I was present at the races at Carberry, held under the auspices of the Turf Club, and saw some really good speeding. In all, forty horses were entered, a number being from the United States. The prize money was astonishingly big, so was the money that changed hands. The Brandonites, in particular, went home with light hearts and heavy pockets. The rest of the men hope to recoup at the Winnipeg races.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE WHEAT COUNTRY.

It was a twenty-five mile jaunt across "The Beautiful Plains" to Neepawa. We were driven over by Mr. "Gabe" Murphy, a typical Westerner, with a likeable face, a heart "big as all out of doors," and a wide-awake head in a wide-awake hat. These "five-meal, meat-fed men" of the plains are no mere æsthetic feeblings or tailors' dummies given to ennui, Bohemianism, and posturings. There are no middlemen or accursed sweaters to eat their pith and drink their blood and tears, but each toiler, be he rich or poor, may have an independent individuality and responsibility of his own. Nowhere in Canada are there more prosperous looking farms than on these beautiful plains. The buildings are substantial and capacious. This means something tangible in the way of progress, for building is expensive, very expensive, and sawn lumber on the prairie seems to be worth its weight in silver. It means also that the people aim at solidity and utility rather than architectural effects. No timber is wasted on hooded windows, low-browed doorways, contours, and aspects, so that many of the homes are old-maidish looking buildings, prim and astare with windows.

As one drives through the leagues of wheat and listens to its lapping as the waves of the sea, it begins to dawn on you what a catastrophe is an early frost or heavy hailstorm. We read of these things over our breakfast coffee, but it never enters our ignorant, unimaginable heads what a thing has happened. We do not understand how the new settler, who without stint has invested his dollars and sweat, will be pushed on the raw edge of want. He has laid out his lines on generous scale and has planned for big things. He deserves to succeed, but alas! "There is no fiercer hell than the failure of a great attempt." It is a heart-break, too, for the passing rich, for says a Frenchman, the only grief time does not soften is the loss of property.

Tree-cultivation and settlement are, however, the keys which are checking the August frosts by unlocking the slow-turning climate. In the case of every ill there is some provision that springs up to meet it. In Manitoba, it is the credit system. The banks and loan societies make generous advances to the farmers. The crops are generally hypothecated before they are sown. The merchants, as well, sell their goods on credit, taking care of course that the cost of the articles make up for any little delay or trouble there may be in collection.

Our stealthy footed ponies bowled along the trail in smart style, but once they left the road with a bounce that would have boded ill for the occupants of the vehicle, had I held the lines. And no wonder, for if a party of

half-petticoated Doukhobor navvies would not make a horse laugh, they would of a certainty make it shy. We had driven these self-same ponies once before in Mitchell, nearly two thousand miles from this trail, and they are as frisky, risky, and coquettish now as then.

Neepawa is a thriving town. It has the same gaunt elevators, the same machine shops, and the same rose-colored promise as other Western villages. And it has more, too. Every collection of houses in Manitoba and the Territories deems itself the gem of the country, in that it has something no other place possesses. At Neepawa, the distinguishing feature is local option. I don't just know how it works, but as I never saw any drunkards in the West, it seems to me that the people are anxious to take time by the forelock. Neepawa is also to be a railway divisional centre, and in consequence is highly elated.

The following day, Mr. Bert Harrison kindly drove me through the village, and told me many things of interest regarding the people and country. Here and there, familiar names over places of business claimed my attention. "Dinwoodie"—"Were they from Clover Hill, Ontario?" "The very same," replied my escort. "Mr. H. Irwin; is he from Simcoe County?" "Yes," again; "and he has made money out here." And this is how Manitboa is draining Ontario of her young men. We will not fret though, for the boys are doing well, and there are good fish in our sea yet.

On the way back, our host, bought a whole herd of cattle for his big ranch at Medicine Hat in less time than I have frequently taken to order a roast. On the way out he had purchased a farm. This is how affairs are despatched up here.

Then a storm struck us. Streaks of wind fairly screamed across the plains, and the rain spat on us like a fury. There was never such rain, nor thunder in such full diapason. I know now that Carlyle meant a drive across an unlighted prairie when he coined the phrase, "circumambient nothingness and night." But the good little ponies kept the trail, and I was too sleepy to be frightened, and, after all, I suppose there was no reason why I should have been frightened.

* * * * * *

A few more days in Winnipeg, and then we faced heartward, for "The first, best country ever is at home."

(THE END)

FOOLISH GROWN-UPS.

My ma and pa is awful wise.
They know 'most everything,
But they, in spite of all their size,
Can't tell what birdies sing.

My daddy he got awful mad
The other day at me,
Just 'cause I ast him what they said,
A-twittering in our tree.

My ma, she said to run an' play
When I ast her the same
About a lovely old blue jay,
That somehow had got lame.

Why can't they say that they don't know,
Like any little kid?
Their ignorance they always shew,
As plain as if they did.

JAS. P. HAVERSON

HOME DEPARTMENT

By JANEY CANUCK

WINKS FOR WIVES

IS he contrary? Then treat him like Paddy's pig. They got him to Dublin only by making him think he was going to Cork.

* * *

Don't run off with the fallacious belief that you can cut John over to suit your taste. Your influence upon him will depend upon the relative strength of your individualities, and upon the extent his nature is open to impressions—no more. After all, it is a matter of human chemistry.

* * *

Kill him with a poker, if you will, but don't, I beseech you, *don't nag*. Nagging will wear the strongest nerves to fiddle-strings.

* * *

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?" "So it is." "Then why do you call her Peggy?" "Short for Pegasa." "What has that to do with it?" "Why, Pegasa is feminine for Pegasus." "Well, Pegasus was an immortal steed." "What of that?" 'Sh! not so loud. She's in the next room. You see an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are."

* * *

Ah, madam! It is an awful thing to return nightly to a home that sends its shadows out to meet you.

* * *

You are not married on the day on which you were wedded. You only begin to be married then. Matrimony is a process that evolves while life lasts. It is the constant intermingling of two souls.

It is only scatter-brained fools who aspire to be "talked-about women"—who stretch out their arms to the clear flames.

* * *

Before marriage, you should be judged by your love-affairs, after marriage, by your dinners.

"An entanglement" means that you are putting a rope around your neck and are exposing yourself to the unanticipated consequence of being shot by a stare.

One would think women ought to be forgiven more readily than men, because women belong to "the weaker sex," but such is not the case.

It is the woman who can turn her lovers into friends and retain their homage as long as life shall last who is the true queen among women. Don't make any mistake, the garment of modesty is as magic a defence to-day as when Una wore it.

* * *

Remember:

That with all his faults you love him still.

That every time you complain someone thinks less of you.

That it is no sign his love has cooled if he brings you pork chops instead of carnations.

That he is not in love with every woman he looks at.

That all the angels are not of your sex.

* * *

Remember, too, that your relation to your husband is closer than to your mother, and that marriage is the foundation of a new family; not the union of two old ones.

Don't feel badly if John does not appreciate your cleverness. Intellect is a reproach that woman has to live down. You know you were made that way and are not responsible.

* * *

And if a man *does* value his wife's beauty or ability, it is not because she is the handsomest or cleverest woman in the city, but because he possesses her and the other men envy him.

* * *

It does not necessarily argue that you are fond of fiction because you listen to his excuses as if you believed them—it only means that you are a wise woman with a bent of mind uncommon in females.

* * *

Love is dying when it becomes critical.

* * *

A man thinks he adores brunettes, and so he marries one, but soon after discovers that it is a blonde who is his ideal.

(P.S.—I am coming back to scratch this out.)

* * *

A cool and nimble wit is generally the best defence against aggression and achieves its end more neatly than would angry protests. In other words, *listen instead of arguing*. Rhetoric has its limits and John will find it a little difficult to keep up a discussion where he has to supply both arguments and replies. He will find himself no further ahead in the end. Then, you can quietly go and do it.

* * *

Don't own up even to yourself that you are disillusioned. Some lies there are that come true in the telling.

* * *

Without doubt, there is nothing in life so well calculated to humble the proud as matrimony. Man, as a general thing, has to "find his level" in marriage just as he did at school. This was the case of a man up at Winnipeg, who was objecting to doing certain work about the house, and he quoted Scripture to his wife, showing that the household duties should properly be assigned to the woman. The good wife replied by reading her astonished leige lord 2 Kings xxi:13: "I will wipe out Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." That husband has wiped the dishes ever since.

* * *

'How can I tell if he loves me?"

If he drops his book when I enter the room.

If he turns back to walk with me on the street.

If he puts his hand on me whenever I am near.

If he calls me as soon as he comes in, not that he wants me, but because he likes to hear my voice.

If he carries my photograph with him.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

WE have torn the last slip off the calendar. The old year is passing to the place of vanished years.

"Time goes, you say? Ah, no! Alas, Time stays, *we* go!"

Do any of us know whither we go? We see our blood-strewn track across the desert of the dying year, but at the parting of the ways, we seem to stand beating time with no result.

Along what path shall we travel in the New Year? Was it pondering on this that drew from Robert Louis Stevenson these white-thoughted lines, or did he look beyond the years?

"The untented cosmos my abode,
I pass a wilful stranger.
My mistress still the open road,
And the bright eyes of danger!

Come ill or well, the cross, the crown,
The rainbow or the thunder,
I'll fling my soul and body down
For God to plough them under."

Shall our way be along golden sands or by broken cinders?

Ah, to you at the parting of the ways, I'll tell it all! The sand, as it ever was, will be

soft and pleasant to your feet—*so* soft and pleasant—with here and there a hidden cinder to cut and bruise. And sometimes the path will be all black ruck, but further on there will be more golden sand.

What will the future hold ? An open door, a shut door, an invitation, a hostile front, treachery and sincerity, love and hate.

But the question is not so much what the future holds as *how we shall approach it.*

Our chief concern is not whether we shall be well or ill, happy or unhappy, but to be ever ready—to be ever under arms.

The unexpected is always *just in front of us.* By the manner in which we meet it, we will grow either stronger or weaker, greater or smaller.

It may be a bitter disappointment, but let us think the matter carefully over and see if we cannot turn the disappointment to an appointment. We will soon know that it is possible to work all things together for good.

We have not much respect for the prevalent cry about lost opportunities. *All moments are propitious.* A thousand chances lie between you and to-morrow. "Nothing is too late," says Tennyson, "till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate."

It is only weak people and people who are out of the running who have a past and talk of lost opportunities. To the live men, the best chance is not in the old year. It is just around the corner, in the new, and he's pushing in that direction for all he's worth. He hasn't time to be pessimistic, nor has he time to bother the Almighty with things he can do himself. He knows the Almighty is very busy too.

The man who will get the best out of the new year, knows the ancient commandments were all "Don'ts," but the modern ones are all "Do's," and that salvation lies along the new decalogue.

To one and all, a propitious new year !

NOSOLOGY

AN insignificant nose indicates an insignificant person.

We have no fear whatever of hurting the feelings of our readers, as not one of them for a moment believes this remark to have any personal application. Statements of this kind never pull our noses or put us out of conceit with our physiognomy. They always apply to the girl who jilted us last week, to our mother-in-law, or to the collector who held us up for $25.00 "towards the building fund."

Yet, he who runs may read the unwritten code of nosology. We do not pretend that it is an exact science, like geology, for instance, but, nevertheless, there never was an inquisitive meddlesome man whose nose was not sharpened to a point exactly like an acute-angled triangle.

Of course, we must not forget that the head upon which the nose is placed has to be considered. The fact that an idiot has a Roman beak does not stamp him as a mental or moral power. It only means that the nose is hereditary. But put this Roman nose on a big, craggy, well-poised head and you have a man capable of all kinds of control, even of self-control. He is what the ill-natured call "pig-headed."

Napoleon Bonaparte would never appoint a man to an important position who had not a big nose. Most distinguished persons have noses of the beak pattern. This is also true of the military—only more so.

Moses, although he lived time out of mind, knew a trifle more than the moral law. We read that he insisted on the priests being handsome men. Among those unfit for the sacred office, he enumerated, "He that hath a blemish, a blind man, or a lame, *or he that hath a flat nose.*" From this it will be seen that from these early times until this very day, the flat nose has stood for meanness of intellect.

And just here, without for a moment assuming the role of higher critic, we would express it as our opinion that this regulation of Moses' was wholly unnecessary in that the world has yet to discover a flat-nosed Jew. He would be as hard to find as the North Pole, the "primordial atomic-globule," or the unkissed man.

The Jew's proboscis is of the hook variety and is usually described as "the business nose." To use a favorite colloquialism, its owner is always "on the make." Cent per

cent is written on every line of his expressive countenance. He is the man who gets between the fool and his money. He is what Cecil Rhodes called "a safe-key in breeches." On certain "rainy days" in the quarter, we have sighed for this business nose ourselves, instead of one, the formation of which, tendeth to poverty.

When one comes to dogmatize upon the pug nose, there are pitfalls in the path of the unwary. When has a woman a pug nose, and when a *nez retrousse?* The thoughtless and superficial will at once jump to the conclusion that these are one and the same thing, but this is by no means the case. Herein lies the difference. If the woman is a soft-eyed bundle of femininity, a trim little miss, with the blue-sky in her eyes, and a red ripple of merriment for a mouth, she has the *nez retrousse.* It is *her* nose Tennyson describes as "tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

If, on the other hand, she has a squat, uncourtly figure, if her eyes don't shine like diamonds, and her complexion looks like that of a wax doll that has been set too near the fire, then her nose is a pug—a downright, unmitigated pug.

The pug-nosed woman has one consolation. She always gets married. She is running over with what certain superior men describe as "womanly instinct." She is invariably of the "clinging vine" type, and all smart women know that the quickest way to win and hold a man's interest is to depend upon him.

And she will make a good wife, too, not only because she is likely to be an expert on soups and baby bootees, but because she will merge her personality into what the poet tells us to be the essential of happiness in matrimony—"that unity of mind diversely strung, resolving to one harmony."

Although a red nose spells "Black List" to most people, it does not always mean that the unfortunate possessor is "disposed" to the same tastes as Sairey Gamp. It is oftener a sign of bad circulation, which is not unfrequently caused by tight lacing or tight shoes. The remedy is obvious.

Everyone is aware that the Grecian nose bespeaks high intellectuality and a refined character.

Two lateral prominences on the nose indicate literary skill.

Large, wide-spread nostrils are observed on people of courage.

Narrow, thin nostrils stand for poor lungs and low vitality.

When a man has a thin bridge to his nose, it means that he is shrewd and wide-awake. He is the man that knows two and two often make five.

WHY LONG FOR WEALTH?

VILLANELLE.

Why long for wealth, my dear?
For wealth or fame, my own,
I would not waste a tear.

My sweet, give me your ear,
[illegible]
Why long for wealth, my dear?

The future do not fear
For until Love has flown
I would not waste a tear.

Love only stays to cheer,
All else may be o'erthrown—
Why long for wealth, my dear?

Our trials but endear,
If seeds of love be sown
I would not waste a tear.

Our lives cannot be drear
If we have Love alone;
Why long for wealth, my dear?
I would not waste a tear.

BILLY WILLIAMS.

LITERATURE

DAVID AND BATHSHUA. By Charles Whitworth Wynne.

IF all the world loves a lover, it naturally follows that all the world loves a love song.

This is why Charles Whitworth Wynne has reset in modern style the story of the shepherd king of Israel, placing it before our admiring view in a drama of five acts.

The story is instinct with passion at once subtle and intense, with darksome ardency, hot blood and black, and kisses that bite. Here and there, "The curtain falls," and as Max Nordau would say, "Very properly too."

Except, perhaps, Belshazzar's feast, no story in Scripture lends itself more effectively to the drama than that of David and the beautiful wife of Uriah the Hittite. We have no doubt that this drama will shortly be staged.

The author has the art of welding beautiful words into a kind of musical mosaic that delight ear and eye.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London.

THE THOUGHTLESS THOUGHTS OF CARISABEL. By Isa Carrington Cabell.

THE title is not a good one. These "Thoughts" are by no means "Thoughtless." On the contrary, they are the very essence of wisdom—observant, philosophic, caustic.

The author has perfectly acquired the French art of *causer,* and darts from one subject to another as daintily and easily as a humming-bird flits from flower to flower.

She also has the rare feminine art of being humorous without strain.

She asks and answers in her essays a number of most interesting questions such as, "Should Men Marry?" and "Do Men Propose?"

In truth, *The Thoughtless Thoughts* are a profusion of cleverness.

Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE LITTLE TEA BOOK. A Superior Blend of Tea Talks, Tales and Tattle Made up by Arthur Gray.

THE sub-title of this delightful book so aptly describes it there is nothing left for the reviewer to say.

From the first page to the last it is "chockful" of wit and wisdom on tea, that "soft, sober, sage, and venerable liquid," and on tea-bibbing.

The perusal of this little volume has more than ever increased our affection for the fragrant herb that daily smooths out more wrinkles, literally and metaphorically, than all the combined balms on the market. Those savage tribes who believed that the soul dwells in the pit of the stomach are not the worst physiologists.

The book is artistically boxed in a case of Chinese tea-matting, and is just the thing for Milady to find on her tea-table on Christmas Day.

The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

BUBBLES WE BUY. By Alice Jones.

THE book takes its title from a line of Lowell's—"Bubbles we buy worth a whole soul's tasking."

It is a work that grips you from the first page and holds you under its spell to the last.

Epitomized briefly, the story hinges upon the second will of an old man, and the people who were brought together by it.

There are in literature two motifs—story and people. In "Bubbles We Buy," we have both. Not only is the the plot good, the action quick, and the setting picturesque, but the characters are well conceived, well materialized, and above all, convincing.

The author, Miss Alice Jones, is the daughter of the Honorable Alfred Gilpin Jones, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. We shall eagerly anticipate the next work of this gifted woman.

Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

FOLLOWING THE DEER. By William J. Long.

THE author of this book has followed hundreds of deer and knows their nature "from cellar to garret."

As we follow this genial enchanter afield and awood, we become actual barbarians feverish with the lust of chase. God--a—mercy! how our senses jig and jingle as he sights on a long shot.

Yet, he does not often turn his rifle on the quarry, for he teaches that an animal's life is more interesting than its death, and that the mere joy of killing is the least joy of the chase.

Long stigmatizes the buck as a lazy, selfish brute, whose chief concern is to keep his head on his own shoulders. It is not uncommon for the buck to drive the does out of covert to be hunted, while he, himself, lies down and lets the chase go by.

The charm of these bright, alluring stories is enhanced by Copeland's marvellously sympathetic illustrations.

The cover is the prettiest thing the season has produced.

Ginn & Co., Boston.

THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

IT is strange that the heroines in novels and on the stage are not the heroines whom we like in real live. We do not, in our everyday intercourse, affect to care for lovely pantheresses and glorified adulteresses.

This is particularly true in the case of the unwelcome Mrs. Hatch. We are deeply distressed, even to the depth of tears, by her unutterable wretchedness, by her ecstacy of woe. We declare with one of old that "All men are liars," and libertines and thugs, etc., etc., etc. Nevertheless, we are glad Mrs. Hatch is only a make-believe woman, and not one of our relations. It would not be pleasant for the family—or Mrs. Hatch.

To be explicit, the book is a pitiless and searching exposure of the divorce situation [illegible] situation by no means uncommon, we understand, in the United States of America.

Mrs. Harrison, it is needless to say, has done her work well. The story thrills with human interest and contains some immensely dramatic scenes. It ought of a certainty to be staged.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

BONDMAN FREE. By John Oxenham.

THE history of a temptation and a fall has often been told in fiction, and will often be told again while human nature is the same.

John Bellenger, the cashier in a private bank, applied to the manager, Mr. Silas Bartram, for an advance of £75 on salary, in order that he might take his dying wife to the sea. Bartram refused "as a matter of principle," whereupon Bellenger abstracted the amount from the funds under his charge, leaving an I.O.U. in its place. To secure immunity, he took with him £5,000 in bonds, under the threat that if he were interfered with, he would immediately destroy the bonds. After his wife's death, Bellenger returned the bonds and gave himself up to justice. The judge sentenced him to one year's imprisonment with the comment that "nine-tenths of the embezzlers who come before me are only borrowers, who have not had time to repay before they are found out."

The story of how Bellenger eventually retrieved his fortune and attained name and fame, is an enthralling one.

As a writer, John Oxenham, is individualistic, vivid, intense. All his books have been noted for felicity of style and wholesome use of tone.

Of a surety, *Bondman Free* deserves its great success.

Hurst & Blackett, 13 Great Marlborough Street, London.

AMONG MEN WHO HAVE WRITTEN FAMOUS BOOKS. By Edward F. Harkins.

THIS is a book that should be read not only by those who desire to be informed regarding the writers of the day, but by all who enjoy well-written biographies.

The author has a talent touched with genius for taking in the history of a man and of making it stand up before us with all the interest of a personal acquaintance. When he gets through with his writers, we

feel we have known them for a long time. This is because the author tells us about their mannerisms, eccentricities, struggles, attainments, home-life and other bits of very human gossip. We follow their fortunes with breathless interest, and mentally declare that we shall read everything each one has written.

Most of us are curious about authors. Personally, we have wondered how Jack London matured so young; how Lorimer came to know all about pork-packing; where George Ade spiced his diction with up-to-date slang, and how Elliott Flower, the writer of comicalities, came to publish a wonderful novel with a purpose. We know it all now.

The typography is excellent, and the get-up of the book, generally, very tasteful.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

HE FOR GOD ONLY. By "Iota."

THE book takes its title from Milton's line, "He for God only, she for God in him." The title is most apt.

We have always hoped some novelist would take up the cudgels on behalf of the clergyman's wife. Her husband has a "call" to the ministry, and because she, poor woman, marries him, it does not necessarily mean (no matter what the parishoners may think) that she has a call too.

This book tells the story of a young unsophisticated girl who marries an enthusiastic clergyman. The girl soon realizes a sense of clipped wings and cage bars, but bravely fights the battle out in the depths of her own nature, and in contrast with her devout husband, shows what her appreciative father-in-law expresses as "the weakness of a damned saint and the strength of a poor little sinner."

Of course, a man comes on the scene and adds to the complications, and, incidentally, to the interest of the story.

If the book has a lesson, or rather a warning, it is to be found summed up in the remark of one of the chapters: "There is a trace of pig in the best of us."

Readers who enjoy quips, repartees, and causticities will find these pages full of them. The story is nothing if not clever and racy.

Hurst & Blackett, London.

A BOOK OF GIRLS. By Lillian Bell.

THAT these four stories are readable goes without saying since Lillian Bell is their author.

The stories deal with love, the cloyless topic, and show us from different standpoints "the way of a man with a maid."

We like the first story best. Perhaps, this is because the author understands and portrays American types better than foreign ones, knows all about their queer idioms, whimsicalities, faults, and foibles.

Lillian Bell writes as easily and as naturally as a bird flits from limb to limb. Her work is never tiresome, not even in spots.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

THE BIBLE IN SHAKESPEARE. By William Burgess.

IN a recent issue of the *New York Sun*, Goldwin Smith said that Shakespeare was probably a free-thinker. This book by William Burgess entirely refutes Smith's supposition. So saturated are Shakespeare's works with Bible thought, language, and idiom, that without the Bible Shakespeare could not be.

The author has very correctly said, "If it were possible to suppress every copy of the sacred volume and obliterate its very existence as a book, the Bible in its essence and spirit, its great doctrines of infinite justice, mercy, love, and redemption, as well as a vast store of its most precious sayings would yet live in Shakespeare."

It is impossible in our space to deal with this remarkable book as it deserves, but let it suffice to say that nothing has yet been written from this standpoint that in anyway compares with it. The fruit of unwearied industry and patient research, the work throughout is luminous and penetrating. The studies are arranged in a manner that makes them eminently readable.

The whole manuscript of the book, together with the corrected sheets, were de-

stroyed by fire, but the author, with undaunted courage, set bravely to work, and from notes and partial copy has rewritten them. The second volume will indubitably meet with a warm reception, too, but it is a warmth that will not go off in smoke.

This is the first work we have read bearing the imprimatur of the Winona Publishing Co. The new firm are to be heartily congratulated on the style in which they have turned out this volume. It is an excellent example of good book-making.

The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago.

CHILDHOOD CLASSICS. Edited By Uncle Charlie.

YOU have never fully entered into the Christmas spirit until you have dipped into the children's books, because Christmas is essentially the *fete* day of the kiddies.

We don't know a book better calculated to wipe away the cowwebs of age than these *Childhood Classics.*

Of course, the story of Little Thumb and the Master Cats are old—very old—but the pictures illustrating their "true inwardness" must, perforce, be new.

Besides, who is so crabbed and mentally twisted that he does not enjoy once a year, at least, the rollicking rhymes of "Old King Cole," "Daffy-Down-Dilly has Come to up to Town," and "Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo." Who ?

The same firm is publishing *Jungle Larks,* in whose pages the animals seem to be quite as wise, and alack-a-day, quite as foolish as the rest of us. It is the gayest, jolliest child-book of the season.

Laird & Lee, Chicago.

TOBACCO LEAVES. By John Bain, Jr.

EVERY man should have a copy of this anthology of tobacco in his "den." Between its tobacco-colored boards almost everything relating to the cult of the pipe is to be found. The prose, poetry, history, and philosophy of smoking are delightfully and humorously dealt with, as well as such topics as the etiquette of tobacco, famous smokers, the briarwood and meerschaum, and tobacco amblyopia or smoker's heart.

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HEPHAESTUS. By Arthur Stringer.

I ALWAYS declared when we went to school together that there was a literary future for Arthur Stringer," said a Ridgetown barrister, the other day, as we discussed this book of poems.

Would that all fair prophecies were so amply fulfilled! Canada has reason to be proud of Arthur Stringer, her younger son. He has dreamed beautiful dreams, and were it not for the envy of his brethren we should give him a coat of many colors.

Stringer is, above all else, a poet of passion. His blood is warm and red. And why not ? Sensation is sense of existence.

This book consists of three poems. The third relates to Sappho, who was celebrated for her beauty, poetical talents, and amorous disposition. She lived in Lesbos 600 B.C. Because of her passion for Phaon, a youth of Mitylene, she threw herself into the sea from Mount Leucas. It is this scene that the poet shows in burning, palpitant verse.

In the following lines Sappho cries out the price of fevered days—the cost of "men's cruel love that kills and buries not" :

"Life to the lees I drained, and I have grown too
Lightly wayward with its wine of love,
Too sadly troubled with its wind of change,
And some keen madness burns through all my blood.
The whimpering velvet whelps of passion once
I warmed in my white breast, and now full-grown
And gaunt, they stalk me naked through the world ;
Too fondly now I bend unto the fierce
Nescessity of bliss, yet in each glow
Of golden angour yearn forever toward
Some quiet gloom where plead the nightingales
Of lustral hope. I am a garden old
Where drift dead blossoms now and broken dreams
And only ghosts of old pale sorrows walk.

. . . . . .

Love ! Love ! 'Tis we who lose it know it best."

One of the best things in the prose way from the pen of Arthur Stringer is to be found in THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of February last. It is entitled, *The Spirit of the North.*

William Briggs, Toronto.

MY KALENDAR OF COUNTRY DELIGHTS. By Helen Milman.

WE have all kinds of Kalendars—Bible Kalendars, Kipling Kalendars, Flower Kalendars, and why not a Nature Kalendar?

This latest is a very full and complete Kalendar. For every day of the year we have some sweet garden lore. Sometimes, the thoughts are culled from "olden day" writers, and sometimes, they are the inspiration of the author herself, but all in all, it is a delightful compilation.

Blank spaces are left here and there where one may add notes of their own, or write down some verse or sentence one loves.

The book has twelve pictures illustrative of the twelve months.

John Lane, London and New York.

RIPS and RAPS. By L. de V. Mathewman. Pictures By T. Fleming

THIS is a book of piquant reflection and heartsome nonsense, whose sweets are to be sipped leisurely.

It consists of a number of cleverly illustrated proverbs and epigrams all well-calculated to affect our risibilities.

We meet our friends' portraits very frequently on these pages, but never our own. This is because the satirized do not see themselves in the exaggerated type. They go their way and thank God they are not as these others.

Rips and Raps is an out-and-out holiday book and will doubtless have a large sale.

Frederick A. Stokes, New York.

THE HASHEESH EATER. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

HASHEESH is the opaque and greenish resin of the hemp plant (Cannabis Indica), which possesses powerful narcotic and stimulant properties. In Turkey, Persia, and India, it is used as an habitual indulgence, and Ludlow, the author of this remarkable book, believed *The Arabian Nights* were written under its influence. He calls the hemp "the witch plant of hell," "the weed of madness," "the drug of travel."

The Hasheesh Eater was originally published by Harpers in 1857, and is the personal experience of the author, who was then only 21 years of age.

What De Quincey has done for opium, Ludlow has done for hasheesh. He has experienced its fascinations, revelled in its ecstacies, shrivelled in its horrors, and has told it all.

As we follow him in his weird fantasies, for the time, we are upborne into a realm where the limits of time and space are gone —where "there was no more near nor far" —and where in that strange fusion of earth, heaven, and hell, awful or deific presences haunt or bless us.

These unique confessions are entirely outside the trodden highways of the mind, and will receive a warm welcome from the best class of readers.

S. G. Rains & Co., New York.

SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE. By William J. Fischer.

WILLIAM J. FISCHER is a medical doctor. Had he lived, say 1500 years ago, he would have been a Jerome, Hilarion, or Antony. This young physician has the rapt nature of a devotee. In an age of materialism, he has conquered the flesh and has left his soul free to think and act.

Yet, our author's devotion differs from that of the ascetic in that he follows more closely the ideals of the divine Galilean, who made much of love and marriage, and little children, sunshine and flowers, the wings of butterflies and the songs of birds. His muse is always wholesome.

Running throughout the poems is an intense responsiveness to the great throbbing pulse of the working world. This is to be particularly noted in the poems entitled, *Faces in the Street* and *At Six O'clock*.

Dr. Fischer lives in London, Ontario. One day, when his rhythm has grown steadier through maturity, we shall all be glad to remember that he is a Canadian. It is then we will search for copies of his first volume unless we are provident now.

Richard G. Badger, Boston.

SWORN STATEMENT

DOMINION OF CANADA,
PROVINCE OF ONTARIO,
COUNTY OF YORK.

I, William Briggs, Book Steward of the Methodist Book and Publishing House, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am doing business in the City of Toronto; that said House prints the magazine known as THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada for Joseph Phillips; and that I personally know that the number of copies of the November, 1903, issue of that magazine printed was 22,000.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

Declared before me in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 18th day of November, 1903.

ALF. W. BRIGGS,
A Commissioner, &c.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Book Steward.
METHODIST BOOK AND PUB. HOUSE
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I, George D. Case, of the City of Toronto, and County of York, do solemnly declare that I am Manager of the Mailing Department of THE NATIONAL MONTHLY of Canada; and that circulation of said magazine for the month of November, 1903, was 21,644 copies.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing it to be true, and knowing that it is of the same force and effect as if made under oath and by virtue of "The Canada Evidence Act, 1893."

G. D. CASE.

Declared before me in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, this 18th day of November, 1903.

A. T. HUNTER,
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11TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

York County Loan and Savings Company

(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31, 1902

TORONTO, March 9th, 1903.

To Members:

The Management have pleasure in submitting the 11th AnnualReport of the Company, for the year ending 31st December, 1902.

The business of the Company shows a very satisfactory progress.

The figures embraced in the Report bear evidence to the vast business the Company is handling-

Cash paid members amounted to $736,348.06, an increase over last year of $222,992.69.

The gross assets have increased from $1,282,808.26 to $1,572,135.78, making a net gain of $289,327.52.

An addition of $10,000.00 has been made to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at $55,000.00.

Since organization 11 years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members $2,266,659.08. In the handling of all this business, no member has lost a dollar of the money invested. The whole amount paid in with interest being returned when the required period has been reached.

Every care and attention will be given to the business by the management, so as to ensure a continuance of the progress and prosperity which the Company has so far experienced.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, *President.*

ASSETS.

Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	$683,250 00
Real Estate	575,598 21
Loans on this Company's Stock	72,231 45
Accrued Interest	3,592 34
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc.	2,820 40
Accounts Receivable	968 08
Furniture and Fixtures	7,162 88
The Molsons Bank	222,368 04
Cash on hand	4,144 38
Total Assets	$1,572,135 78

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock Paid in	$1,253,438 90
Dividends Credited	42,504 34
Borrowers' Sinking Fund	46,697 03
Mortgages Assumed for Members	10,800 00
Reserve Fund	55,000 00
Contingent Account	163,695 51
Total Liabilities	$1,572,135 78

TORONTO, February 28th, 1903.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company,** and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

Results of Systematic Savings.

Date.	Total Assets.	Cash Paid Members.	Reserve Fund.
Dec 31st, 1893	$17,725.86	$3,518.51	
" " 1894	68,643.14	15,993.59	
" " 1895	174,608.04	43,656.88	$1,000.00
" " 1896	296,248.97	89,339.27	2,000.00
" " 1897	469,109.92	96,894.88	13,000.00
" " 1898	540,394.91	247,691.87	18,000.00
" " 1899	732,834.27	220,852.70	25,000.00
" " 1900	1,002,480.89	298,977.95	40,000.00
" " 1901	1,282,808.26	513,355.37	45,000.00
" " **1902**	**1,572,135.78**	**736,348.06**	**55,000.00**

General Remarks.

The York County Loan and Savings Company was incorporated in December, 1891, under the Revised Statutes of Ontario, and has ever since experienced an uninterrupted growth.

It is a mutual Company. All members share alike in its earnings, proportionately to their investments.

The plan of the Company affords an opportunity to save money systematically, which experience has shown is the best way to do it.

Few people, no matter how large their incomes, save anything. The great majority live close to their incomes, if not beyond.

The value of this Company's plan of saving is that its tendency is to correct this prevailing heedlessness by requiring a regular fixed sum to be laid aside each week or month.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.
A. T. HUNTER, LL.B., Vice-President.
R. H. SANDERSON, Building Inspector.

V. ROBIN, Treasurer.
E. J. BURT, Supervisor.

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Capital Authorized - - - - - -	$5,000,000.00
Capital, (paid up) - - - - - -	2,856,420.00
Reserve Fund, - - - - - -	2,720,778.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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JAMES ELLIOT, General Manager.
A. D. DURNFORD, Chief Inspector and Supt. of Branches.
W. H. DRAPER, Inspector. H. LOCKWOOD and W. W. L. CHIPMAN, Assistant Inspectors.

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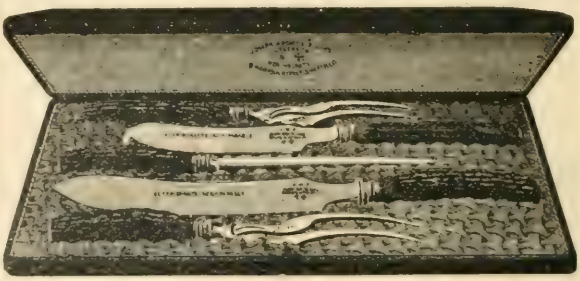

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